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THE

MONTHLY

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VOLUME XXXII.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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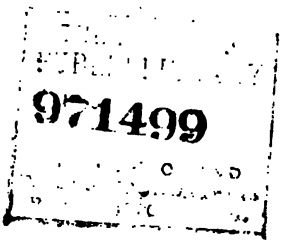
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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII. JULY, 1864. No. 7.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

A SERMON BY C. A. BARTOL, D.D.*

John xiv. 28: "I go away, and come again unto you."

WHAT has been the most common spectacle now for years throughout this country but that of a regiment of soldiers going away to the war? How, with burnished armor and gay uniform, keeping step to the music of the Union, in full ranks and with elated looks, they parade on the Common, march through the streets, embark on shipboard, or crowd the express train! Here and there, amid the jubilee patriotic courage makes in waving its splendid flags, may be seen some poor woman: it is a wife, a mother, a sister, weeping in a corner, noticed only by the curious and sympathetic eye, considering such things more than all the pomp of the world.

Some clouds and tears, in a sort of April weather of the mind, may well dash the sunny sight. When shall the resolute company return, and how? — with what gaps in its lines?

So asks every thoughtful observer, while, with prayers in many a throbbing breast, these living forms, as if already bleeding, are laid on the shrine of country. When shall

* Preached in the West Church, June 5, 1864, in memory of George Doane Wells.

they come? "Nevermore," our melancholy American poet interprets the raven as croaking over his chamber-door; and Byron celebrates, in strains of matchless pathos, "the unreturning brave" who went down to the fatal field of Waterloo. *Not to come back,* — that strikes the chill on our heart, ever since, in the nursery ballad of the "Babes in the Wood," we read, —

> "But never more they saw the man
> Returning from the town."

But in due time, the term of service expired, the regiment as a unit comes back, greeted with cheers of enthusiasm surpassing those that made the air tingle over its going-forth. It has withstood the foe. It has won the day. It has advanced the cause of liberty and native land. It has endured hardship, hunger, watching, exposure to cold and damp, the forced march, fearful peril in the teeth of charging bayonets, before the open jaws of artillery, or amid the musket-shot, singing so musically in the air, yet to swifter ruin than any siren voice. The companions that dropped from them by the way, under the iron hail or the sapping of disease, are martyrs. They themselves are heroes. They are idols. With what warmth of love and admiration the heart of humanity goes out to its defenders, who held the breach when all dear to it — home, freedom, religion, posterity — were at risk! It is holiday, and holy day too, when they re-appear. If it happen to be sabbath morning, over to them at once does the sacredness of the season pass; and no superstition of Puritanic rigor can hinder the solemn ovation whose spontaneous outburst, like extemporaneous discourse, precedes or displaces the prepared word and appointed occasion. The band, the very footfall of the troop, sounds as gracious and religious as any bell in the steeple. The torn and smoky banner, begrimed with dust, singed with the explosive sulphur, snatched in mortal hazard from hostile capture, shows more beautiful, worn, rent, and stained, over the veteran column, than when it flaunted in the breeze, clean as a maiden gift, stitched and mounted from white and slender

fingers, gilt with all the perfect emblems and shining capitals of human rights. Ah! the ensigns that have been borne through scenes of jeopardy and carnage, that have floated high over the surrendered strongholds of the enemy, that have been rehoisted where the hands of traitors once vilely pulled them down, that have been clung to with dying grasp and wet with fast-ebbing blood, that have wrapped the coffin and the corse in a fitting shroud for the last slumber, — they shall hang hereafter in hall and state-house, or some well-honored private dwelling, signals of honor and fidelity, and ever-fresh inspirations of patriotism to our children's children. Ellsworth shall be seen ages hence, perhaps in some masterpiece of a picture, hauling down the usurping standard of Rebellion to replace it with the stars and stripes; and Anderson, keeping up the national color at Sumter till all the concentric fire South Carolina could muster from her millions burnt out his little garrison of seventy men; and some black private folding close, as though he had been any white free citizen, in his dead arms the bit of painted cloth which was the only symbol to him of personal dignity and the salvation of his race. Not gold or silk or ornament painted or embossed shall be the preciousness of it, but courage and sacrifice and deliverance. I am speaking, in my subject to-day, of what comes back; and the banner is what comes back almost invariably. Few of the costly emblems are left in hostile hands; but the manly shapes among which it was reared, what numbers of them mantle no more with the tide of life! In the throat of the dreadful battle, they have been devoured, or, in worse torture of slow sickness or festering wounds, pined away. What a tomb, far and wide, over the parallels of latitude, the populous land has become! The soil of Kentucky and Tennessee, the swamps of the Chickahominy, the waters of the Mississippi and the Gulf into which it flows, the long line of the dreary hospitals on whose cots of pain some last breath is mercifully each moment drawn, will not restore the victims they have claimed. The burial-places on the field of slaughter at Murfreesborough and Cedar Mountain, in the Valley of the Shenandoah and

around the heights of Vicksburg, yield not up their dead, till the heavens be no more, from the sod of the soldier's graveyard. Have you thought what sort of graveyard that one of the soldier is? It is no fair spot granted by municipal authority, or chosen by the selectmen of the town, for a quiet resting-place to those, who at length, in the course of nature, must expire, and where, as the bard tells us, —

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

No beautiful fence of painted wood or more enduring iron surrounds it. No granite portico, engraved with soothing sentences of consolation or kindling words of inspired prophecy, overarches its entrance. No polished marble monuments deck each private enclosure, nor do pious hands plant flowers or fetch wreaths; nor is the place selected where the north wind, as one desired, blows freely, or some whispering pine or yew-tree will breathe the low plaintive murmur of a perpetual dirge over the ashes of the loved and lamented. No; but, when the leader of the host begs a truce to bury his dead, what asks he leave to do? To gash and trench the ground in what coarse and summary way, with brief prayer, and no hearse or procession; shovelling in the heaps of gory mortality as he does the unvalued clay and gravel in which they are so hastily and superficially hid! Yet, if for conscience, if for country, if for man and for God, the souls once animating this dusty, disregarded refuse have contended, no glorious sepulchre, no mausoleum of Hadrian, no poet's grave in Westminster Abbey, or hero's obelisk in Père la Chaise, is nobler than the frequent rising mound, though holding, like those of the ancient tribes of this continent, only indiscriminate relics, not confounded in the sight of God, whose close companionship in the dust answers to that in the noble strife.

But all we can see or hear or humanly know of them is there abandoned. They come not back. The squadron that defiled through our loud applause, before our delighted gaze, returns not merely decimated, but halved sometimes, or a scanty remnant left, by the cruel strokes of modern warfare,

more fatal than the antique scythe-armed chariots you see on some ancient canvas. Poor fellows! you may say; food for powder, their bones a bridge for us to walk on, their blood a manure for the common ground, their misery the purchase of our joy, their existence perished that others might live. Poor unfortunate fellows! Nay, I reply, we may look too pathetically or with a false pity on their fate. It is not so sure they have suffered more or been less happy than we. God is not so unjust as to pinch hardest his most devoted servants, or dole out to them as stinted starvelings the elixir of gladness. They have a good time too; yes, very good. Whoever lives, endures, expires, from an inspiration, cannot be wretched. "Turn me over, that I may die with my face to the foe," said an officer recently fallen on the sacred Virginia soil. Was he a pitiable object? Can we afford to commiserate him? He might better commiserate some of us. Ecstasy of devotion in any worthy enterprise, as the whole history of martyrdom proves, exalts men, so that they smile at anguish, privation, and death. What think they of their life? — they throw it in. What of their limbs? — they leave them behind. I saw a man, with his right sleeve empty, walking to the funeral of his brother-in-arms; but he had peace and a good conscience in his face. I wished I could look as happy, as I passed him by. I know a colonel, a fine musician, who, having lost one of his arms in battle, stood before a piano in his brother's house with streaming eyes and twitching nerves that he could touch it no longer; but he remembered the reason, and was comforted with a tune sweeter than his own or other fingers or any Æolian harp could render. We do not see the romance of our own time. We are too near the mountain to measure its proportions or observe its top; but what a pictorial grandeur will hang on this age to the eye far enough off to mark its particular hue and size among the centuries! What man, privileged beyond Hume or Gibbon, shall write its history? What bard, with a theme as great as Homer's or Milton's, shall chant its epic? What sculptors and painters, with equal opportunity, shall match the Greek or Italian genius? Every year now adds virtually a hundred

to the longevity of this people. We shall come out of the war very old and experienced, venerable as any nation on the globe, through the offerings for our redemption now made; and Russia, whose friendly fleet anchors so peacefully in our bay, or England and France, regard us as vain, juvenile, sensitive new-comers no longer. They will not be able! We shall be reverend as they. But list to the repeated refrain of the lament, that they come not back! Nay, I answer, come back they do or will. When Jesus told his disciples he was coming back as surely as he was going to sink under murderous blows, he touched the high-water mark of human belief in God and immortality. Was it guess-work or fancy with him? No: it was vision, if such a thing in the human soul as vision there is.

He said what he saw, and we may see in every moment of transport like his own; and I am here to-day to declare, that our vanished friends, despatched by the merciless ball or fainting on their lonely beds, do and will come back.

They come back to our thought. None of our friends ever come so fully to our thought as when they have vanished from our sight. We must lose to find them. Who of us perceived what disguised angels they were, till their mortal robes fell, to reveal them as angels indeed? Jesus must go away, else the spirit, which was his own, would not come to the disciples. Only after any beloved ones have taken leave of the senses do they first effectually approach the soul. I will not deny that the senses make a nice house for them to inhabit, with these eyes for its windows, and this whispering-gallery of the ears to talk in, and these foundations and supporting beams of the solid frame to embrace their presence in its circuit, and overarch it with a living roof; but because the earthly house is so noble, and the accommodation seems so perfect, the entertainment so fine, we are too often content to have them occupy it alone, residing in the senses, and the comparatively superficial affections waiting on the senses, which but partially introduce, and hinder them from entering the recesses of the breast. When the tenant of the senses is expelled, and we sob and grieve

that we can no longer hold him in our looks, our hearing, and our hands, as we must have him somewhere, and cannot give him up, then we must open to him our very souls. Nay, he enters as of right and his own accord, unquestioned, and needing no formal invitation to sit at the heart's table, like God and Christ themselves, in the inward feast that needs no earthly bread or wine, to sup with us, and we with him. Then we know him first; then we love him best; then we possess him truly. He has not gone: he has come. In what a warm and holy closeness, no more uplifted than domesticated to our inmost bosom, familiarly he is folded, to demonstrate that the heaven he has been admitted to is not far off, but in us, and unseen at our side! Is it pleasant fancies and baseless hallucinations I indulge and preach? No, but facts which none of you will refuse to own respecting all the esteemed associates and kindred of whose outward presence you have been bereft; while they are how conspicuously verified in regard to our soldiers fallen on the field, these modern confessors of the religious and political faith which alone can regenerate the world! Is it not, truly, manifestly so? Were the half-score of young men whom the war has claimed for our sacrifice, and whom I seem to see in ordered line at this moment, ever more with us than now? Would they be as much with us if they had not gone? Are their brothers and sisters, any of the youth of the congregation, actually with us more than they? No, indeed. We must not judge by the gross view of things or persons on the outside. It is not bodies alone that the most heedless and sensual of us notice. Talk of haunted houses! We are all haunted, in this vital and wonderful dwelling of ours, by those who have said farewell, and by none more than by the dead soldiers, our conscripts for the fight. They glide in with me at yonder porch as regularly as any of their contemporaries or mates. To our imagination, which is the most real and lasting of our faculties, they sit in worship; or hover, living shadows, over our heads. It is not only their portraits that they have left behind to hang in our Sunday school or on your chamber-wall. They themselves perhaps, to behold

and overhear us now, revisit the scene. Like constant lodgers, they retain their room from year to year: nay, they repair, adorn, enlarge it. Do they not better and brighten it in your breast? They work for truth and justice among us mightily, as never before.

Thus they come back, not to individual mourners, brothers, sisters, parents only, but to their country too. She has not lost but gained them for ever. The blood of the martyrs was never more the seed of the Church than it is the seed of the State. When, by and by, the loud-mouthed cannon shall have ceased to bellow, and the garments of the warrior to be rolled in blood, and the curious in many a field shall pick up tokens of the strife; then, while in the old places of rank corruption and thorny oppression the harvest of justice, fruit of civilization, flowers of humanity, social order, universal love, genuine faith, and sincere worship, shall in all our borders blossom and plentifully grow, whether our moral taste shall recognize it or not, from that same blood of consecration will the richness and flavor come.

But it were a quite imperfect, and, to the loving, mourning heart, melancholy satisfaction, if, in this imperceptible, intangible way alone, our redeemers should return. Our religion, the very instinct planted in us by our Almighty, teaches a personal restitution too. Somewhere, sometime, somehow, though where, when, or how, I cannot tell, yet face to face, eye to eye, voice to voice, touch to touch, in some marvellous membership of the as yet inconceivable celestial body, will they come to us when we, too, are ferried after them across the narrow stream of death, into that affectionate, blessed intimacy which we call heaven.

So I have spoken of the soldier's return. Must I apologize for my subject, of which you have so much in the week-time, the street, the atmosphere, that you would wish it left out of Sunday and the pulpit? But that it is the bidding of Providence at which I speak, with a vocation rather, if I may say so, in my nature to purely spiritual themes, I should regret my own words. But I must preach to you, so long as I preach at all, the religion of the hour; not about

Genesis or the Fall, the Flood or Noah's ark, or the make of the Hebrew tabernacle. Since the war began, I have made it the rule of my duty to pay at least a passing tribute to every one, out of the fifty now gone from this church, who should fall in the field. That duty I intend to perform now. At the battle of Spottsylvania, another victim for the altar was demanded of our number. GEORGE DOANE WELLS, named for the good physician whom many will remember, on the 18th of May yielded up his life, in its very spring, for his country; taking his place with the multitude that have lain down in the grave for her resurrection. Born the first day of January, 1847, and styled, when he came, "a new-year's present," — being but little over seventeen when he died, he is by far the youngest offering from us yet claimed, the very firstling of the flock, the flower in the bud, which is "no vain sacrifice," with the dew of God's baptizing yet upon it. On account of his extreme youth, he had been strongly advised not to enter the service; but no arguments, no multiplied, long-continued, and persistent expostulations, could avail against his own resolve. He seemed, as he bent his ear inward, to have heard a call in his own soul, so clear and loud as to drown all counsels, though of his elders, from without. The zeal of God's house, in the shape of our political order and the temple of our liberty, had eaten him up. He saw every thing dear and valuable in life and human society on these shores at stake; and the spirit of his ancestors thrilled in the veins of the orphan-boy, whose father and mother long since arose, and passed up. A higher breath than kindred blood can impart, from God and the time, blew through his breast, till it made the music there of the trumpet-stop. In his childhood, it was observed that spotless simplicity only covered an indomitable native resolution. He would always go till he dropped. So was he stirred from within to mix in this conflict of the land and the age. He felt a noble shame, which he could not bear, in staying at home out of the quarrel for the Right. But how shall I tell the story or portray the character of such a boy-patriot? All is so short, all is so simple, that to dilate

in language would be to turn eulogy to insult. How did the courage of the bearded man get in under that downy cheek? In what way did scorn of death blend with those blushes of innocence? Whence did that softness draw strength to endure all the hardness of the camp, the march, the watch, the fight? What lesson did the Sunday-school child learn, from those quiet seats below, amid the gentle hum of teachers' and pupils' voices, during his six years' listening, to carry into the smoke and roar and boundless confusion of embattled hosts? When only two in the whole regiment fell, why was this lamb taken for one? I know not, save that, having marched a hundred and twenty-five miles at the head of his men, he still kept in front. I know not. He who ordains knows. No weapon is lifted, no missile sped, by chance. Every bullet that whizzes through the air has invisible wings attached to it by God. It goes only where he directs it. He appointed, that, in this rising of an inspiration against a conspiracy, and this putting-down, with uncalculating devotion, of a wilful and malignant plot, as young David slung the stone into the forehead of Goliath, not only gray hair and stalwart manhood, but our lads, should act an important part; and that one of the tenderest of them from this our shrine of prayer, whose ingenuous, hearkening face I seem to see in the pew yonder, leaving his mortality to make up more of the nation's needed ransom, should rejoin for praise the dear and revered on high. But, young as he was, he did not go till he had honored their name on earth. It is a remarkable fact, that no private from this society has perished in combat. Wells was, for bravery, promoted from corporal to be sergeant, in the enemy's face; passing through two engagements unhurt, for which he wrote home he thanked God, to sink in the third. Did he not thank God still, as being safe still in his hand? I believe it! As I think of him, he comes back to his friends. So fully present with them he never was before. He comes back in the longer breath his country draws from the lips of all expiring for her sake. He comes back on high to those missing him a great while, as he will come back there to us. His pure, invincible, victorious,

triumphant spirit is all of him we have now and here. On what spot his body sank, how long it lay on the ground, by whom of his comrades it was tenderly lifted, where it was hastily interred, whether it can be recovered, or any rude head-board, with name and date inscribed, marks its rest, we know not. It is no matter. It matters only that it was offered for Justice and Truth; and for their furtherance its fall is accepted. It matters only that Nature will care for it in one place as well as another; and God, with his welcome to the faithful, keep the soul.

My friends, one word more. It is not only individuals that come or will come back to us. Our country is coming too. I seem to hear her good genius saying, like the Anointed of the Lord, "I will come again." Broken, bleeding, with mutilated members, and her very heart stabbed at, the finger of contempt and gratified hate pointed at her dissolution from over the sea, as though from her ending the proud rank and royalty of foreign lands might take another prosperous lease of a hundred years, she appeared to be mournfully and miserably going away from her place in the earth, and on the point of giving up the ghost. What has once and again been between her and ruin, the sack of her capital, dispersion of her government, and tearing asunder of all her limbs? Let us, on our knees in our closets, or bowing in these courts, confess, nothing but an almighty Preserver, using splendid leaders and the equally important lowly followers as his agents alike, himself in and over all, has manned her citadel, and towered at her gates, and instilled purpose and hope into the sons and daughters, that, in her rescue, have had an equal share. Do not the mothers that send their sons fight as well as the sons they send? She is coming back, with the sections that have been severed, re-united once more. Every sound on the southern wind assures us of it. Great qualities, evinced on either side, have developed, and will more and more unfold, a mutual respect. A deep purification has passed over our sin.

The passions of the conflict, falsely thought eternal, will go down. The point of view, North and South, will be

changed from slavery to freedom. There is to be a "second coming" of this people, as of the Lord, after the divine idea of our fathers and founders more worthily fulfilled. When Jesus was manifested, it was believed Elias or some other old prophet had returned from glory to the world. God, who sent hither our pilgrim-sires, with the torch he meant not to be extinguished in the blood of civil war, shall not lack instruments to the last to accomplish his design on these shores, till, in a perfect human society, his Son come down to earth again; and the light, which the pilgrim-disciples brought, flame back over the sea, across which it came, for the guidance of the nations.

"LIGHT IN DARKNESS."*

We presume there is no indelicacy in saying that this book is the production of Rev. W. L. Gage, who, it will be remembered, published a few years ago a small volume entitled "Trinitarian Sermons to a Unitarian Congregation." He withholds his name from the present volume only to avoid the appearance of egotism. It is a relation of personal experiences under the two systems of Unitarian and Trinitarian Christianity, if the former may be called a system; and the design of the book is to show the poverty and insufficiency of the former, in contrast with the sufficing joy and peace which he finds in the other. Unlike his former volume, it is entirely Christian in its tone; and he means to be candid and friendly towards the communion which he felt constrained to leave. It is written at a time of impaired health from overwork, and in its form, therefore, is hardly a subject of criticism; but its contents are of some interest, and, read in the kindly spirit of the writer, they may be of much use to Unitarian readers.

* "Light in Darkness, or Christ discovered in his true Character:" by a Unitarian. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The writer avows that he preached with no satisfactory results as a Unitarian. He did not believe the innate or hereditary depravity of the human heart, nor the necessity of regeneration. He only preached "development." His views of Christ were unsettled; neither holding his essential divinity, nor the extreme humanitarianism of Theodore Parker. Christianity was a general atmosphere to be breathed, a "diffused force;" not a compacted system of defined truth, which could be wielded and applied with the intensity of a "hand-grasp and a heart-beat and a look of love." The Bible was a collection of documents, without congruity, yielding no system of doctrine which unitized the whole. In his preparation for the ministry, he read in his spare hours, not the devoted expounders of the Word of God, but Emerson, Carlyle, the German thinkers, and the "Westminster Review." Consequently, though he had an intelligent congregation, with a good share of devout and earnest hearers, he could form this noble material into no working and efficient organism; and his sermons "seemed to fall dead."

Mr. Gage's experience of the relative sectarianism of Unitarianism and Orthodoxy is of special interest. He says that the *esprit du corps* is more intense among the Unitarians than it is in any other denomination. "A concentrated ecclesiasticism is a leading Unitarian feature, strange as it seems, and utterly contradictory as it is to their theory." This is partly from self-defence; but the fact is so. They have become "clannish," "girded by a cordon of strong dislike;" and "they have become compelled to publish their own praises loudly." The author says he shared fully in this denominational littleness, but that under Orthodoxy there is a great deal more of freedom and comprehension. "In the Evangelical Church, I found a breadth of view and a charity which Unitarians do not credit it with; an unexpected freedom from sectarianism (in the Congregationalist body at least, which I know best), and a single-eyed desire to convert men, not to an *ism*, but to Christ." As an indication of this Unitarian littleness and want of comprehension, he alludes to the manner in which he was criticised himself, in one of the

Unitarian organs, before he had left the denomination; and how, because he had expressed opinions not conformable to the average Unitarian standard, he was answered with flings and virtual charges of dishonesty. This is what gave the touch of bitterness to the Introduction in his volume of sermons published on leaving the denomination; and this he now says he has never ceased to regret.

It is also very interesting to know how Orthodoxy shapes itself in the mind of one who had been educated to see its manifold difficulties and inconsistencies. As he writes evidently to convert Unitarians, he ought, we think, to have been more full upon this point. He says, however, that he does not find that prevalence of what is called Tritheism which he had supposed to exist in the Trinitarian churches, nor any such doctrine of total depravity as he had imagined them to hold. The three "persons" are not persons in the common acceptation of the word; and the term is only used on account of the poverty of language, and because there is no better word. On the subject of the atonement, he does not say explicitly whether he regards the sufferings of Christ as strictly *penal and substitutive.* Mr. Gage must be aware, at any rate, that that is not genuine New-England Orthodoxy. It is clear, however, that he makes the death of Christ, not his resurrection and second coming in the Paraclete, the central fact and the one of prime efficacy in the salvation of men.

On a review of all the statements of his book, we are not surprised that Mr. Gage should have left the Unitarian communion. What we regretted was the Parthian arrows he threw after him; and these he regrets himself. Touching this present volume, there is one remark to be made upon it, and all of its class. Mr. Gage does not say that his personal experience is to be taken as an exponent of the value of Unitarianism; but his book implies it. In this he does, without intending it, a very great injustice. The Unitarian churches are *congregational,* not only in name but in fact; each standing on its own foundations, differing, doubtless, as much from each other as from the Orthodox churches in working power and in recipiency of the divine grace. They

are not responsible for each other; but each is responsible to the Head of the church, and to him alone.

The sort of argument which the book uses will work either way. We happen to have been born and brought up in an Orthodox church, educated in Orthodox schools, and graduated at an Orthodox college; and, though our right hand shall sooner lose its cunning than fling back missiles at a communion which as our nursing mother did its best for our earliest years, yet we could certainly make out a book of more telling personal experience than Mr. Gage has done; of inefficient preaching, sleepy churches, and faith divorced from life. Indeed, in the same bundle of books with Mr. Gage's, came Gail Hamilton's "Stumbling Blocks;" and what does she say of the preaching she hears, which is Orthodox? Hear her: "My testimony is this: so far as the real exigencies of life are concerned, so far as people get any help for the week-days from Sunday's sermon, a man might just as well have gone up into the pulpit, and talked in the Old Frisic through the half-hour, as to have preached nine out of ten of all the sermons that I ever heard."

So far, however, as Mr. Gage's autobiography shows the wretched policy of sending out divinity students grounded in nothing, with no message to deliver, and no Bible to enforce it from but a bundle of independent documents, probably fabulous and of less authority than the "Westminster Review," with no system of truth, but only a "diffused" Christianity, — so far the lesson is good, and is worthy of being read and pondered in all the divinity halls.

We are not by any means convinced that Mr. Gage's strictures on the sectarianism of our denomination are not more than half true. It makes very little difference whether a creed be written or no. There is a certain average sentiment in a denomination, which must not be departed from, if one means to be regarded as sound; and the important question is, whether the average gives room for an all-sided growth and progress, or only a narrow and one-sided development. It would be difficult to run into any sort of neologism, with any danger of being challenged for unsound Unitarianism;

but it is perfectly true, as Mr. Gage has said, that, before his views became distinctively Orthodox (they are only so now in a very modified form), he could not remain in the denomination, without being charged with dishonesty. He must either quit, or be shoved off to the remote circumference, as holding a "diluted Orthodoxy," using "theological cements," and so forth, unless he could make and vindicate a position of his own. He chose to quit. We are glad if he has found a communion whose catholicity shames our Unitarian narrowness; but the abuse of Henry Ward Beecher in the "Boston Review," the trial of Rev. Charles Beecher for heresy, and the ecclesiastical council called by members of Rev. Mr. Dimon's church, who leaves the ministry for a professorship, do not indicate the most perfect spirit of catholicism in his new connection. Truth is, a man might range through all the denominations, and not find the New Jerusalem come down from heaven and *located.* Every sect has its special mission and work, else it would have no right to exist. It may do some things well, and leave other things for another sect to do. Orthodoxy fills churches, prayer-meetings, and conference-rooms a great deal better than Unitarianism: but that which prepares a soul for heaven is neighborly love, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and childlike obedience to the divine law; and our brother Gage will find these, if he looks for them, sometimes just as much where the forms of prayer do not exist, and sometimes a great deal more. For ourselves, we have ceased to care a farthing what denomination we work with, provided we have the freedom of working. The more imperfections and short-comings we find, either in faith or practice, in the body we belong to, so much the more urgent are the incentives to stay and help supply the needs of the hour. As was said facetiously the other day, in the address before the Ministerial Union, we are not "come-outers," but "stay-inners," glad to work with any who will work with us to prepare the way for the full coming of the Christ.

It is very plain, we think, that all the denominations are transitional, and that none of them is final. One of three

things must be. We are driving into Naturalism, where all the denominations are to be swamped and lost; where Christianity will be numbered among past religions, whose force is spent; or there is some sect which will outgrow the rest, and swallow them up, or make a conquest over them; or else, thirdly, all the sects tend towards a higher and more inner and spiritual union around the Christ, the "God with us" from age to age, whose divinity, life, and doctrine reveal themselves with more warmth and splendor, melting through the depravity of man, and making denominational lines to be less and less. This last being true, the new catholic church will arise, — a church, but not a sect nor an ecclesiasticism; because the social and humane element shall prevail over the ecclesiastical, and the love of self or sect or party shall be less than the love of the neighbor, the love of Christ, and the love of man. This last is the faith in which we abide and rejoice with an exceeding joy.

Indeed, Brother Gage, by his own showing, is drifting hither. By his own showing, the Orthodoxy which he now finds is very different from that which was offered to him in his boyhood; and its hard, Calvinistic features have been softened by the suffusions of a new divine grace. He is a German scholar, and knows, a great deal better than we can tell him, how the hard, dogmatic Orthodoxy with which the Reformation opened has been changed and humanized; how the new German philosophy and criticism, which threatened at first a general disintegration, tend now to a reconstruction more grand and beautiful than before; how, though they have given to the world the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments" and the "Leben Jesu" of Strauss, they have also given Schleiermacher's "Glaubenslehre," and Dorner's great work on the "Person of Christ;" and the re-action against naturalism is pronounced and strong. Christ as a divine humanity, more perfectly apprehended on the divine side of his life, because more tenderly and philosophically apprehended as a man, is to be the result of free thought and criticism; and Orthodoxy is becoming transfigured in the Renaissance of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Gage has a very kind and generous allusion to ourselves; but we rather object to his calling our Christology "Swedenborgian." It is the ante-Nicene *Logos doctrine* of the church, as we apprehend it, beginning with Paul and John, and is brought out in all its possible shades in the discussions of the Eastern churches the first three centuries. Swedenborg has formulated this with great precision, and illustrated the threeness of the Divine Nature from the analogy of human nature with a clearness which is unsurpassed, and with the Divine Unity and personality sacredly preserved: but his doctrine of incarnation is inconsistent with his "glorification of the human," and confused;* and upon this we do not see that he reconciles any difficulties, or sheds a ray of light.

If any thing is found in the New Testament, it is the complete humanity of our Saviour, not its mere cuticle and appearance; and that is what gives to the works of the humanitarians, such as Furness and Renan even, a most intense realism, bringing out the human side of the life of Christ in such tints and shades of moral beauty, that even those who are dazzled or blinded with his divinity fall down like Mary, and clasp his feet with wonder and with tears of love. These very works prepare the way for a more perfect apprehension of Christ, and therefore of God; for, when in Christ both the divine and the human come perfectly to their rights, both can be seen in unison, and a DIVINE HUMANITY will be revealed to us; God, not on the other side of an awful and impassable gulf, but brought marvellously near, and filling the souls of his children till they overflow with the divine tenderness, and are effusive of the divine grace.

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* Swedenborg denies that Christ had a human soul; and therefore he assumed, not our nature in its wholeness, but only its outer covering; leaving the question exactly where it was left by Praxeas and Apollinaris. In the incarnation as taught by Swedenborg, our humanity never comes to its rights, but is what the Germans would call a *scheinbar*. To say that Swedenborg did not teach every thing, is not denying that he is one of the great sources of modern enlightenment, which we believe. The principles of pneumatology, illustrated in his "Heaven and Hell," we think incontrovertibly true, involving the doctrine of the resurrection and retribution; but we do not believe that the "eternity of the hells" was ever revealed to him or to any one. We cannot accept his discoveries in the planets; and the morality of his "scortatory love" we vehemently reject.

In describing the threeness of the divine nature, Mr. Gage says the term "person" is used not in its ordinary sense, and is chosen from the poverty of language. Is he sure it is not rather from poverty of thought? Is not Christ a "person" in the ordinary sense? and are the other two persons of the Trinity persons in the same sense? If so, there is blank Tritheism. If not, the same word plays fast and loose in the same formula, and only expresses confusion of thought. We believe it is universally true, that, when ideas have once been clearly formed, they fall inevitably into the forms of speech; and, when Orthodoxy herself has determined what she means by the three distinctions, we have not a doubt that there will be words enough to clothe the meaning in intelligible language.

But we must take leave of our brother's little book, not without a sincere prayer that the "Light" which found him in "darkness" may brighten to the perfect day; and that he may find full restoration to health, and strength to use his excellent acquirements for long years, in a communion more congenial with his feelings and beliefs; uncaring in what vineyard he works, if only he helps prepare the way for the more perfect coming of the Lord Jesus. S.

On *the fact that neither Josephus nor Tacitus, nor other historians, make any mention of Christ.* — So far from being unfavorable to his claims, it is in their favor; for it is unquestionable that Christ existed, and that his religion was a matter of public notoriety. They could not, therefore, have been unacquainted with it; and it is evident that they were silent by design, or that references to it existed in their writings, which have been suppressed or altered. — *Pascal.*

Let them say what they will, it must be acknowledged that Christianity is an astonishing religion. "This is because you were born in it," it may be said. So far from it, that very fact puts me on my guard, lest I should be prepossessed in its favor. But, though I was born in it, the facts are none the less as I have stated them. — *Pascal.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

IX.

ICH WEISS DASS MEIN ERLÖSER LEBT.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1650.

Melody: "Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan."

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
He is my life already:
Whoso to him his heart's trust gives
Against death's fear is steady.
I onward tread The way he led:
For night, and night's drear feelings,
Comes light with sweet revealings.

Thou liv'st, thou liv'st, in hero-worth;
The under-world surrenders:
Thou art the champion of the earth,
The trust of poor offenders.
Who cleave to thee Shall pass on free,
Of sin's load disencumbered;
With ransomed spirits numbered.

Thou liv'st, my healer; healing still,
And daily, my diseases:
Thou strengthenest me in every ill;
It scares not when it seizes.
Oh! live in me, That I in thee
May blessedly be living,
Beyond the world's conceiving.

Thou livest; in the dark my light,
My comfort in my anguish:
Thou'lt not desert thy servant quite,
Nor leave his soul to languish.
Advice in need, And strength in deed,
And life to heaven projected,
Thou giv'st to thine elected.

Address thee more and more, my heart,
To joys that are unending;
While now with pleasures, now with smart,
Thou still must be contending.
With spirit true The fight pursue;
Then shall e'en I be sharing
The crowns that are preparing. N. L. F.

X.

"STRAF' MICH NICHT IN DEINEM ZORN."

[GEORG ALBINUS. Rosenmüller's Melody, 1655, is much admired.]

IN thine anger smite me not;
Lord Almighty, spare me!
Show the Fount of Grace, and what
That alone can bear me.
Sins provoke Thy sharp stroke;
Stripes of Christ's own feeling
Let me find my healing.

Show to me thy Father-heart;
Stay with Trust my failing;
Teach thy child how good thou art;
Soothe my heavy wailing;
That to thee, Constantly,
Mightiest, Blessed, Ever-liying,
May be poured thanksgiving.

Evil spirits, off from me!
God hath heard my pleading:
Now with joy the path I see
To his presence leading.
Off! I cry; Demons, fly!
What was once distressing,
God pours out — a blessing.

Ah! how gladly can my breast
From these vain things sever;
Take a soft and sacred rest,
Waiting joys for ever;
Which he there Doth prepare,
Where in heavenly regions
Float the angel legions! N. L. F.

WHAT SHALL SUBDUE SIN WITHIN, AND REDEEM THE SOUL FROM ITS POWER?

THE tendency to sin, and the fact of sin, are more or less clearly matter of observation and consciousness. The chief occasion of it, according to the Apostle Paul, is in the flesh. "I know," says he, "that in me, that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." According to our modern modes of thought and expression, we convey the same idea when we speak of the lower nature of man, the seat of the appetites and passions. With the flesh the apostle contrasts "the mind," or, as we say, the higher nature, which has the delight of approbation in the divine law. It is also termed "the natural man," and describes the person, who, with whatever perception of the true and beautiful and good, has not yet the "spiritual" born in him, sees not the spiritual nature of the kingdom of heaven, nor obeys the divine will with a filial spirit.

The lower nature, the flesh, is so strong, that the higher, that of the mind, is brought into subjection to it, and is led away by it. In vain does the mind confess the allegiance it owes to the law of God. In vain does it feel and avow its delight in that law as "holy, just, and good." In vain it pays inward homage to ideas of truth, honor, nobleness, purity, benevolence. In vain the reason discriminates between rectitude and injustice, and the conscience condemns violations of the right. "I see better things, and approve them; I follow the worse," was the confession of a heathen poet two thousand years ago; and very few have not been obliged, at some period of their lives, to confess the same.

In some persons, the subjection of the higher nature to the lower becomes so complete, that both the will to do good and the power to do good seem to become utterly lost. In others, there appears a fluctuation in the ascendency of one over the other; and the dominion of evil, on the one hand, or of the good, on the other, seems only temporary. In some,

the *higher* so predominates, that, to an observer's eye, there is no outward act or expression of wrong-doing. The law of equity, sincerity, temperance, humanity, seems faithfully observed in public and in private life; duty discharged with cheerfulness; the character free from the lesser as well as from the greater faults.

But duty is a relative term, and is commensurate with one's abilities and opportunities. While the eye of man may see in another an exemplification of all the virtues, there is not seldom felt by the person so viewed a painful consciousness of short-coming; a failure to reach one's ideal of a generous, devoted, true life; and such an ideal perceived by the mind is the law for that mind, wherever there is a possibility of reaching it. There are feelings, moreover, which a delicate conscience justly condemns, though they have not passed into any visible, outward wrong act, — feelings which at first may not have been within the direct control of the will, but have at last borne with them, perhaps only for a very short time, the consent of the will, and have occasioned a transient thought of sin. Now, if the soul is conscious that it did not at the time exert its whole moral force against the temptation; if, especially, it feels that only an opportunity may have been wanting for the passing of the thought into action, — certainly there is there the consciousness of sin and the criminality of sin.

Now, is there any thing which shall enable one not thus to come short of his ideal of duty? any power which can bring the life into harmony with the law of God? any force to enable us to fulfil the righteousness of the law as written on human nature and taught by Christ? What shall make the lower nature of the flesh subject to the higher law of the mind, and transform that mind itself into the spiritual? What shall free human nature from servitude to sin, and cause a man to be, in purpose and in act, pure and just and good? Who or what shall do this for us in a degree still higher than any of us have reached, but which we see to be possible?

No mere law or precept alone, announced by revelation

from heaven, or recorded in human statute-book, or established by human will, can do it. The declaration of law is, "Thou shalt, and thou shalt not. Do it, and thou shalt live; do it not, and thou shalt die." The language of law is stern and uncompromising. It knows only penalty where it is disobeyed. As saith the Epistle to the Hebrews, "The law was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received just recompense of reward;" and though there were in it many exhortations and inducements to repentance, though there were revelations both by Moses and the prophets, which presented God in the aspect of Father and Friend to those who would obey, the result shows that the law was inadequate to make the Jews an obedient, holy people. There were, indeed, individuals, here and there, who stood forth conspicuous for their general piety and obedience. There were, in the corruptest and darkest times of the nation, as many as seven thousand who did not bow the knee to Baal; but these were only a remnant; and, when Christ came into the world, the demonstration was very clear that righteousness could not come by the law. Moreover, the present character and state of the Jews show how inadequate is the law, in which they glory, to produce a people worthy to be called the people of God.

See the inefficacy of mere law where it is relied on as the main governing force; for instance, in the family! It alone, or chiefly, can never form the children to habits of cheerful obedience; but under it thrive perverseness, and a disposition to set at nought all restraints. If by the government of law, if by commands of "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," enforced by a resolute will, there is success in producing obedience, it is a slavish obedience; it is external and mechanical; there is no heart in it; it is not worthy of the name. Generally, mere prohibition or command stimulates the will to do what is just the contrary. To this fact the apostle seems to allude, when he speaks of the motions of sin which were by the law, and of sin taking occasion by the law to work in him all manner of unlawful desires. If mere prohibition ever succeeds in bidding the waves of passion, "Thus

far shalt thou come, and no farther," the angry surge will still continue to chafe the shore.

Law has indeed its divine authority, its indisputable place in the government of mankind. "Of her," in the language of Bishop Hooker, "it must be said that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world." There can be no parental, no national, no self government without it. It is a necessary force in the administration of affairs. Its authority must be preserved and respected. Its violation must be attended by penalties of some sort. Passion is so bent on its object, that often it heeds no manifestations of forbearance and generosity. It rushes to its end, and involves others, it may be nations, in the ruin attendant on attaining its end. In such a case, law and its administration — in other words, government, as God's vicegerent — must extend its arm of power, be it the parental or the civil, to hinder the self-ruin of the wrong-doer or the injury of others; but, when the power of the sword or the force of external authority shall have accomplished its end, something more will be necessary to make good, obedient citizens. Authority becoming recognized, love must finish the work.

Not only no mere moral, no mere statute law, but no laws of nature, no familiar knowledge of the constitution of man, no human philosophies or sciences, have ever proved sufficient to mould human conduct so that it should be conformed to the right, the true, and the good, or to make these the governing purposes of the heart. They never did it for the philosophers: they do not accomplish it now for any one who most asserts their efficacy, or for others on whom their efficacy is tried. These are all connected with human welfare: but, as methods of redemption from sin, they are powerless; and really their highest value is for those who first come under a higher spiritual law.

This higher spiritual and moral force is the gospel of Christ. This can accomplish, and has accomplished for multitudes, what mere law cannot do. It is the power of love: it is Christianity. See what it did for such men as Paul, who, having been educated under the Mosaic law, and re-

garded as blameless in respect to its righteousness, so broke the law, both in letter and spirit, by persecuting the followers of Christ for righteousness' sake, but who was raised to so much higher and nobler a life when he himself became a Christian, and was therefore qualified to speak from experience of the comparative influence of law and gospel on the soul! Not only for outward sins, but for the inward sins of thought and feeling, was his conscience smitten; and from the despair accompanying the perception of his duty, and his violation of it, or coming short of it, the inward revelation to him of the gospel of Christ awoke him to hope and true righteousness; enabled him to perform what he had before in vain *willed* to perform. See what the gospel has done for many whose moral condition has been considered almost hopeless in the world! See what it has done for many, and is still doing, who, educated under Christianity, and fretted by no restraint, and apparently under the most genial and loving influences, pass the greater part of a youth in no passions of the flesh indeed, yet without having their higher nature regenerated, without the upspringing and play of love to the heavenly Father, without cheerful obedience to his will and filial trust in him, but who at last yield freely and gently, sometimes very suddenly, to the spirit of God, and show a radical change in the whole character and conduct! There is of this a very remarkable and yet by no means solitary illustration in a biographical sketch of Rev. Dr. W. B. O. Peabody's daughter, of Springfield, Mass., in the beautiful memoirs of that gifted and sainted man. "She had reached the age of eighteen, full of talent and animation, earnestly devoted to reading and literature, with acquirements not generally expected at her period of life, and entering with all the ardor of a youthful heart into the pleasures of society. . . . Though reverent and not inattentive to her religious duty, she had not heretofore regarded that duty as the great object of her life." But her mother, whose views of God and humanity were always Christian and hopeful and inspiring, had said of her, "The time will come when she will change; and, when she does, the change will be true."

"And," writes the father, "the time did come: she was changed; her heart opened to a sense of her relation to her heavenly Father; she acknowledged the various duties growing out of it, with the sincerest desire and effort to do them. From that hour, a lovely serenity and cheerful and earnest thoughtfulness spread themselves over her manner, and shone from her placid brow. It was not that she was cold and unworthy before, but a new revelation had evidently dawned upon her spirit. She saw how great a thing existence is, and what wonders of glory and love there are in it to those, who, instead of snatching the joys that float by them on the surface, look deeper for their happiness, and find their treasury within. From her youth she could have no power over her brothers; but she at once established an influence within them, and they cheerfully submitted themselves to the authority of love." To her father she was every thing that was "watchful, patient, self-denying, and tender;" and he says, that, "for himself, he was like the wanderer, who, falling on the mountain-side, grasped a small plant for his support, and thus brought to light the rich mines of Peru." A fever carried her away a few short months after her mother, and the record closes with these words: "The first eighteen years of her life were comparatively a blank: the last few months were the well-filled, the deeply-written, the richly-illuminated page."

Such is the power of Christianity. Sorrow, it is true, aided it in the instance just narrated. A most excellent mother, in whom Christ was formed the hope of glory, had been removed from a very dear household, and, now shining full-orbed from heaven, touched this daughter's heart, and stirred its deepest feelings. Rather a mother's piety and a father's were to her the Heaven-ordained means of mediating between her soul and Christ; and in Christ, the great Mediator, by his teachings and spirit, she became reconciled to God. The piety of a Timothy dwelt first in a mother's heart, and still earlier in that mother's mother. Happy those who through such influences come early to Christ, and, whether in a brief or long life, fill with worthy and Christian deeds

a richly-illuminated page! May such a change come to many others, and the change prove true!

Among the motives which the gospel presents to effect the change, whether in youth or in later years, stands pre-eminently the truth announced by Paul, "GOD SENDING HIS OWN SON IN THE LIKENESS OF SINFUL FLESH AND FOR SIN." This has divine power to condemn sin in the flesh, and to awaken to a new life. Whoever receives it in the full objective form in which the apostle presents it will more and more thoroughly feel its power.

"GOD sending his own Son." It is GOD whom the apostle presents as the source of all our salvation: "All things are of God;" "all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ;" "all things are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." A spiritual efficacy attends the perception of the Being thus presented to our mind and heart. We are drawn upward by it out of our earthly thoughts, and the divine presence awes and humbles, and yet attracts us.

God SENDING HIS OWN SON; him, the brightest of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person; him, the beloved Son, in whom the Father was well pleased; him, in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily, the adequate power to bless and save. In such a gift for human redemption we have an idea of divine mercy and compassion which touches the heart, and moves it to duty. God has sent many saviours in different ages to save, many servants who have been sufferers for humanity: suffering itself is a divinely ordained method of relief and cure. But as the divinest expression of this fact, as the purest and greatest manifestation of suffering for others, "God spared not his only-begotten Son, but freely delivered him up for us all;" and in him he has thus exercised the mightest power to save.

It was the Son of God IN THE LIKENESS OF SINFUL FLESH; that is, with a human nature and form like our own, so that he could perfectly sympathize with us, understand our great spiritual need and all our needs; feel, from the human heart within him, for man, as though he were in man's place; him-

self learn obedience, and become perfect through suffering; strengthen and encourage mankind by his perfect example; draw them by his holy, filial spirit into union with him in one divine humanity, receptive of all good, and capable of a divine life; in short, establish in human hearts that kingdom in which the Father's will is done on earth as it is in heaven.

He was sent not only in the likeness of sinful flesh, but FOR SIN. It was the object of his coming to endure suffering brought on him by the SIN of others; to set at work special instrumentalities for the removal of SIN from the world; to condemn and subjugate sin in the flesh; to free the soul from the sense of unpardoned sin, and deliver for ever from its power.

It is in the thought of Christ sent for SIN, more or less clearly apprehended, that hope of redemption has its first rise. In the good news which he proclaimed, there was prominent the divine willingness to forgive on repentance, and to give repentance itself a true change of mind and a governing power of action; in other words, "power to become sons of God," to "all who received him." He showed us the Father, and with that comes the consciousness of our having gone astray. We resolve each one to arise, and go to our Father, and say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy child: make me as one of thy servants." And in this state of mind there dawns on us the heavenly Father's presence, who meets us afar off, and receives us to the bosom of his love. We were dead, but are alive again; were lost, but are found. Nor do we become servants, but children; "heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ." We have received the spirit, not of bondage, but of adoption; whereby we cry with Jesus, "Abba, Father!" Nothing now comparatively so easy as to serve God with willing minds and loving hearts. The exclamation of the apostle, after his long struggle with sin, and hopeless endeavors to do better, as soon as he now began to catch a glimpse of the true way of escape, "I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord," breaks also from our own lips, and we find that we have passed into that state in which there is no condemna-

tion resting on those in Christ Jesus, because they have his filial spirit; because they walk according to that spirit, and not according to the flesh.

It was the remark of the same excellent man on his death-bed whose memoirs have been quoted, "How much good we might do, if we only would!" It is the great glory of the gospel that it is the power which gives the disposition to do good; that it inspires us with the spirit of him who always pleased the Father, and makes us obedient in heart and life. Let us come afresh and every day to this source of strength, and we certainly shall find established in us, and growing broader and deeper, a righteousness which not the law could impart, but that which in spirit it demands. F.

THE JOURNAL OF ERNEST RAY,

MINISTER-AT-LARGE.

Jan. 21. — To-day I visited John Haven in his sick-room. I have known the kind of life this man has led, rich, handsome, independent (that is, alone in the world), brilliant in society, enjoying and enjoyed by the most fashionable circles, and, under this bright surface, another life! I must keep in mind the suffering wretch I have seen him this afternoon, or I shall forget to pity. He was taken a few weeks ago with a sort of fit in a house in —— Street, and was carried to his hotel, where he has been terribly sick ever since; something of the nature of delirium tremens, though not precisely that. Ferguson attends him, and reported yesterday that he was wholly neglected by his old friends, and left in the charge of his man-servant only, and would probably be glad of a visit from any one who came with kindly purposes. With all his vices, I believe there is still good in the man; and, at such a time as this, it may be possible to reach it. Ferguson thinks so; and I shall certainly try.

I found him in a large, handsome chamber, furnished in luxurious style. Elegance, lavish expenditure, and self-in-

dulgence, were everywhere; so now were dust and disorder. There were pictures on the walls: in the parlor, a fine copy of "Titian's Daughter" glowed through the dim light; in the chamber, several hung with their faces toward the wall. Books were lying about; and I looked into one — bah! The height of the discomfort of the room was reached by the sick man himself. He has been delirious and noisy often; but to-day, though suffering much, was quiet, and showed that his old politeness was not mere surface by struggling to thank me for coming, I had a little cheering talk with him, and ventured to give some hints on nursing to Jones, his servant, an Englishman, who has zeal enough, but evidently never was sick himself.

Feb. 5. — Have been with Mr. Haven nearly every day this fortnight; for he is friendless. He has gained a little, both physically and morally. He is disgusted at the neglect of his gay companions, and bitterly distressed at finding that certain matters have come to light which have so disgraced him that he cannot hope to find admittance again to the truly best society. It seems to me a good sign that he has always tried to keep a position in this circle as well as among the really fashionable. He says little of any deeper feelings than these. I fear he is not inwardly touched and humiliated yet.

Feb. 10. — Haven's fate is awful! He is growing blind. Ferguson feared that this long illness and fever would leave some permanent evil; and now it has come. He does not know it yet himself.

Feb. 11. — Haven spoke to-day more frankly than before of his regrets for the past, — merely from a worldly point of view, however; and then told me of some good plans he had formed for the future. It was a great deal for him to speak in that way to me, and he was evidently hurt at my hearing him without expressing approval: then a vague idea of something wrong came over him; and he questioned me so closely, that I soon had to tell him the truth.

He had thought his room was kept very dark; had expected every day that the pain in his eyes would pass off; had never suspected the truth. He would not believe it at first, and

insisted on sending for Ferguson and an oculist. When they had gone, leaving him convinced, he asked me not to quit him at once, but did not say another word. It was no time to talk to him. I did not know whether he realized that I was still there, until, when I was obliged to go, he held out his hand, and thanked me for staying.

Feb. 14. — These four days, Haven has lain still, more tractable than before, but never speaking except to answer us; getting acquainted with his future in silence and increasing darkness. To-day I found, that, though he was not yet ready to speak of the immediate past or the present, it was a relief to him to talk a little about his boyhood, long ago, in his country-home. His mind is evidently turning back there with pleasure in this dreary time.

Feb. 20. — Have spent more time with Haven than elsewhere; for I believe it better to concentrate time and thought on saving a single soul than to scatter half-efforts over a wider space. He has continued, at various times, to tell me about his youth. What I make out of it is this. His father is a wealthy land-owner and farmer in a country-town. He has only a dim memory of the gentle mother who died too early to have much influence on his character. He grew up in a sombre home, where a sternly upright father repressed, instead of educating his children, with a wide gap in years, and a great difference in disposition, between the older and the younger brothers and sisters, and no sympathy for the warm-hearted but boisterous and pleasure-loving boy, except with his darling twin-sister. She died when they were about sixteen years old; and then he could bear the restraint of his life no longer. I am afraid the elders of the household were glad to be rid of such a troublesome member by getting him into business in the city; though they must have known that it was the very mouth of the pit to a lad of such tastes, with no home-influences to guard him. He says, however, that, although his brothers and sisters desired it, his father opposed the plan, and only yielded reluctantly when John threatened to run away if he were not allowed to go otherwise.

It is singular to watch how constantly his thoughts turn

back to that innocent, early life, avoiding the dark years which have passed since. Ferguson and I have observed the same thing on other sick-beds; and it is almost always a good sign, morally at least.

Feb. 23. — I find that Haven yesterday overcame his pride so far as to send Jones to one of his old comrades, whose rooms are next his own, to ask him to come in to see him; but he, a heartless fellow, as I happen to know, sent back a cool refusal, which must have stung Haven keenly. He has been more fractious than ever since that.

One cannot wonder at his indignation. In fact, I share it somewhat; for these fellows are no better than he: they knew what he was all the time that they were glad to share his wines and cigars; but other people know him now, and they are afraid to risk their precious reputations by continuing the intimacy. Moreover, they know he is to be blind; and, beside the shrinking such people always have from the afflicted, they do not expect to get any more "jolly times" from him; and their friendship, being no longer supported by selfishness, no longer exists. Still I wonder a little at their neglecting a *rich* man so entirely under any circumstances.

Feb. 24. — The coolness of Haven's associates is more fully explained to-day. The rats think the house is falling indeed, so they scud. Haven has been a very rich man. He got into business early, and had some great successes in speculation, which made his fortune — and his ruin. But he has lived with the greatest extravagance, and is deeply in debt: his creditors, wine-merchants, tailors (and the like), are all upon him at once now; for it is reported that his affairs are in confusion, and that is enough to start a *sauve-qui-peut.* Bills have come in at such a rate for a few days, that Ferguson declared they would soon drive both doctor and patient "clean daft:" so he brought his cool Scotch head to bear on matters; had one quiet talk with Haven; found that he really had property enough to pay all his debts comfortably, with some retrenchment and time; but, if he were to be forced to clear every thing off at once, it would impoverish him seriously.

Poor as well as blind would be hard measure. Ferguson just assured Haven that the thing could be easily arranged; forbade him to ask questions; carried off the bills, he being too sick to resist. According to our usual plan of division of labor, Harry has undertaken the perambulatory part; that is, he is going round to all the creditors, and by compromises and promises, by appeals to sympathy, and a liberal use of his own honorable name, is quieting them for the present. Still there is a general impression that Haven will be left poor, and he himself begs us not to contradict this. It is a touchstone which reveals to him some hitherto unsuspected facts.

Feb. 25. — Haven has had one great blessing in his life, — a father whom he must respect. He said to me to-day, "I have tried to believe, with my comrades, that there was not such a thing as a truly *good* man living; but my father stood in the way. I always feared him more than I loved him; but I know he is a good man. And my two brothers, — they are much older than I, — I never cared much about them, and have hardly seen any thing of them for years; but I have always known that they were like father, no hypocrites, but upright, honorable, pure men, through and through."

But he added that he had grown terribly suspicious, and had found it easy to doubt the sincerity of every man considered virtuous; and then he told me what a lesson he got about Dr. Ferguson when he was first sick. It seems the doctor did not leave him at all the first night. He lay in a stupor most of the time, but had an interval of distinct consciousness; when, although without the power to speak or move, he could watch all that went on around him, while no one suspected it. He saw the doctor glance up at a French picture on the wall, consider it an instant, then favor it with a grimace, and turn it face to the wall; after which he stole round the room, and treated some others of the same class in the same way. A most characteristic performance; and can't I imagine the disgusted contortion of that honest phiz!

Feb. 27. — Haven hinted something to-day of his utter

uncertainty as to what was to become of him in the future. This hotel life, which was just suited to one who spent all his time in gayeties, parties, clubs, and so on, would be intolerable to what he is to be; and I fear, from what he tells me, that he really has cut himself off from his home. He has seldom been there since he first came away: his last visit was many years ago. The intercourse by letter has dwindled away to almost nothing. He says frankly that this is his own fault. He did not care to think much of his home and family in the gay life he has led: their sermonizing letters annoyed him; and he left them unanswered till they were justly hurt, and grew silent themselves; and he has drifted farther from them year by year.

He is now much older than I had supposed; for his skilful toilet has hitherto hidden his age. He is about forty, — several years older than Harry and I. It is strange to remember that, contrasting him with Harry, and the work *he* has already done, and the position he has won, to say nothing of our home, which he has made.

Feb. 28. — I have read aloud to Haven often, choosing pleasant books, travels, &c., which would not tire his head; but to-day I told him that I also wanted to read from the Bible every day. Except a few words of prayer always, on leaving him, I have done very little of that nature; for I felt, that, before I could accomplish any thing as a minister, I must know him, and he must know me as a friend.

When I proposed this to-day, he said coldly, "As you will;" and then added, not exactly with rudeness, but hastily and proudly, "You must remember, Mr. Ray, that I am not like the ignorant creatures whom you visit. I have heard the Bible read often enough, from my childhood to the last Sunday before I was sick." I asked, "Are you sure? Your ears may have heard it; but have you?" and I read the parable of the Publican and the Sinner. Neither of us made any comment thereon.

Feb. 29. — I wish Haven would be half as considerate of poor Jones as he is of me. I told him so to-day; and he said manfully that he knew he was cross, and was ashamed

of it, and would try to do better. His thoughtfulness for me touched me. His room is kept rather dark, because light pains his eyes, and does not enable him to use them either; and yesterday he was afraid I should hurt my eyes, reading from my small pocket-Bible; so I found on the table a beautiful English one with clear print. He acknowledged that he was not in the habit of reading it; and said, "If you will look at the fly-leaf, you will see why I have kept it." There was first the name of his mother, and then that of his dear sister Amy. His own name was under hers; and he said she wrote it there herself while she was sick. I think he listened to the reading.

March 2. — It is one of the most fearful effects of such a course of sin as Haven has been through, that it so blinds the soul to its own foulness. Such men cannot see the evil of their lives. Until to-day, I had seen no proof in Haven of real, heartfelt shame; and I felt that it was time for it. To-day he talked a great deal of his sister Amy, and how good she was, and how they loved each other; and at last I asked, "What do you suppose she thinks of you now?" He cried out sharply, "Be still!" and turned away. After a long time, he put out his hand, saying, gently enough, "I beg your pardon."

I do not know whether he was going to talk any more just then, — do not think he could: but, at any rate, I could not; for I was forced at that moment to decamp from the bedside to the sofa, send for Hans and the chaise, and lie still till the pain had gone enough to let Hans get me home. I am afraid it gave Haven a great fright; for he is not used to my tricks yet: but, as I shall probably be able to be with him again to-morrow, he will see that it was nothing serious. It shows how unusually well I have been this winter, that, in all the hours I have passed in his room, this is the first time I have broken down there.

March 3. — Haven questioned me to-day as to my belief concerning those who have entered the other world. He made no direct allusion to yesterday; but, of course, I understood him. He asked whether I believed that those

spirits were near us, and saw what we did and suffered. How could I answer? On these subjects I dare not say, "This I believe," to any thing but what grows clearer to me year by year, — that our Father sees that it is good for us not to know, not to be able to conjecture, what lies behind the veil. I could only tell him that it seemed to me that future recognition and re-union were surely promised to us, both in written revelation and in our hearts; and that, in the present, I myself could not resist an individual feeling, that the spirits who loved us were oftentimes near us, and were perhaps waiting for their full happiness until we should join them, when our sorrows had done their work, and our sins had been washed away by repentance.

March 6. — I did not see Haven yesterday; but to-day he returned to the subject we spoke of the day before. He had always revolted from the doctrine of eternal punishment and certain other features of the stern Calvinistic faith, and seemed much interested in the different views held by our communion.

He has found no difficulty in believing much of his father's creed: he confesses that he has often struggled to escape from all faith; but what he learned in boyhood could not be shaken off. I suppose none of those doctrines seem quite so cold and repulsive when it is a father who holds and teaches them. I am glad indeed to find that Haven has retained any faith, and I shall take care not to disturb it by doctrinal differences. Spiritual truths are higher and all-sufficient.

March 9. — This morning, Haven began abruptly, "If I had died when I was taken sick, without a conscious moment for preparation, what do *you* suppose would have become of me? I know that, according to the preaching I used to hear, I should have been hopelessly damned: do you believe that?" I answered, "No: I cannot believe that God's mercy is not great enough to outlast ten or twenty or forty years of sinning. I do not believe he will ever withhold pardon from repentance in either life." — "Then," asked he eagerly, "you believe it can never be too late? You be-

lieve there is always a chance of pardon?" — "Yes, as long as the soul can repent; but I believe that the human soul can almost, perhaps wholly, sin away its own power of repentance. I also believe that this pardon can only be gained, in this life or the next, through the deep, bitter pain of remorse; that is, in cases where there has been great sin in the past, as with you." He was not angry, but said, "I knew what you thought of me; but I cannot myself see why I need suffer so much to win pardon: I have not been worse than many other men." — "Ah!" said I, "so Satan has been drugging you with that very poor wine. What have you to do with other men, when you stand in God's sight? Compare yourself rather with what you should have been, with what God meant you to be; compare your life with that life of Jesus, the pattern set for us by God."

After thinking for some time, he said, "I have remembered your asking me if I had really heard the Bible; and I shall have to acknowledge that I have not. I find I have but a vague idea of Christ's life and character." So it was decided that our Bible-readings should now have a fixed object to set forth Christ himself clearly. Surely that will show him his own life in its true light.

March 10. — Our reading has been carried on with much interest this week. It is pleasant to see how eagerly Haven receives every explanation of Eastern customs or idioms, which makes scenes or characters more life-like to him.

To-day, however, another matter occupied much of our time. Haven has written to beg to be taken in at home, the poor prodigal! His thoughts have turned that way more and more; and a realizing sense of his folly in abandoning kindred and home has come to him with the knowledge that he never can see them again. He says, "I could find my way about the old house better than anywhere else; and if I could sit under those elms, and grope round the familiar garden, and be among my own people, and hear father's voice, the darkness would not seem so terrible."

His sight is not quite gone yet: so, a few days ago, he tried to write himself, but could not make it legible, and strained

his poor dim eyes so that he has been suffering acutely from them ever since. To-day he was a little easier, and forced himself to dictate to me a letter to his father. It ran thus, as I remember: —

"My dear Father, — You know I have gone wrong in the years since I left home. My way of life brought on a sickness, almost delirium tremens, from which I am recovering; but it leaves me blind. I have wilfully neglected my home; but that is over now. Can you forgive me, and let me come back? I should not be a burden on you, and I do not think I should be much trouble; I would try not to be: and I probably shall not live long. If you could forgive me, and let me come home, I think it would help me up again. This is written at my dictation by my friend Mr. Ray. — Your son, John Haven."

In his fear of calling too much on his father's sympathy, he did not tell all about his condition that I thought a father had a right to know: so I have ventured to add a note. But there is no hope if his son's note does not touch him. If he could have seen the agony every word of it cost! No formal protestations of repentance, and promises of reform, could give me so much hope. He wanted to speak of me in a different way; showing a depth of gratitude which I did not at all suspect, and do not deserve.

March 20. — No answer for Haven yet. He has gained strength, and is now up most of the day, groping feebly about the room, or lying on his lounge. That room! — it has been a subject of constant despair to us. Neither hired hands nor friendly male hands can keep a sick-room comfortable. Harry, to be sure, is an exception to that masculine rule; but he has not been there yet: we thought Haven might be frightened at having *two* ministers upon him. Moreover, I was sure, from the feeling that he showed about his mother and sister, that a good woman (*e.g.*, the aforesaid Harry's wife) could do more for him now than any man: but Muriel has so much to do at home, that I did not like to propose it; so, when she and Harry thought of it, and suggested it themselves, I was rejoiced.

To-day, accordingly, I asked him if my sister might come

and read to him. He exclaimed, "What! Mrs. Irving? She would not come near me: she is one of those who would never have any thing to say to such men in society. I respect them for it now." — "Nevertheless, she wants to come and see you to-morrow," I said. He seemed touched at first; but I heard him muttering something about not caring to be pitied; and I was afraid his pride was up, and would make trouble: so I told him, as merrily as I could, that no one must talk to *me* as if it were a disgrace to a man to be pitied, and that was enough to make him disclaim such an idea; for he is very considerate of my feelings always; and he put on some of his old polished manner as he sent a message of thanks to Mrs. Irving "for the honor she proposes to do me." If he receives her visit in that cool fashion, I shall be provoked!

March 21. — As soon as I entered Haven's parlor to-day, I saw that he was feeling differently, — was excited; and, when Muriel came, he quite forgot his affectations, and stood before her in confusion and shame, — a sinful man in the presence of a pure woman. She, of course, knew just what to do and say; and I left her reading to him.

This evening, as we sat in the study, Ferguson popped in his head, literally nothing more, and pronounced, "Just from Haven's room; and patient vastly benefited by morning's dose: both hope it will be repeated."

April 3. — A weary fortnight to poor Haven. No letter yet. It is to come to my care, as I must read it to him; and it goes to my heart to see him, when I enter his room each day, leaning forward, trembling, his fingers quivering, his wistful blind face turned toward the sound of my crutches; and then, when I have to say "Nothing yet," falling back with such a heart-sick look! He does not murmur, but sometimes says, "I am afraid there is something the matter at home: they would surely write." I should be almost glad to be sure of any good reason for it: I am afraid of deliberate neglect. To-day he was more hopeful, and told me he had been thinking that perhaps the delay was a good sign, — perhaps they were making some arrangements to receive him.

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE OF THE GLORIFIED CHRIST.

THE influence of Jesus Christ upon the world since his death is entirely different in kind as well as in degree from that of any other man after death. Many great and good men have lived in the world whose influence for good still remains. Being dead, they yet speak. By their writings, or the record of their lives, they still work for good in the hearts of men. And some would say that the influence of Jesus Christ in the world is of this character only; but such a view is manifestly insufficient to explain the facts of history, as well as opposed to the representations of the Scriptures. Not only by his works done eighteen hundred years ago, and by his teachings recorded in the gospel, does Jesus now work in the hearts and lives of men, but much more by his present personal power from his throne in the heavens.

Washington has had, and still has, great influence in the history of our country, by his writings and the record of his life; and we believe his name and influence will become more illustrious through all coming time: but we have no reason to believe that his spirit has been personally and actively present in our national affairs since he left the world. The Platonic philosophy is a resultant of the life and teachings of Socrates, and might continue to exist were the names of Plato and Socrates buried in oblivion. But not so is Christianity a result of the earthly life of Jesus. It is the outflow of his ever-living person. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Our Saviour repeatedly and in manifold forms declared to his disciples that his work in their behalf and for the redemption of the world would be far more richly manifested after his departure from them than when he was visibly and bodily present with them; and his chosen apostles, the inspired ministers of his word, continually direct our attention to the now-living and ever-living Saviour. While Paul does not omit to ascribe man's redemption to the sacrificial death of

Christ, he yet the more continually directs our attention to his present glorified life. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, *much more*, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." And again, when setting forth the certainty of redemption, the surety of salvation, he speaks of "Christ that died," he immediately adds, "*Yea, rather*, that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God; who also maketh intercession for us." Thus the apostle makes the present heavenly glory of Christ the more direct object of contemplation to the Christian heart. Faith in Christ is not merely a belief in him as an historical person, who, centuries ago, lived and died, and whose life is recorded in the Gospels; but it is a belief in him as a now-living, an ever-living Saviour to all who call upon him. Faith indeed never loses sight of his sacrificial death. By an ordinance of his own appointment, the Lord's Supper, the memory of it is kept fresh in the heart of his Church; but faith beholds the now-living and exalted Redeemer, dispensing from his throne in the heavens the benefits of his death upon all who believe in him. It beholds in him such glorious excellency as leads the soul to trust in him as one mighty to save, even to the uttermost, all who come unto God by him; by the attractiveness of his glory, drawing to himself the most earnest affections of the heart, uniting all its powers in his love and service. This is the faith which worketh by love, which purifieth the heart, and overcometh the world. This is the faith which makes the believer a citizen of God's heavenly kingdom, and assures him of redemption and eternal life.

The contemplation of the glorified life which Christ now lives in heaven opens for us an exhaustless theme of thought. In the present article, we would only consider some of the things which Christ in heaven is now doing for his Church on the earth.

Having by himself purged our sins, he arose from the grave, and ascended into the heavens, and is seated at the right hand of God. He is invested with the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. Angels, prin-

cipalities, and powers are made subject unto him, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence. All power both in heaven and in earth is committed to his hand. He is head over all things to his Church.

1. One of the things which Christ in his glorified state is doing for his people is that he gives them the Holy Spirit. He said to his disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for, if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you: but, if I depart, *I will send him unto you.*" In various forms did he repeat this promise, that he would send upon them the gift of the Holy Ghost; and when, on the day of Pentecost, the Holy Spirit was shed forth upon the assembled multitude who listened to the preaching of Peter and of the others, so that in one day three thousand souls were added to the Lord, Peter said, "This same Jesus, being at the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." The unbelieving world may be astonished at the wonderful success which attended the early preachers of the gospel, and seek to find natural and earthly causes for the effect produced, when, at the name of Jesus, thousands bowed the knee and submitted their hearts unto him; but the words of Peter tell us the cause. The glorified Christ was fulfilling his promise that he would send upon his disciples the gift of the Holy Ghost, and that, by this power received from him, they would be able to do the same things which he had done, and even greater things; "because," said he, "I go unto the Father." His going to the Father was the reason why his disciples, after his departure, should extend the blessings of his redeeming work more broadly than he himself had done while bodily present with them. From his throne in heaven, unseen by mortal eye, he would make use of them as instruments to extend the blessings of his kingdom to the ends of the earth. The dying Stephen, the smitten Saul on his way to Damascus, the exile John in the Isle of Patmos, were privileged to see the glorified form of him from whom this power proceeded; and the eye of Christian faith still sees Jesus on the throne, like the

sun in the heavens, pouring life and light on the four quarters of the globe. For the outpouring of the Holy Spirit by Christ was not limited to that early day of the Church. "The promise is unto you and your children, and to all that are afar off; even as many as the Lord our God shall call." On the throne of Christendom (which word means "Christ's kingdom"), there sits the risen and exalted Redeemer. He it is who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. From him cometh that divine influence which is the life of the soul. It is by the dispensation of the Holy Ghost that Christ will yet subdue the whole world unto himself.

The truth, that from the risen and glorified Christ comes the gift of the Holy Ghost, is one of vast practical import. Every reviving of religion is a wave of divine life from his heavenly throne. By his ascension to heaven, he laid aside the limitations of his bodily presence, that he might become a spiritual presence in the hearts of his people always and everywhere. What elevation of love and joyful hope might they attain, did they give to him the place he desires to fill in their hearts! They would all be one in Christ, and Christ be all in all.

2. Another thing that Christ in his glorified state in heaven is doing for his people on the earth is that he ever maketh intercession for them. The Scriptures represent the risen and ascended Redeemer as interceding with the Father in order to secure to his people the benefits of his redeeming work. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." "Who is he that condemneth? Doth Christ, that died; yea, rather, that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God; *who also maketh intercession for us?*" It was also with reference to what he would do for his disciples after his departure from them that Jesus said to them in his farewell discourse, "*I will pray the Father*, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." Nothing like this, in the whole Scripture, is ever intimated of any other departed son of man. Abundant examples of the living praying for the living, but not the least encouragement for believing in de-

parted saints as our intercessors with God; but no sooner is Jesus ascended into the heavens than his name is connected with that of the Father as the source of spiritual blessings to his people. In the Epistles of Paul, there are not less than one hundred and fifty cases of this joint mention of the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, as if constantly to remind us that we are not to think of the Almighty Creator and Father of all, without remembering that his government over the world is administered by his glorified Son; and also to prevent our resting on the thought of the Mediator, without ascending to the heavenly Father manifest in him. In accordance with this teaching, Christians ever look to the living Christ as their Mediator with the Father, through whom they present their prayers to the Father; through whom, from the Father, they receive the blessings of his grace; and it is by his ascension to heavenly glory that he is qualified to become their Mediator with God. "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive." And he not only promises to hear their prayers, and to pray the Father for them, but also himself to fulfil their petitions. "If ye shall ask any thing in my name, *I will do it.* Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, *that will I do*, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." What exalted majesty expresses itself in these words of our Lord, "*I will do it!*" what fulness of divine life! what assurance of divine power! They bear so clear a stamp of originality, that we need no other evidence that they are indeed the words of our Lord. Had the Pharisees heard them, they would have asked, "Who can thus claim to hear and answer prayer in all its variety and extent but God only?" as once before they had asked, "Who can forgive sins but God only?" The fulfilment of any petition depends upon the power and will of him to whom it is presented. The fulfilment of all prayer presupposes a fulness of power, knowledge, and goodness, that belong to God only. For as prayer differs from requests made to our fellow-men in this, that it is directed above the sphere of finite existence, to a being of superhuman and a superearthly power, on whom

we feel ourselves and all created things to be dependent, and to whom, although we see him not, we look for the bestowal of the blessings desired; so the granting of desires expressed in prayer presupposes a knowledge and a power exalted above all human limitations. Christ, our Saviour, promises to do whatsoever we ask for in his name. Encouraged by this and similar promises, the early Christians frequently addressed their prayers directly to the Lord Jesus Christ. Stephen prayed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Paul besought the Lord to remove the thorn that troubled him; and the Lord replied, "My grace is sufficient for thee." How many Christian hymns are songs of worship and praise to Jesus Christ! What place of high honor has Christ always had in the devotions of his people! The teachings of our Lord and the example of his first disciples warrant us to continue to call upon his name; and this invocation of the name of Jesus is no infringement of the honor due to the Father of all, because, in calling upon our Lord Jesus Christ, we call upon the Father manifest in him. And the craving desire of our hearts, when engaged in prayer, to have some definite idea of God, the Father Almighty, is satisfied when we think of the brightness of holiness and truth, the fulness of love and power, that are embodied in our ascended and glorified Redeemer. The Father hath commissioned him to receive this honor from men; and no man cometh unto the Father but by him. "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment" (i.e., all rule, authority, and power) "unto the Son." The government of the world is in his hand. To whom, therefore, but to him, should we look for the blessings we desire? and our prayer to him will not be in vain.

"Jesus is kind to our complaints:
He loves to hear our praise."

3. Our Saviour in his glorified state is preparing a place for his people in heaven. "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. *I go to prepare a place for you;* and, if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that,

where I am, there ye may be also." It would be in vain for us to conjecture what may be the precise nature of this agency by which Christ is preparing a place for his people in heaven. We know that he is now preparing his people on earth for their heavenly inheritance by the progressive sanctification of their hearts by his spirit and grace; but, besides this, he is continuously preparing a place in heaven for them which will be ready at the final winding-up of all earthly things. The closing book of the Bible describes the heavenly city in language drawn from the richest of this earth's goods, — its gates of pearl, its foundations of precious stones, its streets of pure gold; thus going to the farthest extreme of description of which human language is capable. The riches of the universe will be brought together to beautify the habitation of the saints, and the infinite power of God to make his people happy be realized for ever. The western sky, at the time of some brilliant sunset, may be a faint image of the gateway to the celestial city: but in heaven itself there shall be "no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Christ himself will be the chief blessedness of his people to all eternity.

How precious is this Saviour! how perfectly adapted to be the Mediator between God and man, the Reconciler of heaven and earth! In him humanity and divinity are joined together, the finite with the infinite, human limitations and weakness with divine fulness and strength. We are drawn to him by the ties of human sympathies; we are drawn to him by the cords of divine love; and in him the want of universal man is completely satisfied. Human thought can never imagine a religion more glorious than that of the gospel, — a religion in which God and man are united in one person; and human affection can never cease to find nourishment and full satisfaction in the love of him in whom are all divine excellences in absolute perfection, yet embodied and veiled in one whose form is like unto the Son of man.

E. R.

THE WAR AS AFFECTING OUR VIEWS OF DEATH.

At a moment like the present, — when embattled hosts are marching nearer and nearer to a conflict which may shake the continent with its fierceness, and destiny holds the balance in almost breathless suspense, — we are led to think of every moral compensation for this material sacrifice. When we contemplate the destruction and desolation that always attend war, we are not surprised that some pronounce it under all circumstances contrary to the principles of morality. The position taken by the Friends is certainly very strong; denying, as they do, that any war is consistent with the gospel. And civil war, where brother lifts his hand against brother, and a nation is rent with the deadliest of all possible strifes; where the land is laid waste, and fire and famine sweep off all that is spared by the sword, and murder is practised on those who (as in the recent case at Fort Pillow) have surrendered, and are pleading for life on their knees, — such a scene strikes us as monstrous.

Fastening our minds on the terrific sacrifice, whose realities pen or tongue can hardly exaggerate, through which *we* are now passing, — property wasted by thousands of millions, and an uncounted number, every sun that shines, torn from their associates, and thrown into deadly prisons and hospitals, which often destroy rather than save human life; seeing throng upon throng wounded, maimed, and many of them for days and nights left without care or pity, — we shudder at the spectacle.

Nor is the picture yet complete. Multitudes are every day yielding up their lives, either on the field of battle, or from mortal wounds, or under the swift shafts of disease. Take the aggregate who perish on both sides, and you are appalled at the footing-up of the fearful columns. You find that the records of history — blood-red though they seem, when you read of the desolating track of the Xerxes, Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons of past ages — dwindle almost to

insignificance before the works now and here going forward; and Marathon and Blenheim, and even Waterloo, appear trifles compared to what we witness to-day with our own eyes and ears. The vast scale of the present war cannot be appreciated perhaps by those of us who are seeing its gloomy panorama unfolded, not in one single hour, but step by step, so that we lose the effect of that startling impressiveness with which another generation will review it. And still "the awful register goes on;" and at some moments we ask, with bated breath, "When will the end come?" I do not wonder that they, who limit their view to the immediate horizon of this strife; who never rise above its material bearings, but carry with them the unrelieved burden of the sacrifice of property it involves, and the how much more melancholy cost of the precious lives of many of our truest and noblest, some in the bloom of their youth, — I do not wonder they exclaim, "It is a cruel war: it must be stopped, no matter what comes next; let it be at once stopped."

But man is not all matter. He has a moral nature; and that is clearly intended to rise above and predominate over all merely earthly considerations. There is an inner good, before which houses and lands, stocks and estates, the welfare of the body, yes, and life itself, shrink into comparative worthlessness. What we call evil is manifestly an instrument employed by Him who governs the moral universe to work out man's ultimate and highest good.

The chief and overwhelming sacrifice of this war (I suppose none will deny this) is its destruction of human life. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." But is there no possible compensation even for *this* great loss? We cannot as Christians certainly take that ground. The New Testament makes the life of the body a small thing, compared with the life of the soul. We are expressly commanded by Jesus Christ not to fear those who kill only the body, but cannot touch the life of the soul. Whatever does not and cannot reach that, he makes of light importance.

The inherent life of the soul, and the continuity of that life, — this is the great concern of the Christian religion; and

it is represented, too, as a present possession. Our Saviour does not say, "I shall be," but "I *am* the resurrection and the life." He does not speak of the generations whose flesh has mouldered to dust as lost to vitality, and to be restored only by a future resurrection; but, referring to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, he affirms that they are now living. "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." "The dead," he distinctly says, "are raised;" that is, already they have entered on an immortal existence. "He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life." It is not a distant heritage, to be enjoyed only after untold ages of sleep in the grave, and parted from us by the broad gulf of what we call death.

To the thief on the cross by his side, Christ expressly promises, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." He evidently makes no account of any partition-wall between this life and that which is to come. Before him, death stands discrowned and disarmed. He is no longer the king of terrors, but the subject of one who is Lord and Master of the great spirit-realm.

If there is any one purpose standing forth in the whole life of Jesus Christ, beaming from his character, and radiating from his cross, it is that he came to revolutionize men's conceptions on the subject of death. Not only did he preach of a new heaven and a new earth, but he consummated, once and for ever, their union. He unfolded the New Jerusalem as already come down to this our sublunary world: and Paul, too, reiterates this sublime strain, "Christ is risen from the dead, and become" (that is, even now he has become) "the first-fruits of them that slept;" and, referring to his converts, he does not carry their minds forward to some distant and mysterious resurrection through which their re-animated bodies are to pass, but he connects them indissolubly with the Master. "If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." This was the view of death taken by the early martyrs and confessors; and they were little likely to misunderstand the great Teacher. The inscriptions on the tombs of the catacombs under Rome all breathe a tone of cheerfulness in regard to the future life. The gloom of death

had been exchanged for the effulgence of that light which beams from the celestial mansions. Heaven was not up in the mystic heights of space, but it lay about their daily walk. They spoke of the believer as having "already passed from death into life." They showed the purity, depth, and adamantine firmness of their own faith, by demeaning themselves as already citizens of the great upper kingdom.

Now, this view I regard as pre-eminently the fruit of Liberal Christianity. I care not what name any denomination may bear; if they have escaped the old bondage of the fear of death, I gladly extend to them the right hand of fellowship: and I believe one among the many compensations for the sad works of the present war is its tendency to liberalize and at the same time to harmonize all the various sects who enter our armies. It is only by constrained and forced processes that any thing like sectarianism can be fostered in their ranks. Over and over we have the testimony that ministers of the gospel, who stood aloof from others on account of their supposed heresies at home, here exchange services; and none question the soundness of another in the faith. Before the common enemy, all are brothers and friends; and, in the hour of conference and prayer, all fall on their knees together, and, before a common Father, all blend their voices in the diffusion of one and the same broad practical religion.

Especially is this homogeneousness of faith and trust seen in the hour of peril, and at the approach of death. Said one at a late anniversary in Boston, who has officiated in a chaplaincy, "All in the army die Unitarians." All, he would say, divest themselves of a false and depressing theology, and yield with cheerfulness to the call, "Come up hither." Whatever gloom had gathered over their creed and their associations on this topic at home, on the battle-field it has been dissipated; and our ministers testify, that as they pass through the several wards of the hospitals, and meet the loyal or the disloyal, rebel or Unionist, when the hour comes that summons them on high, they fall asleep calm, serene, and full of trust in the mercy of God.

Now, I do not know how this strikes others; but to me it seems a precious compensation for many of the hardships and sufferings of this unhappy war. Never closing my eyes for a moment to the cruel lot of many of our noble men, — as they linger far away from home, and the dear offices of a mother, wife, or sister's love, or as they fall in the sharp agony of the battle-hour, — I still feel there is a solace in their cup; for they die with no resistance to God's will, and with no fear in their hearts.

That (as took place within the personal knowledge of the writer) a young man can offer himself for a "forlorn hope," feeling with an almost absolute certainty that another sun is to shine on his breathless form; that he can sit calmly down and prepare his last will and testament, and write to a dear kindred what disposition he wishes made of his body, if he falls, with the same composure as he would write of a journey home, — is to me a mystery. God be praised for such power given to his frail child! God be thanked that there is in this mortal frame a spirit, which, in the pride of youth and hope, and in the joy of health and strength, can thus look into the open grave, and never blench or fear! It is a lesson, I sometimes think, that, in the tranquil days of peace, our youth and our strong men would never have learned; and a wise Providence, through war, is illustrating what man can do and what he can bear, even while he is looking what we call grim death in the very eye.

There may be something in the position of the soldier which disarms the king of terror. He is often near the last of earth; and, of course, he imagines himself never secure against it. And we are so constituted by our kind Creator, that, as we approach the hour of death, we derive new strength to bear it. Did we really believe our dissolution might occur at some near moment, we should doubtless have a peace and self-possession given us we had never anticipated. The long space that seems to lie between full health and our actual demise is often haunted with apprehensions, so that "we die a thousand deaths in fearing one." It would appear as though this evil was studiously enhanced by the gloom

thrown by many of our false arrangements over the future state, clouding heaven from our sight, and forcing us to attempt to reap the harvest of immortality out of what is made a repulsive grave.

But the soldier realizes the wrong that is done in this way to man's nature. He knows, by his own experience, that, while "cowards" (moral as well as physical cowards) "die many deaths, the brave die but one." Apart from the influence of a religious faith, his very situation arms him with power to meet his last hour without trembling; and often, in the thick fight of the field, a previous devoutness is kindled to the intensity of the early martyrs. As they, when thrown into the amphitheatre amid lions, calmly kneeled in prayer, and saw heaven open above them; so does God sometimes pour down his sustaining spirit amid the combatants in battle. If they could perish at the stake unmoved, amid shrivelling flames and brutal jeers, and death was abolished, and visions of glory broke on their enraptured sight, he, too, is not seldom re-animated by a like uplifting persuasion; and when one falls who is instinct with a high patriotism, and willing — and, more than willing, rejoices — to die for his country, we see the bracing energy of a disinterested love in the hour of death. The blessed temper which Christianity calls forth, deepening and expanding our love of our race, increases our faith in a future life, and enables one sometimes, before the moment of mortal agony, to overpass the narrow stream that divides the two worlds.

The principle I describe exerts a reflex influence on the affections. The greater the sacrifice which the soldier makes for his country, the more truly he loves it; and the stronger his love, the more cheerfully he offers up his life in its service, the less does the change appear to him, and the more insignificant is the boundary-line between this scene of battle and strife and the realm above. The pure atmosphere of a generous service extends up to that field where angels obey the word of the divine Commander. To the Christian patriot there is no antagonism between this life and the near future. He realizes that "the dying" do indeed "melt into the great

multitude of the departed as quietly as a drop of water into the ocean;" and that death does not tear them away, and bear them to some strange abode, but it rather brings them home.

A friend said to me, not long since, that he could not lay down his life, even if he knew it would save the country. Perhaps many of us would join in that sentiment, if the test were put to us here, far away from the tented field, and in our quiet and secure position; but what if the whole nation, and under all circumstances, had taken this ground from the beginning of the war? Let us give thanks for the noble spirits which have put us to the blush; taking their lives in their hands, and going, not a few of them joyfully, at the call of patriotism, freedom, and humanity, ready to do and to die in this glorious work.

I doubt not that even we, if once placed in their position, should experience an unaccustomed devotion to something higher than self. I have been told by more than one, that, in the hour of battle, the sense of personal danger often vanishes, and the soul is braced to a courage never before imagined. That is not an unmingled evil (who will say it is?) that can lift a human being to this sublime elevation. Any thing is better than a sordid, rayless selfishness, which lives and cares only for its own paltry security in this world.

In writing as I have, I by no means forget that other motives than the highest and purest sometimes sway the spirit in the scenes of battle and peril: ambition may be there, caring only to win the laurels of victory; pride may be there, ashamed to be guilty, in such a presence, of cowardice. It may be only a fear of personal penalties for misconduct before the enemy that forces one to stand up and face the mouth of the cannon; and bounty and wages may actuate the soldier, and no care for his country. Still, I must feel, the tendencies, especially in scenes of actual conflict, are to purge the spirit of these grosser influences, and arouse it to a generous interest in the great cause at stake, and to cherish a disdain for a selfish clinging to life under all possible circumstances. The great sentiment of such services, fostered in

every heart capable of what is high and holy, is, that whoever will lose his life for his country's sake and for Christ, Christian civilization, human liberty, and the advancement of his race, shall save it; while he who basely saves his life, come what may to the nation and the cause, shall ignominiously lose it. M.

CRITICISM ON THE BRAIN.

We find some of our politicians — we can hardly call them statesmen, that class of persons seems to have mostly ceased from the land — charging their companions in legislation with having "Constitution on the brain," whilst those who are supposed to be afflicted with this malady retort in a counter accusation of "negro on the brain;" and we remember to have heard an overworked Sanitary Commissioner complain of suffering from "supplies on the brain." The phraseology is expressive. We hope that we shall not be thought to have made an entire sacrifice of dignity, or to have yielded to the very prevailing temptation to indulge in slang, when we say that some of our modern teachers of Christianity seem to us to be afflicted with "criticism on the brain." That is what ails them, and what renders much of their well-meant work comparatively unprofitable. Criticism is good, but not "criticism on the brain;" just as water is good, but not "water on the brain."

We claim to know something about this disease, because in our time we have had it, and had it badly; and as it is not self-limited, and really requires the advice of a physician, it may not be amiss to describe it in a few words, and drop a hint or two as to the right treatment of so serious a malady. "Criticism on the brain!" we say, when it seems to be the chief end of the writer or speaker to emphasize the objections to the views which are commonly entertained amongst well-informed Christians as to the canon of Scripture. There is a considerable class of students, not always the most profound, who proceed to the study of the external evidences for

Christianity, as if the presumption were against these evidences. They mean no injustice; but they seem really to be engaged to admit the force of every difficulty, and surrender at discretion upon the feeblest demands. The critics have prevailed against and overmastered them. Somebody will have it that the book of Acts is not authentic history, but only what is called an *irenic* or conciliatory treatise, illustrated by facts which are no facts, or facts colored and perverted and dislocated to suit a purpose, and that purpose to show that Paul and Peter did not differ so much after all, spite of the testimony of the Epistle to the Galatians, — a book not written in the first century and by Luke, but much later and by some unknown writer. A pleasant fancy! — not very creditable, perhaps, to the supposed author, — somewhat damaging, it must be confessed, to the reputation of the religious communion, the Church, which could adopt such a Scripture into the canon, and call it sacred. The evidence for the theory may be still somewhat defective; the proofs, of that slightly uncertain kind known as subjective. No matter: if you have "criticism on the brain," you will give in at once: to do otherwise would indicate a base servitude to the traditional and to outward authority; and it is fortunate if you do not feel bound to publish the glad tidings, that the book of the Acts of the Apostles is a fiction, inferior to other fictions in *not* being founded upon facts. Again: somebody undertakes to say that the Gospel of John was not written by that apostle; nay, that he could not possibly have written it; nay, that it could not have been written before the middle of the second century; nay, that it does not matter when it was written, or by whom; that the subjects discussed in it were not before the Church in John's day, as appears from the fact, or assumption, that he did not write his Gospel. If you have "criticism on the brain," you will give in to all that; all the old testimonies, all the indications of authenticity in the Gospel itself, will go for nothing; they shall not be remembered in favor of the apostle: it shall be enough that he who leaned upon the Saviour's breast, and was nearer than any to his heart, has set down deep things and high concern-

ing the heavenly Lord, in measure, not in kind, beyond the other evangelists; and another book must be dropped from the collection of sacred writings. Are there no evidences in favor of the genuineness of St. John's Gospel? There are, and they are exceedingly strong; but "criticism on the brain" closes the eyes against them.

Again: the victim of this painful malady seems to take it for granted that the results of criticism, even when they have been tolerably well verified, are more significant and serviceable than the grand verities of religion; and that it is incumbent upon the gospel preacher to make them known in his pulpit ministrations. Now, there is a great deal of Scripture knowledge which children and adults can be left to grow into: it comes to them little by little, they hardly know how, and in a natural way, without any violent change; as the day succeeds to the night. When, in the progress of our faith, the time has come to read as allegory or as poetry what we have been accustomed to read as fact, we find that we are so reading it; that others are so reading it with us; that we have lost nothing out of our dear old Book, — nay, that we are gainers; that the spirit breathes more freely than before upon the Word; that gospel truths come to light in stories, prophecies, psalms, which, in their letter, were not very significant to us; we gain the ideal, and lose none of the real; we read the old narratives to the congregation, and, because we read with a fresh interest, they find listening ears; we are not careful to tell them just how literally they are to be taken, for the spirit that is ever speaking to the churches has already enlightened them. There is no need to have men in the garden whose duty it shall be to aid the buds in their unfolding; to turn back the outer covering, and spread open the flower. There is no need of any one to crack the husks of the nuts in the autumn: when the nut is ripe, the husk will open of itself.

In truth, what we want to secure is Christian growth; and we may be sure, that, wherever and whenever this is the first object proposed and sought, there will be no difficulty in parting with whatever has been outgrown. The Christian Church

in the beginning found the Jewish Scriptures to be for edification; and they accepted them as a sacred inheritance, using more or less freedom in the interpretation of the letter. Where there is life, there will be freedom; where there is an abundance of life, freedom can do no harm. What we want is life; what we want is to have and to communicate the love of God in Christ Jesus, which is the essential principle of the new creation: we gladly seize upon every thing in old sacred story that can help us, and we find that the Word is rich unto all who bring with them seeing eyes. Criticism is a good thing to the mind which has been brought into sympathy with the mind of Christ, and into the communion and fellowship of saints and apostles, and so has been brought into a condition to prize the contents of revelation. We want to be in the spirit, so that we may be able to make up the canon for our age, as the early Church made it up for the fathers. Criticism must help us in the work as it helped them; we shall have our books "universally received," and our books that are "questioned;" and we may not draw the line just where they did, but we shall be sure *not* to draw it correctly if we give to the questioner every advantage, and make common opinion presumptive evidence of error. We must know Christ first; and then we shall be able to search the Scriptures, and learn in what passages and by what pens they testify of Christ. Suppose it were true, which, as it seems to us, it is not, that the historical evidence in favor of the genuineness of John's Gospel were equally balanced by the historical evidence against it: the reader who had learned to accept and enjoy its doctrine that Christ is not a mere teacher and prophet, but in all ages a real and living presence in his Church, himself the Way, the Truth, the Life, Vine, Shepherd, Door, would hardly be able to resist the persuasion that such vital truth concerning the Christ must have come from "him whom Jesus loved," whilst "criticism" a whole life long would hold a suspended judgment.

Let us say again, it is not "criticism" to which we object. It is only to that morbid condition which finds in "criticism" the chief end of man, even of the Christian, and, when the

objector raises his voice, feels bound to accept his words for oracles, and, when one would idealize a little, demands proof, and appeals to grammar and dictionary and logic. The gospel suffers about equally from the dogmatic conservative and the dogmatic destructive; from the men who will have it that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, and the whole of it (which the Bible nowhere claims), even to the extent of describing in the way of prophecy his own death and burial; and from the men, who, instead of preaching the gospel, have time only to criticise the Scriptures old and new, and to put into the foreground every thing hard to be understood, and to insist that the salvation of the world depends upon the world's knowing how much of the Old Testament is history and science, and how much divine poetry and wisdom.

Reader, if you are afflicted with "criticism on the brain," treat it homœopathically. Take a very little, for the time only an infinitesimal dose, of that which wrought the mischief. A little will do you good. Meanwhile let us prescribe, also, air and exercise: go forth where the breath of the Lord breathes freely; leave your books behind you; study the lives of men and women who had faith; study the life of Jesus, if you have not been persuaded altogether out of the belief that it is the only life of which we have no reliable record; and be sure to do whatsoever you know, — to put your faith into work. The pressure upon the brain will grow less and less; you will see that "criticism" hath its fashions and its assumptions, its canons and its formulas, its arrogant assertions and bigoted judgments, at least as truly as historical Christianity, and that there is no subject upon which many excellent and faithful scholars in our day are less fitted to pronounce impartially, than upon the claims of the Sacred Scriptures to be in a transcendent sense the Book, the Word, the Lively Oracles, the Manual of Divine Science and of Holy Living. E.

We ought to know ourselves: if this does not enable us to discover truth, it serves to regulate our lives, and is, in itself, the highest wisdom. — *Pascal.*

RANDOM READINGS.

LETTER FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

[The following letter from the chaplain of one of the fighting regiments, who sent us the communication in the June number, describing the "New Movement in the West," will be read with much interest: —]

In line of Battle, nine miles from Richmond,
June 11, 1864.

Dear Brother Sears, — On the other half of this sheet, I send you a few more specimens of our Western liberal hymns, for your own private friendly eye, and to print if you see fit. I see by the June number of your Magazine, which came duly to hand, that you are well pleased with our liberal movement: so I thought some more of our characteristic hymns would at least please you to read. I have not with me here copies of *all* our hymns (mine, perhaps I should say, so far as the making them is concerned); and we also have some for our children, in keeping with the tone, sentiment, and style of the adult hymns. Our doctrine of the future life is, that those having similar tastes, loves, and desires, good or bad in their various kinds, associate together by spontaneous mutual attraction or affinity; and every spirit is known by all the rest precisely *as it is*, with all its goodness or all its badness unmistakably discerned by every one. But we hold, also, that the justice of God would require that every being which he has endowed with an immortal existence should, by some means, attain at last to a happy existence. We believe that evil and error are transient, while the good and the true things are eternal. If it were not so, where were God, and what his character?

The copies of your Magazine which I have received have been read with wondering interest by some of the men of my regiment, who had never before seen or known any such thing as *Liberal* Christianity. But, alas! our best men are gone, — killed or wounded. My regiment started on the campaign with less than five hundred men in the ranks, and has already lost, I believe, two hundred and fifty-two; but it was an old *fighting* regiment, under Russell, Wright, and Sedgwick, all *fighting* generals: and, indeed, I suppose the entire annals of human warfare has nothing to compare, in terribleness, persistence, and endurance, with this campaign. Our men are not flippantly jubilant or boastful, but seem

solidly settled down into a sort of old Norse-like, grim determination to dare and to do all that mortals may, and fight the fight of final victory.

I write this within a few rods of Gen. Grant and Meade's head-quarters, sitting squat on the ground, with a piece of board on my lap, or one knee rather, for a desk. At the extreme front, sharp-shooting and skirmish-firing are going on incessantly; at the rear, bands are playing; and along the line there is kept up desultory cannonading. Our army is in good discipline, excellent spirits, unusual good health, and full of stern, manly confidence that we shall take Richmond, and at least break the great backbone of the Rebellion, this summer.

I distributed this morning, among our sick and wounded, an armful of the "New-York Independent," and a few copies of the "Christian Inquirer," with some other odd numbers of papers, and also a quantity of the American Unitarian Association's and other army tracts. Our mails have been few and doubtful; and reading-matter, where there is quiet and safety enough to read, is a positive luxury to the soldiers. My own regiment is always well supplied with reading-matter, — I verily believe, the best of any regiment in the whole army; and I frequently have a considerable surplus, which I always take pains to distribute elsewhere, so that nothing be wasted.

With many thanks for your friendly kindnesses, I remain, sincerely and truly, your brother and fellow-worker for the coming of the kingdom of heaven among men,

H. A. Reid,
Chaplain 5th Regt. Wis. Vols.

Infinite Spirit! Sovereign Lord!
Thine all-commanding power
Through love secures divine accord
For every wayward-seeming word
In Nature's glorious dower.

No soul of man shall suffer ill,
Nor even a sparrow fall,
Without thy sovereign, gracious will
Some larger law to more fulfil,
In mercy more for all.

And thus we learn the law divine
Of love's self-sacrifice;
And read new grace in every line,
Of human will at one with thine,
On earth or in the skies.

Oh! help us evermore to own,
In every thought and prayer,
"Not my will, Lord, but thine be done,"
As father trusted true by son
For wisest guardian care.

Attend, ye listless souls! and learn
Ye cannot glide to heaven alone:
Salvation's fires refuse to burn
In hearts to succoring zeal unknown.

Go, like the Good Samaritan,
Assisting, on his hapless road,
Your robbed and wretched brother man,
Who bears in grief life's weary load.

Go, cheer the poor; go, guide the young;
Let love's good deeds be your delight:
Go, help the weak; go, right the wrong;
And meekness be your conquering might.

And thus the Saviour's lesson learned,
And thus the Christ exemplified,
Your crown of joy is sweetly earned,
Your heavenly well-spring full supplied.

"I go a meet place to prepare,"
Said Jesus to his friends,
"That where I am, there ye may be,
And all my joys may share and see,
As God's pure light descends."

Lo! in our heavenly Father's house
Are many mansions true;
And each shall find his spirit's own,
With fruits of love or hates o'ergrown,
As each doth here pursue.

Each soul must seek its kindred kind,
Of gross or pure desire:
All selfish lusts and passions vile,
Whatever doth the soul defile,
Still feeds its cankering fire.

But those of sweeter, holier loves
The balmy life shall breathe,
Of grace divine from God's own sphere,
Where wondrous glory doth appear,
Yet glory more inwreathe.

O Father! teach us thy pure truth,
And fill us with thy love,
That we may find our resting-place
With holy ones of every race,
In thy pure climes above.

THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

"Now, dear Mr. Editor and esteemed friends, editors of the 'Religious Monthly Magazine,' and brethren and fathers in the ministry, isn't it about time to have done with excommunication or exclusion or repulsion, or refusing the Christian name, or any other form of schism, with reference to speculative matters in the Christian Church?" — *Christian Register of May* 14.

We think it is time, at least, to have done with much confusion of ideas in reference to what is called "the Christian name." It may mean either of two things. It may mean the Christian theory, or the system of truth which Christ taught. Persons may differ in their conceptions of what that system is; but a man has a perfect right to call himself a Christian believer, who believes the word and teachings of Christ according to his best means of ascertaining them. It is a question of interpretation. But, having ascertained them, to reject them then as false, and take something else in their place, and call *that* after the name of Christ, were an abuse of language too palpable, we should think, to admit of debate. If language can be used in this way, what in the world is it good for as a medium of thought? and, if opinions are not a test of Christianity taken as a theory, what in the name of common sense is?

But, again, "the Christian name" may be an expression used to designate the personal qualities and character which are Christian, — humility, gentleness, goodness, charity, the spirit of self-sacrifice, trust in God. That a person may have all these, and yet reject the Christian theory, or not believe it through some mental peculiarity, we have not a doubt: indeed, we know it. We should go a great deal farther than this. We have known many persons, who, without the Christian theory, in life and character were more thoroughly Christian, and, as we believe, more meet for the kingdom of heaven, than many others who have the fullest faith in the authority and teachings of Christ, but whose faith has never been converted into conduct. And yet this does not abate

in the least our estimate of the value of Christianity as a system of truth and doctrine in changing the human character and redeeming the race. The spirit of Christianity may come otherwise than by intellectual faith in it, through a long line of ancestral tendencies, through germs of good implanted in youth and childhood, through the inbreathings of parental love, through the reflex influences from the life and character of others, through all the appliances of Christian nurture. And yet these would not have been, if there had been no Christ as the fountain-head whence they have come to the families of the earth as their richest inheritance; and we have not a doubt that human virtue, as all human life, would again lose ultimately all the sweetness and flavor of the Christian spirit, if the personal Christ were blotted from the faith of mankind.

Indeed, we think the besetting danger of naturalism is exclusiveness in its worst form, and want of the comprehending charity of the gospel. With much that is excellent in Mr. Weiss's "Life of Theodore Parker," it seemed to us we never read a book of more rampant bigotry. It would seem to be one of its leading ideas, that supernaturalists in general, and the "Boston Association" in particular, were either hypocrites or fools. S.

"A VIEW FROM THE PEWS."

SAY what we will of Gail Hamilton's dashing style, with her sturdy good sense she does hit the mark more often than most writers. In one of her essays, she preaches a sermon to ministers which is worth reading. It is specially for Orthodox ministers, though they ought not to claim all the benefit of it. Here are some of its items: —

CLERICAL READING. — "Our finest hymns are ruthlessly murdered. Some hymns are bad enough of themselves; but good and bad are ground in the same mill, and come out alike, sheer doggerel. We shall not soon forget the impression by such a reading of the line, —

'Faith, set upon a world to come.'

Instead of making a slight pause after faith, with steadfast eye fixed upon a future world, the minister scanned the verse, bringing the pause after 'upon,' and the emphasis upon it, thus: —

'Faith set upón — a world to come;'

as if faith were a hare set upon by a pack of hounds. It really needed

reflection to select the real meaning from the possible ones into which the barbarous accents of this excellent man had translated it.

"It is rather worse to disfigure hymns in this way than sermons. The sermon is a man's own, and his own reputation only suffers; but the owner of the unfortunate hymn is dead or absent, and cannot help himself. On the other hand, however, the sermon is to instruct, admonish, and enlighten the people: and, if by carelessness or wilfulness it is badly written or badly spoken, it is *not* the man's reputation alone that suffers, but the welfare of the people; which is of infinitely more importance. The most excellent way is for a man to learn to read before he begins to preach; then he can read any thing. If, unfortunately, he has begun to preach without knowing how to read, 'it is never too late to mend.'"

PULPIT PATOIS. — "Was an Orthodox minister ever known to use the word 'wife' in the pulpit? From the manner in which he steers round it, one would suppose that its utterance was under a ban. Your 'consort,' 'companion,' 'the partner of your joys' or 'sorrows' or 'bosom,' is recognized; but nobody ever prays for your 'wife.' Why is it not just as well to say that Mr. A. will preach in the *afternoon*, as in the 'after part of the day'? Why not say that the man whose life you are sketching was *married* at a certain age, rather than that he 'entered into the marriage relation'? Why in the pulpit shall we not hear our own tongue in which we were born? If dignity cannot stand Anglo-Saxon, so much the worse for dignity. Good, common, honest, racy, idiomatic words and phrases are not only the strongest, but often the most eloquent. The cumberous euphonisms of a pulpit *patois* are neither pleasant to the taste, nor good for food."

RAW THEOLOGY. — "How can a living man have free course for half an hour, and not come in contact with any one either to help or to hurt? How can a man fire into a crowd for half an hour, and hit nobody? It must be that the minister does not stand on the same plane with his people. They are groping on the earth. He is groping or charging among the clouds. Like the soldiers at Bunker Hill, he fires over their heads; and, like their officers, one feels moved to cry out, 'Shin 'em, boys! shin 'em!' The people are groaning and travailing in pain; they are bewildered in the labyrinths of life; they are overwhelmed in the tide of ignorance and worldliness and selfishness and passion; and their minister comes to them with his emasculated abstractions. The people crave bread, and they get — theology. But scorn theology, the science of sciences, the central truth? Nay, verily. Absorb in your seminaries as much science as you can, but do not transmit it to us raw science. Assimilate it, and transmute it into the sincere milk of the word, that we may grow thereby. What we the people want, is not theology theological, but theology vital. We do not care for oxygen and nitrogen: we want air."

PRACTICAL SERMONS. — "So rare is it to hear a sermon that gives one any definite thing to do, or points out any special fault to correct, that an

audience looks with something like suspicion upon such a sermon when it does come. They do not exactly know what to make of it. They are not quite sure it is religion at all, but rather think it is morality; and, as Unitarians are supposed to be given over to morality, the minister needs to have years and experience, or his creed may be called in question."

LAW *vs.* LOVE.

"I TRY to do my *duty*," was the stolid reply of one upon whom we were urging the performance of some outside and not strictly imperative deed of Christian charity. "I try to do my duty;" and the sanctimonious look which accompanied the words barred all farther solicitation on the subject. Duty! it is a cold word. We almost hated it just then. Supposing the narrow idea of duty ran through God's universe, binding it in its iron strength down to the mere routine of the recurring seasons, the coming of day and night, the descent of the rain and sunshine; supposing Nature were shorn of every thing but her necessary facilities for carrying on the processes of vitality and recuperation, — not one leaf more upon any bough than was positively required to act as lungs to the whole forest, not a blade of grass over and above the need of God's cattle upon a thousand hills, not a waste sunbeam, not an unused rill, not a useless herb or flower in all God's beautiful creation: what a barren world would this be of ours! what desolation for beauty! what nakedness for exuberance! what gloom and dearth and darkness for glory, sweetness, and perpetual bloom! God be thanked for the munificence of his thoughts towards us in the displays of his outward creation, as well as for the riches of his mercy towards us in Christ Jesus our Lord!

"GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE!" C. A. M.

I CAN be contented with entire obscurity; but, if God appoints me a condition partially obscure, that very partial obscurity it is which dissatisfies me, and that because I do not find in it the merit attaching to perfect seclusion. This is a fault, and shows that I make an idol of my obscurity, without looking to the appointment of God, which ought alone to be the object of my adoration. — *Pascal.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Stumbling-blocks. By GAIL HAMILTON, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," "Gala Days," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Fifteen essays, on religious subjects mainly, make up the contents of the book. "The Ins and the Outs" is of church members and non-church members. "A View from the Pews" is a pungent criticism upon some of the faults of the pulpit. We have given a specimen of this in the Random Readings; which will also give some idea of the general style of these essays. "Prayer-meetings" lays open with great freedom the faults of those who lead in these meetings, sometimes lashing them with great severity. "Amusements" approves of dancing under proper regulations, and censures those Orthodox Christians who agree with her, and yet do nothing to rescue this recreation from its abuses. "Church Sittings," "Ordinances," "Controversies," "Praying," are among the other topics. The writer is always reverent and orthodox, assaults cant with unsparing mercy, abounds in excellent advice, told with so much pith and with such robust common sense, that the book will be an exceedingly useful one to all classes of readers. S.

The Potomac and the Rapidan. Army Notes, from the Failure at Winchester to the Re-enforcement by Rosecrans, 1861–3. By ALONZO H. QUINT, Chaplain of the Second Massachusetts Infantry. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

One feels sad and indignant by turns in reading this book. It has every mark of faithful testimony to facts of which the writer was a personal witness. How much we are imposed upon by false reports of battles and victories; how many thousands of lives have been wasted through incompetent commanders, and those lives the very flower of the Republic; what wretched mismanagement has attended this war, both in the field and at home, — all this is faithfully and graphically told. We have learned wisdom by experience; and the prospects are vastly more bright

than in those gloomy days whose events Mr. Quint describes. His book will be an important one to those who come to write a true history of the war, if that shall ever be done. His opinion of generals will not go for much; but his description of details and experiences we have no doubt is as true as it is sometimes harrowing. S.

Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family. By two of themselves. New York: M. W. Dodd, No. 506, Broadway. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

We are late in calling attention to this book; and our explanation is, that it has but just come into the editorial hands. Our readers, many of them at least, have already been made to feel its charm, and have found in it a valuable aid against that re-actionary tendency which is carrying away some from the simplicity of our Protestant faith. We do not know when we have read such simply eloquent words of testimony to that religion, pure and undefiled, which standeth not in the wit or the will of man, but in the power of God. The book is rich in the sayings of Luther, and in those treasures of Christian love which he did so much to bring to the knowledge of his contemporaries. There is none of the bitterness towards the old Romish Church which spoils so much of our Protestant literature. Our readers may not have learned that the author of the "Chronicles" is Mrs. Charles, the wife of a man of business in London, who resides near Hamstead Heath. Mrs. Charles spends part of her time in missionary work in the city, and is a contributor to various periodicals; a studious person, skilled in Greek, German, and other tongues. She has written "Illustrations of the Early Saxon Church," "Stories of the Early Days of Christianity," "Voice of Christian Life in Song," and a volume of poems; and is engaged at present upon the "Life of a Young Girl in the Days of Wesley." We are indebted for these facts to a gentleman who has enjoyed the privilege of an acquaintance with her. E.

N.B. — In the paging of this number, which commences a new volume, occurred an error, which was not perceived till the first signatures were struck off.

THE

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THE TRUE HUMANITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

THE actual existence, in the past, of the person of whom we speak, and his possession of a character which many persons since have striven to attain as the highest that they know,— this we take to be among the simplest acknowledged facts of history.

But it is also a fact, that this name alone has become lifted from the horizon of humanity, and set in the heavenly constellations; that, in popular sentiment, it has become linked, of all human names, with God's, as equally a subject of profanity; and that Christology has become an essential part of theology.

These facts suggest the question as to his nature. For we accept the second of the two facts mentioned, not as merely the result of certain already formed doctrines as to his nature, but as part of a genuine impression from the life and character of Jesus, which indeed helped to the formation of those doctrines. That he has been declared God himself in the doctrines of the Church, or a supramundane Being coming down into our midst, we believe follows from something extraordinary inherent in his existence, which is not recognized in that view of him which classes him among the ordinary instances of human virtue.

We recognize in him such a personality, such a life and character, as constitutes him a vital element in the religious

experience of the human race, and connects him, theologically, with all that can be thought concerning God and man. He is the ultimate revelation of God in this world, in mind and heart and life. We believe that in him this ultimate was realized, and through him must be realized, in the world and in every individual.

And we believe this, holding it to be consistent with a belief in his true human nature. It is the aim of this essay, therefore, to defend the position, that *Jesus Christ was a normal representative of humanity, and the ultimate manifestation of Deity within mortal limitations.*

Let not the phrase, "within mortal limitations," be confounded with the phrase, "human limitations," as used by humanitarians; who argue, from the proverb "To err is human," that the character of Christ must have been, in some respects, faulty and sinful. We say, "Within mortal limitations;" not daring to assert, that even Christ, with his full image of God, was, on this side the grave, all that he could become in the developments of eternity.

Again: when we say that he was the ultimate human manifestation of Deity, let us not be understood as attempting to explain how this was possible; least of all as asserting that it was wholly by his own self-endeavor. We believe that it was God's good purpose from the beginning that he should be such a manifestation; but we know that God's good purposes are not fulfilled save by man's conscious falling-in with them. "Every human life," says Hase, "results from three factors: first, a nature originally determined to the individual; secondly, something freely chosen; and, thirdly, something which comes from circumstances. . . . All these three elements of life, which in actual existence cannot be distinguished from each other, are arranged by the divine Being, more or less mediately."

Still again, by way of definition: in claiming Jesus as the ultimate human manifestation of Deity, let us not be misunderstood as to the character of that image of God. Our idea is not that of a mechanical model or pattern; not that of totality of development and the proportionate rounding of all

the segments of the brain; but the entire assimilation, if we may so speak, of God's spirit with his spirit, the entire recipiency of God's will in his own will, — the human reproduction of Deity, by unity of life and harmony of will, of the two. He was the manifestation of God, not only in structure, but in the living principle. So that, although every faculty may not have been in complete development, the will which was one with the divine will reigned in each; and thus, in the wholeness of his manhood, he could show us the Father.

Finally, let us say, that, in maintaining our position, we accept all the wonderful phenomena in the life and influence of Jesus which the narratives fairly criticised report to us, and of which succeeding Christianity bears witness.

There are two principal theories concerning the nature of Christ, differing from that which we present. The first is commonly called the Orthodox view. It holds that the historical person, Jesus Christ, had "two perfect and distinct natures, inseparably joined together," — actual God and actual man. This is considered, by its advocates, as the only adequate way of accounting for the infinite wonder of that historical existence.

The second theory is that now held by some Unitarians. Unable to believe that one person can have two natures, since each must have its separate consciousness, they hold that Christ was one in nature, but that he was a being "more than man, and less than God," — a peculiar and unique being between the two, belonging to none of the classes or ranks of being commonly called angelic. This removal of Christ from the human to the celestial sphere seems to them necessary to account for the wonder that belongs to him.

The view which we now present, in opposition to these, is, that the historical person, Jesus Christ, had one only and true human nature; that he was in all respects a human being; while the infinite marvel of his existence is accounted for by the fact, that God, in whom every human soul lives and moves, and has his being, — God, who dwells in some measure with every soul he has created, — dwelt in him with

all the possible fulness with which he can unite with human nature. This was of God's good pleasure, and Christ's acceptance of it. Christ's consciousness was only of his own human nature and human will; and he was aware of the indwelling and superabounding God, as distinct in nature and consciousness from himself: but he was in such complete harmony and unison of will with the divine will, that the divine life flowed through him as his own; so that he spoke divine truth, cherished a divine spirit, and performed divine action, although he was truly a human being. God's intention for man, expressed through all the religious history of the race, was, in the fulness of times, realized in Christ, and is to be, through him, in the world. He is the Head, Type, and mediating Bond of the last development and new creation of humanity.

This view of the nature of Christ we shall endeavor to show to be consistent with the natural and supernatural facts of life, and with metaphysical views of human nature.

The first thought, probably, which suggests itself to those accustomed to different views, is the difficulty of reconciling all that Christ was, and all that has flowed from him, with our common estimate of human nature and human life. The sacred awe attaching to him, which only blasphemers dare to profane, seems to compel us to rank him with celestial phenomena.

But should we find this difficulty, if we could adequately take in all the suggestions which arise from the thought of the actual realization of divine humanity, the oneness of man with God? What unutterable and beatific visions! what miraculous experiences! what blendings of heaven and earth, the actual with the possible! what inconceivable influences in the world and in history! what connections with the being of God! what an infinite marvel!

Indeed, so far from its seeming incongruous to put Christ in our midst, as one of us, for our part it is impossible to make him real, or to believe in him, otherwise than as an abstraction, except on such a conception of him. The incongruity arises from the vagueness of the common traditional

estimate of him. We appeal to our readers to reflect upon their ordinary habits of thought concerning Christ, and see if there is not a lack of verisimilitude about him, of personal reality, in however exalted or however low a position they may place him; if it is not rather as a personification of qualities, an ideal standard, or an inconceivable image of devotion in mid-ether, than as a living man of history, that they habitually cherish him, and exhort others to do so. We say, "He went about doing good;" and preach the necessity of emulation of his virtues: but, as soon as we begin to bring our human habits and concerns into comparison with his, there is a feeling of trying to measure with a spectre; there is almost a sense of blasphemy. Men say that what he was is possible to us, and yet condemn any suggestion of the realization of such a possibility. Men of no great education, or acquaintance with theology or the theory of Strauss, will yet say to you, "Well, whether any such person as Christ ever existed or not, what is told of him is the standard for us, and the aim for us to follow." Thus it is that the ideal Christ comes to be cherished, without regard to the question of his real historical existence. Is it true that there were two parts of him, — the man Jesus who walked in Judæa, and the symbolic Christ hovering above him?

Now, what we ask is (and it must necessarily be asked of any belief which does not regard Jesus Christ as a myth), that, in whatever sphere of beings he may be classed, he shall be a lifelike and consistent representative of that class; that there shall be naturalness and verisimilitude to his personality, so that it shall be possible to look upon him as having lived an actual historical life, and not as a mere personification of qualities; a confused and broken image, varying with the moods of the observer.

Let this be granted, and there are these two positions to be harmonized: First, it is a fact of secular history, that this person, a man among men, lived at such a time in Judæa: that neither his body nor his soul was a phantasm; for history takes account of soul as well as body. Secondly, it is a fact of religious history, that wonderful phenomena occurred in

the life and influence of this man, — we will say, *all* the phenomena which the narratives, fairly criticised, report to us, and of which succeeding Christianity bears witness.

Shall we say, that, he being a man, these things could not be? *or* that, these things having occurred, he could not be a man?

No. We accept both facts; and, in accepting them, we feel, that, for the first time, we believe in Christ. We believe in the actuality of his life; and an inexpressible revelation of this our human life beams upon us, not fanciful, not speculative, but refreshingly real. We see the plain practical aspect of life as it is: we see also its spiritual connections as they are. We take cognizance of the supernatural as well as the natural, as not at variance, but in correlation and harmony. We see the human, and all that belongs to it, as indissolubly inwrought with the divine; and no longer shrink, as at blasphemy, from linking celestial glories with the uses of the terrestrial. We see in Jesus Christ no longer a divided being, but a living human soul, — Son of man, and Son of God, at once.

Is not this, after all, the secret of our inability to class Christ with men, and import him into our circumstances without shuddering; namely, that we seldom, if ever, look upon our life and its uses, save in its common worldly and material aspect? We divorce the natural and the supernatural; and thus the life and times of Christ fail to seem kindred with our own.

Yet there are days when both our physical and our spiritual senses are clear, — bright, bracing days, when the earth is full of its common practical usages; when the speculations of theology have faded, and things stand in their reality before us, — and we say, "We know it could never have been otherwise. The way in which things go on now is the natural way; and jugglery is foreign to the nature and habits of man, and the intentions of God. Angels do not come and knock at our doors, and the community receive it as an ordinary occurrence. Analyze the apparitions of the New Testament, and is there any residuum? Was there, objectively,

to them any thing more than to us?" We say, there are days when we have this firm conviction of the uniformity of nature and everlasting constancy of the facts of our earthly experience, and yet see through them also the certainty of the spiritual realities which penetrate them, and are more real, if possible, than they. When we look upon our little child, happy in the freedom of walking aimlessly from room to room, not with the eye of a speculative philosopher, but with the plain vision of familiar affection, attaching itself to every favorite peculiarity of form and gait, and at the same time see in her the workings of that young spirit which is to learn and love and live for ever, — then we know that the Bible-writers were not dealing with fictions in talking thus familiarly and palpably of the unseen and the divine. We see that this life, which we hold too mean and tame to contain a perfect man, is lustrous from infinite sources, and includes the whole range of possibilities this side of God. Then we see how Jesus Christ could live, as a man, in all his unapproached perfection, in the midst of our circumstances; and all those things which occurred about him in his time occur now, with no derangement of the objective phenomena by which we are surrounded.

Says Swedenborg, "The first men made whatever they apprehended, by any sense, a medium of thinking of the divine; and hence received a celestial delight from things worldly and terrestrial."

And Martineau: "To approach again to the theocratic faith of our fathers, we must leave the atmosphere of sacredness upon the past and the future; only spread its margin either way, till it envelops and glorifies the present. . . . I do not believe, that, if we could be transplanted to those (early) times, we should find any such difference as would melt down the coldness of our hearts, or leave us more without excuse than we are now. We see what all our fathers saw; and if we cannot find God in your house and mine, upon the roadside or the margin of the sea, . . . in the day-duty or the night-musing, I do not think we should discern him any more on the grass of Eden, or beneath the moonlight of Gethsemane.

Depend upon it, it is not the want of greater miracles, but of the soul to perceive such as are allowed us still, that makes us push all the sanctities into the far spaces we cannot reach."

How easily we grow accustomed to any unusual development of human nature of however transcendent meaning! On hearing of some new and startling facts of heinous wickedness in the community, we are at first staggered at the mythical appearance of it, as if it reached out into the infinite and superhuman realm of evil; but by and by we find that all of it which was true is but the legitimate working of traits which we already knew belonged to human nature, and it takes its place as a part of life. So of the life and character of Christ. Although it seems abnormal, seems to take hold of that beyond the veil of humanity, yet, if he should live in our midst as he did live in the midst of others, we, as they, must of course become accustomed to his life as a daily fact, albeit we should be constantly enamoured of the divine beauty of it. As usual, we should not see beneath the garb of men's ordinary habits the wide relations which stretch away into infinity. His spiritual power over us would nevertheless be the same, and his influence on the world and history. His biography, doubtless, would have the same miraculous strangeness to future generations as now to us.

We dwell upon this point because it is the undertone of our whole argument. We know that even those who have a different view of Christ's nature will allow, that, in so far as his human existence is concerned (which they regard as only temporarily assumed), he, of course, was invested with the uses of humanity. But insisting, as we do, that, if Christ is not a myth, there shall, on any supposition, at least be verisimilitude to him, we claim that his human habits, unless mere phantasms, necessitate an actual and thorough human nature. If Christ is not a theological abstraction, we maintain that a removal of him is possible into our circumstances, by which his essential perfection shall neither be diminished nor appear out of place, but by which the vague and specula-

tive additions to his nature should inevitably vanish into nothingness. We would not harmonize Christ and man by exaggerating man's character or depreciating Christ's, but by relieving Christ's nature of all artificial and unnatural halo of tradition, and investing human nature with its true and exalted connections, and partakings of the divine. We talk of Christ in the persons of the poor, and of seeing him in his little ones; but do we really believe this? There is nothing which makes Jesus more life-like to us than to think of him standing behind the disciples' couches after the supper, girded with a towel, and washing their feet. With a similar feeling, imagine a portrait of him, with the usual countenance ascribed to him, yet clothed in the costume of the Elizabethan period, or in the modern style of civilian's dress; nay, imagine him clothed in that dress walking in our streets from day to day, his nature needing no change to be found at home in our experiences. Suppose him thus, at this moment, to be approaching the door, to be entering the house to take a place among us; and though, in the sincere devoutness of our reverence, we might even involuntarily exclaim, "My Lord and my God!" would it be quite possible for us, in this veritable person before us, to see a vague element of superhumanity overtopping his human nature, and looming into the infinite unknown! And yet doubtless, to that purely human soul, we should bow as if he were indeed God, since it would be with all the reverence of which our souls are now capable.

Remember that we have not yet approached the speculative or metaphysical inquiry into the nature of Jesus, but are looking at the consistency of the real phenomena of his existence with the natural and supernatural facts of human life. Bushnell, in his "Nature and the Supernatural," claims that the *character* of Christ forbids his possible classification with men; and instances, in proof of it, certain traits of diverse kinds, showing that he unites characters which men are never able to unite perfectly. But surely this argument is not valid. The *character* of Christ, *whatever it might have been*, could not prevent his classification with men, so long as all the elements

in it, however diverse, were the working of traits which are allowedly in human nature. The fact that such a combination of them is known in no other case, or the improbability of its occurrence, is no proof that it does not legitimately belong to human nature. Not that we call Christ's character a chance combination of qualities, nor simply the natural result of blended national temperaments, nor the attainment of his own unassisted will: we grant that his character was exceptional; but we do not grant that it demanded an exceptional nature. We must be careful not to fall into the popular use of language, which, in speaking of human nature, means only the common exhibitions of its traits.

The wonder of Christ's existence, therefore, the relations which he holds, in God's providence, to the religious development of mankind, his incarnation of Deity, we claim to be consistent with a true human nature. We close this point with the question of Belsham: "Who would require proof that one, who appears in all respects as a man, is, in fact, a proper human being?"

In turning next to the metaphysical consideration of Christ's nature, it will be seen that we have no sympathy with views that regard man as an isolated personality, having no affinity of essence with God. If so, we should indeed wish to lift Christ above the level of a mere man, understood as an automatic machine.

The inseparable bond of spiritual relationship between Deity and humanity is the secret of our Christology; and, as it seems to us, reconciles and explains all the positions in which Christ has been placed on the sliding-scale which unites the two extremes, whether man, angel, super-angelic Logos, or God, — whether of one nature or two natures. Take the following statement from the theology of Knapp, the expounder of the Orthodox theory which holds to two natures in Christ, and consider if it would not apply equally well to the actual operation of things in man. He says, "It is far better to be content with the more simple and scriptural opinion, that each nature retained its peculiar attri-

butes, and that the human nature was supported, guided, and endowed with strength by the divine nature whenever there was occasion." For our part, we should be willing to accept such a theory of two natures, in Christ and in every man; not strictly that he possessed two natures, which is an absurdity, but that there were two natures in contact in him, — God with man.

With Unitarians, generally, we believe that Jesus Christ had but one nature. Now, no one who believes in the Bible account of him can deny that he is represented as having a human nature, — even the Orthodox view allows that; and if he had only one, and the human is the one, what more is there to say? But some ask, "Cannot Christ be a being who has all the nature that man has, *plus* somewhat?"

What, then, is man's nature, speaking of him as a soul? The nature of any thing is its original constitution, which can never become other than what it is. It depends on the substance of which it is composed, and the peculiar combination and proportion in which the essential qualities of that substance are arranged in its case. There are two substances, — matter and spirit. Of spirit, the essential qualities are *thought*, *feeling*, and *will*; which last is the active and vital element in it. These characterize God, whose substance is spirit, and who, being infinite, does, strictly speaking, include all the spirit of the universe in his own being. He is self-existent, and necessarily creative; for the conception of his thought, the prompting of his feeling, and the activity of his will, are instant and constant. Mysteriously to us, his creative energy begets those children of his own substance who shall not only retain the essential qualities of that substance, but shall have a consciousness of their own, as in some measure distinct from his. These are his children, in some sense separate personalities from himself, and yet inextricably blended by the inseparability of the common substance of which they are composed: in him we live and move, and have our being. God and all his children, then, are similar in nature, as far as the groundwork of their being is concerned.

But herein is a difference. *They* are not, and cannot be, infinite while they are what they are: the qualities of spirit which they possess are limited in their action; they are finite. At least, this is true of *will*, which is the vital element, the self-existent principle, the sustaining power, of the Infinite, and which cannot be imparted in any absolute sense to the finite. We know not what limit there is to the development of the *thought-power* in man; and *feeling* also has something seemingly limitless and infinite in its character. Says Channing, "To me it seems that the soul, in all its higher actions (in original thought, affection, &c.), has a character of infinity." And, were these two *all* the qualities of the human spirit, we do not see what would prevent the consummation of the Pantheistic conception, which for ever appeals to our intellects, — that man should eventually become equal with and be merged in God; so that man, beginning *one in substance* with God, should at last be *one with him in reality*. But that other quality of spirit, which alone enables us to be conscious, and have any semblance of a separate personality from God, — namely, the *will*, — is only relatively and finitely ours. God, who has infinite power, has no power to give up that infinite power, — that self-existent, absolutely self-determining, vital principle. It can never be possible for the *will* in us to become equal to that in God, and thus for us to become actual God; for there would be not one God then, but many. We have so much of free-will in us, as to enable us to accept consciously the Infinite Will, which matter cannot. It gives us the appearance of being able to act contrarily to God's will, although his will acts to produce its effects just the same, only not *through us* in such a case: thus ensues deranged action of our faculties, and they are hindered in their infinite attainment.

When our will consciously accepts the Infinite or Divine Will, then the Divine Life flows into us, and we move on to the Godlike end. But, as he works in us always to will and to do, that very conscious acceptance of his will is, in som larger sense, the influence of his will: so that when one accepts it, and another does not, it is not wholly of man,

though enough for his condemnation; and, when one accepts it completely, it is because God so loved him and the world. It is in this last sense, not of the human will's renouncing itself, but choosing to act in harmony with God's will, that the consummate oneness of humanity and Deity is realized. Then the human can truly say, "I and my Father are one."

Original oneness of substance with God is, therefore, the endowment of man by creation, including somewhat of free-will, which necessitates a second *voluntary* oneness. From the beginning, the Infinite Spirit is in contact with his finite offspring; being also the author of this second endowment, when the finite accepts it, and is known thus as the Holy Spirit. After this cemented union of the two wills, the Divine Life pervades every faculty of the human soul, and speeds on that perfection of the parts and the whole, which, if it were ever completed, would constitute a third oneness or likeness; making man an exact copy of God *in symmetry of proportion*, as he had been in *substance* and in *will*. This is what we meant in saying that Christ is the express image of Deity "within mortal limitations;" for from this spiritual oneness of will does not immediately follow the perfection of man in the whole range of his faculties.

Returning now to the question, whether Christ had not a human nature, *plus* somewhat, we find that there is no room left, on the scale of being, for any such addition. For man, being made of the substance of God, — namely, spirit, — and having all its qualities for his faculties, no being of any kind can have more faculties than he. We speak of angels and archangels as higher orders of beings between us and the Infinite; whereas they can be only the same being in different degrees of character, growth, rank, or condition. In short, man is man all along the infinite pathway that leads to God, without the addition of any foreign element to his nature; and the question sometimes asked of the Trinitarian, "What becomes of the humanity of Christ when his Deity is again merged in the Godhead?" is solved, when we believe in an infinite humanity in the heavens, the Father of mankind, and Ruler

of the universe. "All minds," says Channing, "are essentially of one origin, one nature. . . . I am not only one of the human race: I am one of the great intellectual family of God. The mind of Jesus Christ, my hearer, and your mind, are of one family; nor was there any thing in his of which you have not the principle, the capacity, the promise, in yourself. If I regard Jesus as an august stranger belonging to an entirely different class of existence from myself, . . . I should regard him with a vague awe; but the immeasurable space between us would place him beyond friendship and affection. But when I feel that I have the same nature with Jesus, and that he came . . . to bring me into communion with what was sublimest, purest, happiest in himself, then I can love him as I love no other being, excepting only him who is the Father alike of Christ and of the Christian."

In regard to the nature of angels, as compared with that of man, Alford says, "The angels are revealed to us as beings such as man might be, and *will be*, when the power of sin and death is removed, partaking, in their measure, of the attributes of God, truth, purity, and love: this, of course, implies finiteness of nature, and constant progress, both moral and intellectual, through all eternity."

Now, as, in the progressive series of spiritual beings, the progression is not in nature, but in character, and rank as founded upon character; and as mere duration of existence, or position in space, is no measure of character, — we see that it is quite possible for one on earth, in flesh and blood, to be higher in the series than an angel in heaven. Thus, if "angel" means *man in fuller harmony of life and will with God*, we can speak of Christ as higher than the angels, because he is *man in complete harmony of will with God*. So the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, "We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels; . . . who taketh not hold of angels, but of the seed of Abraham;" and yet again says, "He was made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they." The words of Stier, commenting on a passage in the Gospels, seem fitly to express the same con-

ception: "Here is Jacob's ladder planted before our eyes: beneath are the little ones; then their angels; then the Son of man in heaven, *in whom* alone *man* is exalted above the angels; who, as the Great Angel of the Covenant, cometh from the presence and bosom of the Father; and above him, again, the Father himself, and his good pleasure." P.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XI.

WAS GOTT THUT, DAS IST WOHLGETHAN.

[This hymn was written at Jena by Samuel Rodigast in 1675, for a sick friend, who composed the fine melody to which it is set.]

WHAT God doth, it is all well done,
His will upright abiding:
Since he hath traced my course begun,
I will go on confiding.
My God is he
Who holdeth me:
I will not turn complainer
At such a wise Ordainer.

What God doth, it is all well done;
He never will deceive me:
In righteous paths he leadeth on,
And never will he leave me.
With patience still
I meet his will:
Ill days he timely closeth,
That run as he disposeth.

What God doth, it is all well done;
His care will be unfailing:
A healer, and a wondrous one,
Will not mistake my ailing.

No poisons his
For remedies.
His truth is my foundation;
His grace my whole salvation.

What God doth, it is all well done;
He is my light and being.
Mere evil he can mean me none:
I bow to his decreeing.
Through weal or woe,
Time still will show,
Which every thing revealeth,
How faithfully he dealeth.

What God doth, it is all well done.
If I must drink the chalice,
The bitter cup which I would shun,
My shrinking soul he rallies;
And, firmly placed,
My heart shall taste
That sweet peace in believing
Which softens down all grieving.

What God doth, it is all well done:
Strong shall that make and find me.
Rough ways I may be forced to run,
Griefs pressing close behind me;
Yet God will be
Right fatherly;
In death his arm sustaineth:
Then be it he that reigneth. N. L. F.

True virtue then, and that alone, consists in hating ourselves (for sensuality makes us hateful), and in aspiring to a state of being which deserves our love. But, as we cannot love that which is not part of ourselves, we must love something that shall be *in*, and yet *not* actually ourselves; and this is the case with every man. Now, it is the Infinite alone that can form such an object as this. The kingdom of God is within us: the universal good is in ourselves, and yet is not ourselves. — *Pascal.*

THE GHOSTS OF OUR OLD CEMETERY.

SHOWING WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I WENT back to my native village after an absence of thirty years. Talk of being alone in a crowd! The solitude is nothing compared with that which you feel in the old places once alive with youthful merriment; around old schoolhouses, where girls and boys frolicked and played; in streets and lanes and meadows and lawns, where throngs of people come back and visit you, not clothed in flesh and blood, but only as the ghosts of old memories, still and speechless, but looking out upon you from the supreme silences of Long-Ago! To be in one of these crowds of ghosts that come around you in the ancient haunts, looking mute with their familiar faces, and yet not a word spoken, not the faintest reply to your salutations, — this, this alone, is solitude.

Curious it is, you never seem to grow old yourself, nor your friends who are right about you; but leave them for thirty years, and then come back and look upon them! Such crones and patriarchs! You wonder if these can be the gay persons, fresh-lipped and laughter-eyed, with whom you frolicked and played. I had roamed the village all day, meeting a new generation that stared at me as I passed; and, at evening, I struck off from the travelled road into the old cemetery. It was a full half-mile from the abode of any living person, — purposely, I should imagine; the most desolate spot which could have been selected in the whole town. The Puritans made it a part of their religion to throw all possible horrors around the fact of death; for the more hideous it became, the more it was available to frighten the young and the gay into the ways of virtue. I can conceive of no other reason for making the old churchyard such an abominable place, away on the border of a piece of woods, skirted on three sides by barren downs, and choked with brakes and briers. But I found the way into it just as the sunset rays were play-

ing over the monuments; and then the gates of the past seemed to be thrown wide open, and a former generation were around me.

I have a theory about ghosts seen in churchyards. The stories, I reckon, are all founded in fact. Have you never observed, that, when you stand at the headstone of one you have known familiarly, all the facts of his life come out and appear in long perspective with the vividness of reality, and his own face and figure, habited as in his best days, rises speechless, but fresh as ever? So, at any rate, it is with me; and I do not take it for a special gift. I have sat upon one of these tumuli, and had the whole life of its inmate, interior and exterior, sweep before me like a shifting panorama, — things long forgotten coming out upon the canvas, even to the smallest and most trivial; things, which I did not seem ever to have known before at all, coming out, and taking form and color. So lifelike have these scenes and persons been reproduced to me, that I could easily, if so disposed, overstep the border-line between fact and imagination, and turn these spectres into realities.

So I was walking among these mounds at sunset. Here lies one with whom I played and roamed and quarrelled, and made terrestrial pies: now I see him coming up to me with fixed eyes and speechless lips; and a light burns back over the play-ground and the brooks and pastures, and all our peccadilloes glare in it as they will in the judgment-day. Here is another mound; and one rises out of it, not pale and spectral, but bright as the morning red, with a look as sweet and gentle as when I used to loiter behind to go home with her from school. "Oh that those lips had language!" And here, as I tread along, men with grave faces and gray hairs rise up from their repose, — the first men of the town thirty years ago; and the debates and contentions of the town-meeting days are present again. What! can ye not sleep from village politics in these subterranean halls, that ye must act over all this pantomime for ever?

But these all melted away, and my attention was arrested and absorbed by two headstones, side by side; and another a

few rods distant, in plain sight among the briers. I knew these three persons, and all their history seemed to pass visibly before me. I became clairvoyant. Oh, what secrets are buried here! what passions burned out, and turned to ashes! and now Nature weaves over them her grassy verdure to cover them in merciful oblivion. But the story of these three persons is too full of interest and instruction to be left untold. The families have all passed away, and the tale which I shall tell will not disturb them; albeit how many of these sleepers were once vexed and harrowed by the incidents which make it up!

There flourished in the place, say fifty years ago, Mr. Jotham Carringford, the wealthiest man in the county. Wealth and influence always go together in the country village. In the city, it is often otherwise. Country people are pretty sure to set up an aristocracy of money, and bow down to it. "Old Jotham," as he was called, had mean tricks enough, and generally cheated whomsoever he dealt with; but his house was the most showy in the village, and he was always "seated" in the highest pew of the church. He paid the largest tax of anybody in the parish; and it was very important that the minister and people should be in his good graces to keep him from "signing off." There were generous streaks in his character. Keep him good-natured by humoring his vices, let him have a good bargain, and he was always in merry mood; and he had a fund of wit and anecdote that was vastly entertaining. But he was a *parvenu*. His family rose out of nothing by the profits of his tannery; and what a sight of gilding and self-puffing such persons keep up to hide the intrinsic vulgarity of their character and origin! He had a wife and an only son, and a niece who lived in his family, and made a part of it. Miss Dorothy, the niece, was tall, straight, dark-browed, and puritanically religious. She used to seek out the youth of the parish, and impress upon them the fact that they were to die, and probably would die early. She was a funeral sermon incarnate. Jack, as the boy was called, was the opposite of his cousin. He was uncouth and rollicking, shambled in his gait, swore fluently: his chin pro-

jected an inch beyond its place, and was twisted into all expressions of solemn drollery; but he was generous to a fault, full of explosive laughter, always ready for a scrape, and always ready to help others in and out. His generous heart flashed through his uncouth exterior; and as he had plenty of money to spend, and was the heir of the richest estate, Jack Carringford was the decided favorite of the town. His cousin Dorothy, who was about ten years his elder, had never been able to convert him, or even to convince him of the fundamental fact that he was going to die.

Such was the "first family" of the village. Off in a remote quarter of the town, which went by the name of "Sly Corner," lived Mr. Peter Goodrich, perhaps the poorest man in it. Out of a hard, stony soil, he contrived, by grinding toil, to get enough to support his small family. When the meeting-house was "seated," he was generally put into one of the wall-pews behind the door. But he had one treasure which blesses the poor man's cot, and makes it cheerful. Alice was his only child. She was a perfect picture of health and beauty. The Goodriches would come in late, and file round into the pew behind the door, — Peter, in his plain homespun, somewhat bent with hard work; Polly, his wife, in faded calico, — her face, which must have been handsome once, bronzed and care-worn; and Alice, in her white cambric dress, with cherry lips, and cheeks of luscious red contrasting with the snow of her neck, glossy black curls, and bright, black eyes that swam with liquid softness. She used to wear, I remember, a white bonnet, with a pink flower in it, which was vastly becoming in the contrast; for all the flowers of the field could not vie with the twin-roses that blossomed on her cheeks.

What comfort and complacency she seemed to diffuse through the hearts and over the countenances of her father and mother! You could see how they prized her, by the air of tender affection which encircled the little group; and with what pride they regarded her, and with what gentleness of filial affection she laid her heart in theirs. It was delightful to see her speak to them, — her countenance lighted up with

such a heavenly sunshine, which was reflected back from the faces whose hard lines of care were softened by the daughter's love.

Alice had grown up, and passed to her eighteenth year. She must do something for the old people, and diffuse more comfort into her father's home. But she was a poor girl, brought up in "Sly Corner;" and what could she do? She did the best thing she could devise. She came into the village, rented a room close by the church, and opened a millinery-shop, with small beginnings. At length, she was patronized by the village aristocracy, because they knew it would help her parents; because Alice had evinced excellent taste and judgment in her business; and because, too, the people became more and more drawn to her for her modest and winning ways.

Jack Carringford, in his leisure hours, used to lounge in stores and bar-rooms; and, in process of time, was drawn to the milliner's shop, and smitten with the beauty which moved behind its counters. An intimacy grew up, and, at length, an engagement. People wondered and rejoiced at it. The richest family in the village allied with the poorest family in "Sly Corner"! When will the day of wonders cease? Strange that Jack, with all his money, and the horses which he drove, and the coaches in which he dashed through the village, should have passed by all the splendid maidens in silks and flounces, which he had ogled with, to select the poor milliner-girl! It was *very* strange. But, then, what a fortunate thing it was for Alice and her poor father and mother! How brightly those days beamed upon her! and what flutterings were in the heart of the dear girl! A new sunshine rested visibly on the little group behind the door at their Sunday's worship; and you could see side-looks from the whole congregation, as if wondering whether they bore their good fortune with becoming humility. What would the old Carringfords think of it? We were not left in doubt very long. Mrs. Sarah Carringford, the mother, had little to say in these matters; she being influenced mainly by Dorothy, in whose vigorous management the dignity of the house-

hold was maintained. Jack was summoned into her presence.

"We understand, Cousin John, you keep company with that milliner-girl."

"Wal, I reckon I do sometimes, rainy days."

"Your father and mother wish me to say they don't approve of it. There are two very serious objections. She is not respectable; and if—

"Re-spec-ta-ble! I'll make her respectable, Miss Dort. I've got money; and I'll buy silks and flummeries for her, if that's all."

"But, John, she isn't a girl of *character*."

"Say any thing against Alice's character, Miss Dort, and you'll have *me* to settle with," brandishing his chin.

"Oh! what I mean is, she hasn't the *standing*. She hasn't been ed-joo-cated for the place you will wish her to fill."

"Wal, I ain't so college-larnt myself; seein' old Colton, the schoolmaster, never whipped half the parts of speech into me."

"But, John, there is another serious objection. Alice Goodrich has never experienced religion. Your parents strictly intend that you shall marry some one who is *pious*."

"'Twould be a pity, I'm so —— pious myself, not to be yoked with the elect!"

"You need to be, John. Consider what you are saying and doing, and that you may be sorry when you come to die."

"Hang me, if I wouldn't be ready to die to-morrow, with Alice! I'd jump off with her into the torrid zone of eternity, rather than go with the saints into your everlasting prayer-meetings. Good-by!"

I believe this is a perfectly fair representation of the family consultations and counsellings. They resulted as such tactics generally do. The more determined Miss Dorothy was on breaking up the match, the more determined Jack became that it should stand. She changed her tactics.

A devout Orthodox clergyman, returning from the South, exclaimed, "Thanks be to God that the Devil is not a wo-

man!" Women make higher angels than men possibly can; but then, if their natures become perverted, men cannot be half so deep and subtle in their wiles.

What secret machinery was set to work, I did not then know; but certainly it was not many months before poor Alice found that her custom fell off, and that she was shut out, not merely from "good society," but from all kindly human intercourse whatever. Those who made parties excluded her from their charmed circles. At the singing-school, the respectable girls deserted the form where she sat. Even at the conference and prayer meetings, she would be seen by herself, alone and in tears. Cruel whisperings circulated from mouth to mouth; but no one knew the source of them, and no one was responsible for them. "They say so" was all the authority that was given for them. Even the prayers of the minister contained mysterious allusions to some soul that was on the slippery verge of eternal ruin. We felt at times as if evil spirits were present in the suffocating air. I remember, after one of the sermons which the minister preached at this time against secret sin, he read to be sung the fifty-third hymn in Dwight's old collection: —

"Sin has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind:
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And, while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food:
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood."

Alice sat in the pew by the door, as if conscious that the mind of minister and congregation was determined towards her. Her face flushed into crimson, till she buried it in her handkerchief, and wept bitterly. "Strong proof of her guilt,"

it was said. "Of course it is." A moral desert darkened and widened around her, separating her from all the sweet sympathies and humanities of her fellow-beings, till she was alone in the awful solitude, and could only see the young and the gay far off, and hear merry sounds come over the desert as from a distant land. The taint of leprosy was upon her, and so all passed by upon the other side. The *élite* of the village no longer bent their footsteps towards her humble shop. The sign was taken down, and the doors and shutters were closed. She disappeared from the congregation and the town, nobody knew where. The father and mother came to church without the birdling that had beautified their nest, and whose white plumage on Sundays had reflected a fairy light through the pew by the door. It was touching to see them now. Not poverty alone, but some great grief that could not be spoken of, was bending them down, and making the burden of life too heavy to bear.

Alice, however, came back about a year afterwards, and was seen once or twice in the old pew; but, alas! not as she once was. The roses had faded out from her cheeks. Blue veins threaded her temples. There was a marble repose in the pale countenance and forehead. The eye had not lost its liquid softness; but its supernatural transparency revealed a great heart-anguish in its sad, mystic depths. Grave men and pious women whispered, put this thing and that other together, drew inferences, shook their heads, and sighed. It was deemed a breach of good manners to allude to her in the presence of the Carringfords. Jack had long forgotten her, or tried to; and, when last reminded of her in the vulgar jokes of the bar-room, he looked foolish, and replied, — "Never you mind for broken china."

It was sport to the buckram aristocracy of the village: it was death to the wounded bird. She faded from the memory of all but two stricken hearts in "Sly Corner" as she faded from this heartless world. She drooped and died within the year after her return. The bell tolled twenty-one times for poor Alice Goodrich; and hearts and eyes softened the next Sunday as the usual prayers were put up in the

church for those two bent forms by the door, grown tremulous with age and sorrow. The "note" did not run in the usual style, but thus: —

"Two stricken parents desire your prayers on account of their bereavement in the death of their innocent and only child."

The singular form of the note struck everybody at the time. There was a tender and delicate reserve in withholding names; and it was evident that some one had the wording of it beside old illiterate Peter Goodrich. The spirit of Alice was in it, and had dictated it with her expiring breath, as if putting in her plea of "Not guilty" when nearing the judgment-seat, and appealing from the harsh judgments of men. I trembled, lest the minister in his prayer, by cruel implications, should harrow up the wounds of those bleeding hearts, instead of pouring into them the oil of consolation. It had become necessary to regard the name of the poor milliner-girl as blighted, if one meant to be on good terms with the Carringfords; and the minister, I say it to his shame, had gone with the current. He honestly believed her to be sinful, no doubt; and all the church believed it: but suppose she was? Why did he not go to her as the blessed Christ would have gone, gain her confidence, and hear her story with all its palliations, and draw her up into the healing embraces of a large Christian love, and save her? How did he know *how* sinful she was? and how did he know that she was sinful at all? He did not know it, nor take pains to know. The Carringfords were half the parish; and the flunkeys that revolved about them were the other half: and, when these were both in one scale, what was the crushed heart of a poor milliner-girl, when placed in the other? The minister made no allusion to Alice, but prayed generally and earnestly for the parents; and I breathed more free when the "Amen" was pronounced, and no drops of gall had fallen anew into their full cup of bitterness.

"Their innocent and only child." Yes, she *was* innocent; her plumage as unsoiled as when, in those bright years, she nestled, like a white dove, in the parental bosom as its

only comfort on earth. I believed it then and always: I know it now. I know it, not only because, sitting here by her headstone, her spirit rises pure as ether and bright in immortality upon my vision: I know it because I saw the parents, and heard their whole story. It was a plain, honest story. I, too, could put this thing and that other thing together, and draw inferences, and trace every thread in the mesh which the Carringfords threw around the poor "milliner-girl" to remove her out of their sunshine. Ah! they little knew what a shroud they were weaving for themselves. Did sordid parents or friends ever seek to sunder hearts drawn naturally and truly together, and profane so holy a thing as marriage, and prosper? Sitting here by Alice's headstone, how eloquently do these words of Ik Marvel come back to me like a revelation! —

"The love that a delicate-minded girl will tell is a short-sighted and outside love; but the love that she cherishes without voice or token is a love that will mould her secret sympathies, and her deepest, fondest yearnings, either to a quiet world of joy, or to a world of placid sufferance. The true voice of her love she will keep back long and late, fearful ever of her most prized jewel, fearful even to strange sensitiveness. She will show kindness: but the opening of the real flood-gates of the heart, and the utterance of those impassioned yearnings which belong to its nature, come far later; and fearful, thrice fearful, if these flow out unmet. That deep, thrilling voice, bearing all the perfume of the womanly soul in its flow, rarely finds utterance; and if uttered vainly, if called out by tempting devices and by a trust that is abused, desolate indeed is the maiden heart, widowed of its chastest thought. The soul sinks affrighted within itself. Like a tired bird lost at sea, fluttering around what seem friendly boughs, it stoops at length; and finding only cold, slippery spars, with no bloom and no foliage, its last hope gone, it sinks to a wild ocean-grave!"

"The mills of God grind slowly; but they grind exceeding small." Retribution comes often in shapes we never looked for, and, years afterwards, searches out our sin with microscopic exactness.

Not far off from this mossy headstone of Alice, almost

hidden with weeds and brakes, is the enclosure of the Carringfords, from the midst of which rises a costly cenotaph. They are all there, lying around it, — old Jotham and his wife Sarah, Jack, and Dorothy, — each with a handsome monument chiselled with names, dates, and lies. It is not quite true that death has reduced all things here to a level; for that iron railing still hedges in the vulgar gentility of the village in its last resting-place, as if to fend off the poor milliner-girl so near in her neglected grave. How and in what plight the Carringfords came to the last mile-stone in the journey of life, I will now relate.

One Sunday morning, not long after poor Alice had faded away from this world, a report flashed through the village which filled everybody with surprise, and good Christian people with dismay. Miss Dorothy Carringford had not practised evidently her own preaching, nor always "lived as she might wish she had when about to die." I cannot tell all that took place; and we must look here as through a veil darkly. I was not behind the scenes. We of the world's people only heard of church-meetings, committees' reports, and "discipline." We heard sermons to church-members who "walk disorderly," and disgrace their calling, and so forth. It was all settled, I dare say, after the best ecclesiastical usage; and, when a sufficient calm succeeded, there was a private wedding at the Carringfords. Jack followed his cousin's advice, and married a "professor;" which was none other than Miss Dorothy herself.

Oh, what changes, for better or for worse, does marriage produce in men and women! Marriage which is really such — the union of two natures which complement each other in the soul's eternal hunger after good — transforms and regenerates. Jack's nature was not essentially coarse and vulgar. It had deep and broad layers of precious ore under exteriors which were very rough and irregular; and, beneath the magical hand of wifely affection, what shining treasures it would have yielded up! It had also fires of passion and appetite, which might turn all this rich ore into blackened lava, and leave nothing but a crater of cinders and ashes.

As it was, his propensity to lounge in taverns and groceries, and in places much worse than these, grew stronger every year, and drew him away from a home which was without attractions. Old Jotham and his wife died in the course of nature, and left the largest fortune in the place to Jack and a half-idiot boy who had been born to him. After his parents passed away, his roaming propensities were confirmed. He would go to New York on pretence of business, neglecting his wife and his home-affairs, and plunging into such pleasures as consumed his health and his fortune. I met him one day, returned from one of these wanderings, and tried to strike one of those veins of mirthfulness, out of which, in our school-days, he used to convulse the boys and girls with his inimitable drolleries. This fountain was dried up in him. He had become blear-eyed, suspicious, violently passionate, his voice sepulchral, and himself a sepulchre of uncleanness. Such he was when the time-curtains closed upon him, as they did soon after; for I read here, "Aged forty years," upon his headstone.

The little village is situated upon a hill on which the old Carringford Mansion stands conspicuous. The burial-ground is half a mile off, down the slope, in plain sight, but accessible only by an unfrequented road. How often have I looked down there, coming home from church, seeing the monuments gleaming white in the sunshine, and had the sermon impressed more deeply of "the certainty of death"! for this the minister seemed to consider the most important theme of contemplation. I rather think the old Puritan settlers intended we should always "have our end in sight," by making the churchyard the terminus of all pleasant prospects, and the conclusion of all the sermons; and perhaps this gave such grim shading to the piety of which we have had a specimen in Miss Dorothy.

Vague rumors had been afloat for some time of sights seen at midnight in the churchyard. The rumors grew definite. Mr. Such-an-one or Mrs. So-and-so had seen something white gliding among the graves. Old Thomas, the postman, not given to superstition, and a downright Sadducee withal, riding

home late from Hartford, said he could swear positively to seeing something alive hovering about the spot where Alice Goodrich was buried, but which vanished soon after he came in sight.

"Ah! the poor creature cannot rest!" sighed the pious matrons and maidens, doubtless with secret thanks to God that *their* ascension-robes were without spot and wrinkle, and ready to sweep the streets of the New Jerusalem.

It would have passed off like common ghost-stories (poohed at, yet half-believed), had not chance put it in the way of a man of clear head and steady nerve to solve the mystery.

Old Dr. King, the physician of the village, was riding home after midnight on horseback, and emerged suddenly out of the woods that skirted the cemetery, in the by-road that led past it. It was a clear night; and the broad silver glare of the moon lay upon the mounds and the monuments. He heard moanings of pain, not loud, but on the key-note of a misery unsyllabled in mortal language; and, turning, saw the mysterious figure, habited partly in white, which darted from the grave of Alice, and vanished. He deliberately dismounted, and hitched his horse; and, walking over the mounds, found the figure cowering behind the Carringford Cenotaph, no longer a mystery. It was poor Dorothy, who, in the unrest of a mind and body diseased, and a conscience turned to consuming fire, made this the place of her orisons; "preparing to die," as she would phrase it, and watering the grave of Alice with penitential rain. I hope the good Lord forgave her, and I believe he did; for, if half the rumors were true, no repentance ever earned forgiveness more amply by its agonies, or scared the soul with more burning visions of the eternal flames.

Standing among these mounds after thirty years have gone, and conning the lessons as Nature weaves her green mantle over the broken hearts that lie buried below, I can muse upon "what might have been," if sordid self-interest and a most contemptible pride had left these hearts to their natural yearnings. Johnny and Alice were natures as opposite as could possibly be, yet made on purpose for each other; and

it was an unerring, divine instinct that drew them together. He was uncouth and rude, but of the warmest and most generous susceptibilities. She had a native refinement and purity, affections gushing from the heart as from a living spring, melting in the eye, and diffusing her goodness through all her manners. She would have refined his nature, refreshed it with the sweetest and gentlest dews, and clothed it with heavenly graces, and made it like one of those rugged steeps, which are barren and rocky if left alone, but, terraced by some friendly hand, are covered with luscious vines, hung with golden fruits, and adorned with fragrant flowers. *This* might have been; and then Johnny Carringford would not have died, a spendthrift, at forty, leaving a half-idiot boy in the alms-house, nor the poor Goodriches gone to their graves sorrowing. He would have been the first man in the county, because the most capable, wealthy, and beneficent; for all this lay in him to be: and the old Carringford House would not have passed under the auction-hammer, but have been ringing now with the young voices of rosy-cheeked Carringfords, with black eyes and glossy ringlets. *This might have been.* Think of it, ye who are swift to lay profane hands on the holy mysteries of marriage, or put young hearts into a game of shuttlecocks, at the promptings of your wicked avarice and family pride!

Dorothy's was not a bad nature. She had a vigorous conscience; which, if kept upon her side, would have given her an indomitable strength of character, instead of burning the life out of her, till nothing was left but blackened walls. She was intensely religious; had an iron will and unflagging energy; and, if some missionary of kindred spirit had made her his wife, they might have converted Terra del Fuego itself. *This, too, might have been.* I wonder if the mal-adjustments of earth cease beyond the sky. I wonder, if, in some higher and happier realm, where the fences of sham-gentility have all tumbled away, Jack and Alice may not have met again; and if the poor fellow, who seemed to have gone down as lost in a cold and bottomless sea, may not look through its crystal waves, and see the Beatrice of his purest years, and

rise up at the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand, and be made pure again in the effusions of her unsullied love. Who knows that all this may not be up yonder, through the blue air, beyond those twinkling stars, and beyond the sepulchral corruptions of earth? Be that as it may, I know I have now laid open one of the prolific sources of sin and misery here below; and I hope it will not be in vain, O ye profaners of holy marriage! that, sitting on these mounds, I have evoked THE GHOSTS OF OUR OLD CHURCHYARD from their long repose.

SIN.

THERE are many ways of looking at sin, many ways of thinking of it.

One way is to think very little of it. This, perhaps, is the most common way. Until one is awakened to some just appreciation of the meaning and worth of life, and its close and vital connection with that which is to come, — until one begins to feel, not only that he *has* a soul, but that he *is* a soul, it is natural enough that sin should be thought little of, except in its grosser forms.

Next to those who think little of sin are those who think lightly of it; who look upon it very complacently and leniently, sometimes even admiringly; regarding it as only a lower form of good, — good in the rough, "good a-making," — not a thing to be troubled about, but something that will take care of itself, working out its own salvation, and the world's too, in the "*progress of the race.*"

But passing, without comment, those who think little of sin, and those who think lightly of it, we find that among those who are awake to the reality of moral distinctions, who give serious thought to the everlasting difference between good and evil, there are different methods of viewing sin.

There is what may be called the legal view of sin, — sin considered as the violation of law. This, in many of its features, is an impressive view. In a scientific age, when inves-

tigations are being made continually into the laws of Nature in every department of the divine creations, it is most natural, not to say inevitable, that this view should assume great prominence, and take strong hold of thoughtful minds. Every thing in the universe, so far as the mind of man can penetrate, is under law. Suns shine, planets revolve, moons wax and wane, the seasons come and go, in their beautiful order; minerals are formed, the grass grows, the flowers bloom, the fruit ripens, — all under law, or under the action of agencies so uniform and certain in their operation, that, for want of a better name, we call it *law*.

So moral as well as natural science has its laws. There are laws of mind as well as laws of matter; laws for the guidance of human actions, as well as for the guidance of the planets; laws by which souls grow, bud, flower, and bring forth the fruit of the spirit; laws, too, by which this fruit of character is blasted in the bud, or rots upon the bough, and prematurely falls; laws of virtue, and laws of vice, that may be so distinctly traced, that he who runs may read. This view of sin is of vast importance. It appeals to the understanding. It convinces the intellect of the real difference between right and wrong, good and evil. It helps us to see the eternal nature of this difference, as written on the very face of good and evil, and on the whole physical, moral, and spiritual nature of man. It thus exposes the supreme folly of attempting, by any wit or cunning, to evade the divine law, to violate it with impunity, or in any way to tamper with it. It shows that to array one's self against that law is only to kick against the pricks: the harder the blow, the deeper the wound. Men of a scientific turn of mind are naturally inclined to look at sin mainly from this point of view; and it is both instructive and impressive.

Closely allied to this legal view is that which regards sin in the light of *personal damage*. This view also covers a great truth. "He that sinneth wrongeth his own soul." He abuses his God-given faculties, perverts his higher nature, lets himself down in the scale of being, leaves his divinely appointed orbit. As if the morning-star should break away

from the attraction of the central orb, and rush out on a tangent of rebellion into chaos and ruin. As if our own earth, instead of rolling uniformly as God designed, that each part might be lighted and warmed in turn, and clothed with richness, verdure, and fruit, should refuse obedience to the beneficent law, stop its diurnal motion, and so doom an entire hemisphere to perpetual night and death. To one who recognizes the real dignity and glory of the nature God has given to man, this is a profoundly impressive view.

Another link in this chain of thought is the view of sin as a social evil. "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." We are all bound together in the bundle of life. Sin, in wronging the human soul, wrongs society. Every man, in the very process of letting himself down, lets others down. Vain is it to say, he injures no one but himself. As well might a man with some loathsome disease mingle with the crowd, and, poisoning the air with his infectious breath, declare he injures no one but himself. Sin in its nature is social. It loves company. Only the basest vices are solitary. Only sinners of deepest die meditate their deeds of darkness alone. The most of the evils that take captive the world are social. The sin of *one* naturally diffuses itself among the *many*. It poisons the moral atmosphere. It works, not only individual ruin, but social ruin in a thousand ways. It depraves public sentiment; vitiates public morality; multiplies and perpetuates social evils of all sorts; lets down whole communities, peoples, states, nations, just as it does individuals, and for the same reason. And, in this letting-down, the innocent suffer with the guilty; not the same kind of suffering indeed, but suffering enough to show how closely all are bound together, and how vitally the highest welfare of every human being is linked with the welfare of every other. This view of the social evil of sin — its power to poison the wells of social life, to blast the happiness of home, to cripple the power of states and nations — appeals directly to the benevolent affections. The man of large nature and broad sympathies will be the first to be impressed by it. It is the standpoint from which Christian philanthropy

makes its most affecting and effectual appeals. It is a view we need to keep before us; for the real nature of sin is not seen in its work on the solitary soul alone, fearful as the ruin may be there, but in the moral and spiritual desolation it works as it sweeps over communities and nations.

But, important and impressive as these views of sin are, they do not penetrate to the depths. They are true as far as they go; but they are outside views. They do not reach the most vital point: that lies deeper. Never, as we believe, do we see the real nature of sin, till we see it as *sin against God.* Never do we feel how *base* a thing it is, how much of ingratitude and wrong is involved in it, until we feel that it has been committed against our Father in heaven. Those other views we have named help us to a philosophy of sin, show the law of its action, the ruin it works in the soul and in society. They reveal the fact, that sin is its own sorrow; the violation of a law beneficent as love itself, a grievous wrong to human nature, a heinous offence against the community. All this is true, and a truth we must never forget; but it is not the whole truth, it is not the most vital point in the truth: for sin is not only an offence against the law of purity and right, against man, and against society, but, above all and beneath all, it is an offence against God; and it is only as we recognize this that the real nature of sin is seen and felt.

We may illustrate this by the family relation. The Saviour himself has chosen the relation of a child to his earthly home and father as a type of the relation we all sustain to God. Here, then, is a child born into a *Christian* home. From the first hour of its birth, it has been the object of unceasing care and love. A mother's arms have been its cradle. A mother's love has watched over it day and night, in sickness and health. For its sake, a father's hands have been hardened by toil, or his brain worn with mental labor. With united love, both parents have sought to instruct the mind and enrich the heart of their child. No labor is deemed too great, no self-sacrifice too hard, to fit that child for honor and usefulness in the world.

But the child proves wayward, disobedient, vicious. The

mother pleads with tears. The father entreats his child, by every consideration of love for parents and home, and by regard for his own honor and peace, to change his course. They warn, they expostulate, they plead, but in vain. The child goes on his own way, and goes down into ruin. Now, in estimating his guilt, is it enough to say that he has violated the laws of family government, kindly beneficent laws, essential to every Christian household? — that he has ruined his own character, and set a vicious and vitiating example? All this is true; but is it the whole truth? Is there not something back of all that, deeper than all that? — something that casts over his guilt a deeper shadow than all the rest? — his unfilial disobedience to his father and mother, whose deathless love he has so grossly abused, for whose unceasing care and labor he has shown himself so ungrateful, whose fondest hopes he has blasted, and whose hearts he has wrung with unutterable anguish? Here is the culmination of the wrong he has done, — viewing it simply in its human relations, — here is its culmination; and if he is ever brought back to the home whose fostering care he has abused, and to the yearning hearts whose love he has spurned, it is this thought more than any other, — the thought of his *unfilial, ungrateful* conduct towards those that loved him most, and sustained to him the dearest relation on earth, that will make him feel the real nature of the wrong he has done, and win him back.

Now, God is infinitely more to the soul than father and mother, — the Creator, the constant Preserver and Benefactor, the Life of all lives. From his own divine nature flow out all the beneficent laws that control the universe, all the *moral* and *spiritual* laws designed to mould immortal souls into vessels of honor and glory. The sheltering wing of his providence is spread over all, by night and by day. He has borne us in the arms of his protecting love all our lives long. His own spirit calls us upward. His own love has poured upon us the light and life of Christ, through whom he has specially shown himself to the world as the *heavenly Father*. How plain it is, then, that the real nature of sin is seen, not when we view it in the light of disobedience to law

merely, or as a wrong done to the soul, or as a legacy of woe to the community, but when to all this we add the thought that throws its dark shadow over all the rest, — that it is an offence against God! Only *then* do we see sin in its true light.

And it is this, far more than any other view of sin, that awakens true repentance, and leads to newness of life. Other views — the legal, the moral, the social — are addressed to the intellect. They convince the reason, and so perform essential service; but this deeper view touches the heart. As, in the case of the wayward child, it is the thought of his sin against the *loving hearts* his course has pierced that will be more likely to win him back than any thought of injury brought upon himself; so, in the higher relations of the soul, it is the thought of sin against a God of purity, love, and mercy, — one who has continued to bless, even while sinned against, — it is this thought, more than any sense of personal damage through sin, that melts the soul into that godly sorrow that feels the need of *pardon*, and makes the assurance of it that Christ has given so sweet, so precious, and so grateful.

While sin is regarded only as the violation of law, or as wrong done only to one's self and the community, there seems to be no place for pardon. *Law* never forgives. We do not ask *ourselves* to forgive the wrong we have done *ourselves*. The community is something altogether too impersonal to confess to or ask pardon of; and so we find that those who limit their thought of sin to these external views come gradually to drop out the idea of forgiveness from their system of religious faith. They have no place for it. It is in the way. It has no intelligible meaning to them. Indeed, they tell us plainly there *is no real* forgiveness. Sin and you must suffer. Enter the prison-house of disobedience, and you shall not come out till you have paid the uttermost farthing; and this would be true if there was nothing back of law. Law never forgives; and, if law were God, we see not where we should find a place for pardoning love. But what a dreary prison-house this

world would be if we were locked up in the cold embrace of law! What sort of a gospel would that be for sinning man, with every promise of pardon stricken out? Thank Heaven that within the law is the Lawgiver; and it is written, "There is forgiveness with him." Not till we recognize our relation to him, do we, or can we, feel the need of forgiveness, or understand the meaning of *reconciliation*.

And it is this view of sin that shows its real nature. It is this, we repeat, that touches the heart. It is this that melts the soul in penitence. Sin against law may be acknowledged, and the heart remain unmoved. Sin against one's self, one's own nature, may be admitted, and only a selfish and unfruitful sorrow awakened. Sin against the community may be conceded, and the life remain unchanged. But sin against God, the heavenly Father, whose love has watched over and protected us every moment of our existence; who, in all our forgetfulness of him, has never forgotten us; sin against him, the essence of whose being is love, — when this is felt in the depth of the soul, then sin is felt to be *sin* indeed; then its deep ingratitude is revealed; then the broken and contrite heart cries out with the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" and with the prodigal, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and *before thee*." Now the promise of pardon is sweet. There is not only a place for forgiveness now, but, without it, the gospel would be no "glad tidings" for the soul. Now a sense of the forgiving love of God draws the soul to him, and makes obedience joy.

There is profound significance in that scene in Simon's house where "the woman who was a sinner," in the overflowing of her penitent love, opened her alabaster-box of precious ointment, whose odor has filled the world, and anointed the feet of Jesus, bathing them with her tears, and wiping them with her flowing hair. "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven her," said Jesus; "for she loveth much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." Not that one must sin much in order to love much, but that a consciousness of divine *forgiveness* in a soul feeling the need

of pardoning love is sure to enkindle a deeper love for "Him whose mercy endureth for ever."

It is when we lose sight of our relation to God, that of children to a Father, that we are left to think *little* or to think *lightly* of sin. With no consciousness of this relation, we are orphans, "without God in the world." We may have a philosophy, but not a religion. Religion is the tie that binds man to God in faith, love, and obedience; and the manifest difference felt by all souls spiritually quickened, between what is commonly called a moral life and a truly religious life is largely in this, that one is obedience to law, the other is obedience to God. One seeks conformity with the abstract principle of right; the other, with the will of the heavenly Father. And is not this the reason why morality, good always as far as it goes, is so sadly lacking in devotion; while the natural cry of a soul touched with true and deep religious feeling and faith is, "Abba, Father"? T.

TRUST.

Am I perplexed and sore dismayed?
Troubled and tossed on every side?
Dear Lord! thy word shall give me aid:
Thou wilt provide!

Do thronging doubts obstruct my way,
And fears distract, and foes deride?
Thou, Lord, canst turn my night to-day:
Thou wilt provide!

Have friends forsaken, — those whose love
I deemed no change could e'er betide?
Father, thine own shall constant prove:
Thou wilt provide!

Then peace, my heart! no earthly ill
Shall wreck me. I shall safe outride
These stormy billows. Peace, be still!
God will provide! C. A. M.

THE JOURNAL OF ERNEST RAY,

MINISTER-AT-LARGE.

April 4. — Haven's answer has come from his father; a cold, hopeless repulse. The old man taunts his son not only with the sins of the past, but with unmanly complaining in the present; and bids him be quiet in the bed he has made for himself, if he be truly penitent: he evidently does not believe that. Oh! it did seem too cruel to read such words to the unhappy creature who lay there with a face growing more death-like each moment; perfectly still, except when the memory of his mother and sister was called up to give an added sting to the words, "You have, by your own deed, separated yourself from us all, through time and through eternity:" at that he moaned.

He had made me promise to read every word, and I did; but, after it, he lay utterly crushed, without word or motion, — so long, that I grew frightened. I could not trust my temper enough to speak about the letter; in truth, I dared not intrude any words on such a sorrow: but at last, when I took his rigid hand, and tried to warm it into life, he grasped mine, and whispered, for the first time, "Pray; let me hear you pray." After a time, he asked for the letter, and held it in his hands while he questioned me about the handwriting. I told him it was the tremulous writing of an old man; and he said confusedly, "Why! it didn't tremble when he wrote before: the last letter I got, only the other day, — oh! I forgot." Then he began again: "Yes, yes, I remember now. He's over eighty: he's an old man now. I am his youngest child. He used to love me: that makes it harder for him. We both thought I didn't love him; but that was a mistake: it's too late now, though; he will never know it now. It's all just, what he says, — all just; only — O my father! — I am not a hypocrite: I am sorry! O father, father!" Could he have resisted that cry? The good Father heard it, and gave that sick brain the relief of bitter weeping. For a

few moments he cried, not, as people say, "like a child," but rather like a man, as only a strong man can.

When I was coming away, after he was calm again, he said, "You will not be hurt at what he says, will you? he does not know you;" referring to a passage in the letter where his father congratulates him on being such a successful hypocrite as to have deceived an over-credulous minister into his service. There is no danger of my being offended either by that, or by the answer to my own note, of which Haven knows nothing, and which is, as I feared it would be, a haughty rebuke for interference in family affairs. That cannot be wondered at nor blamed; but how can one help being angered by such a cruel letter to a son? Setting aside the thought of natural affection, how dare a man calling himself a Christian, an old man, so near his own account, judge and condemn another so harshly? Stop! — what are *you* doing, Ernest Ray? Who made you the judge of any man? O Thou who alone knowest any human heart! look mercifully upon us all, thine erring children.

April 5. — Haven too quiet. Jones says he lies still all the time, as he did when he first knew about his blindness. He only roused to-day to draw that letter from under his pillow, and ask me to burn it. He said, "I can hardly make out a word of it myself, and I am afraid of its falling into other hands when I cannot take care of my things myself. I could not bear to have any one else see it: they might misjudge it."

April 6. — Got Haven out of the house for the first time. He has walked in the corridors once or twice; but there are too many passers there to be pleasant for him; and he needed the open air; and Ferguson thought, that on a cloudy day, with his eyes protected by a thick bandage, he would gain much more than he would suffer. So he took a short drive with me in the chaise; and Muriel, who was with him this afternoon, says he seemed more natural. He and I certainly do not make a strong team, and I suspect he was just a little afraid to trust to my driving at first; but, so well as I am now, I am sure it is quite safe, at least with such a demure beast as Fuz, who is guided by my voice as well as by the rein, and

turns out for other equipages of his own accord, and with the greatest circumspection.

April 9. — Haven, knowing nothing about my note from his father, has begged me to write him a few words in his behalf, asking that a threat held out in his father's letter, of entire excommunication from his home, may not be carried out. He has always been sure of hearing from them, although in a brief and cold way, if any thing important took place, as marriage or death; and he promises, that, if the certainty of this may be continued to him, he will ask nothing more. As his father forbids his "unworthy child" ever to address him as father again, and he could not bear to write to him as to a stranger, he left the note wholly to me. I, of course, wrote just what he had said, and made it short as possible. I am afraid it will raise more wrath than any thing else just at present; but perhaps, by and by, such a request may be remembered.

We are now much troubled by Haven's position. There is little chance of his paying his debts while he remains at such an expensive hotel; and it is a most uncomfortable place for him too. The young men there have never shown any consideration for him during his sickness: the room over his and the one next him are both noisy; and last night there was a supper-party in the supper-room under him, where he has given many such himself. I questioned him, and found he had been kept awake all night, hearing, and, as he said, translating, the familiar sounds; the preparation, the arrival of the guests, the rattling of dishes, the talking and laughing, growing louder as the night went on, till, at last, shouting and tipsy songs and breaking glasses told of a drunken revel.

He did not seem so much annoyed by the noise or by the unkindness of his old friends as I expected; but he broke out at last with vehemence, — "Mr. Ray, tell your sister not to come here to-day: it would make me hot to feel her looking at me after such a wicked night as I have passed." I asked if it was that he wanted to be with his old friends again; but he answered, "No; I don't think it was: it frightened me to remember that. But I have had a glimpse of such a different

life these few months; and I have tried just to live along so quietly, and not think about the past in any way: but, last night, I knew the songs they sang; I knew the sort of jokes they were laughing at; and, in spite of myself, I kept going over it all, over and over again, and contrasting it with what I've been thinking about lately, — with my home, you and your sister, and what you've been reading to me, you know; and it seemed so horrible, and yet I couldn't stop thinking. I didn't know I could think so many wicked thoughts: I knew they were wicked, and yet they would not go. I could not get rid of them; and so at last I thought it must be that I had gone too far, — that I was really lost, and there was no help for me, and so I might as well go down stairs and join them, and be like them again; and I got up to go: but then I remembered that I could not, because I was too blind to find my way; and somehow I think I was glad of it." I asked, "Cannot you take it as proof that God means you to be saved, not lost, that he has sent this thing upon you to check you in your course?" He seemed struck by this idea, and said that he had looked on his misfortune only in the light of a deserved punishment, but that last night it had certainly preserved him from sinning. Then his vehemence came back as he cried, "But that is only the act, the outside, which is bettered by it: inside I am just as bad, as hopelessly bad, as ever." He was so excitable, so overwrought with sleeplessness and mental strain, that I would not let him talk any more; but, after I had read and prayed, he seemed quieter. We must get him away from there.

April 11. — This unhappy business has taken me a few miles out of town several times lately; and it has been easy to accomplish two things at once by taking Haven with me for the drive. It is interesting to watch him accustoming himself to his darkness, which is becoming total. At first, he was made dizzy by the motion and the noise of passing vehicles; and, during several drives, he sat quite still, never asking any questions, and gladder to get back than to start, I think. But now he is beginning to enjoy it a little more: he exercises his hearing and guessing powers to tell our

whereabouts, and is pleased when he gets it right. To-day he hesitated a little about going: but afterward, when I urged him to tell me why, it came out that he thought it must be "a bore" to have to keep describing the scenery, and telling where we were, and so on; and he thought I ought to have pleasanter company! Little can he imagine what comfort I always take in a companion who does not see me.

April 12. — Haven's stay at the hotel has grown dangerous, mentally and morally; but we cannot find any other place for him. At the good private boarding-houses, where he would wish to go, such an inmate is not wanted. It is thought he would be troublesome; and then his reputation makes those who have to consider their children, young boys and girls, unwilling to take him as a fellow-boarder. When he asked why it was hard to find another place for him, I had to tell him all this; indeed, I have had to tell him several hard things: but, since that letter from home (to which he does not allude), his proud spirit has bowed, and he receives every thing meekly.

We have had many talks at home here about him, and to-day my blessed brother and sister have decided on one step. Muriel has gained a good influence over him, which ought not to be relinquished: but the "house-mother" cannot be away from home often for any purpose; and we had spoken of this difficulty also; when Muriel asked, in her stillest manner, "Husband, why should he not come here for a little while?" Harry walked the length of the study a few times; asked me what I thought about it; to which I could only say, I believed it would do the man good; walked a few more times, and then — kissed his wife! After which outbreak of sentiment, we set ourselves to planning what room Jones should have, and what time to-morrow they should come here.

When Ferguson dropped in this evening to vent his increasing anxiety about his patient, we told him the plan. He looked at Muriel for a moment with such a dangerous expression, that I thought he was going to repeat her husband s exploit: but he relieved himself by taking said husband

by the collar, and shaking him till he was driven to retaliatory measures; and then the two big boys had a skirmish that brought the little boys half-way down stairs in their night-gowns to crow over the doctor's discomfiture, and be incontinently chased back to bed by their victorious papa. What would patients and parishioners say?

April 13. — Haven is in our guest-chamber, sleeping, I hope; and Jones is comfortably established in his dressing-room. I never saw a man more literally *dumfounded* than Haven was when we announced our plan. Ferguson had warned us that he was in no state to be allowed to think about the matter, and try to decide for himself: so we carried it right through ourselves. I went to read as usual, first closeting Jones, and delighting him with the news; then Harry and Muriel came in, and gave their invitation, assuring him that it was all settled, and he had only to submit; and Harry stowed us both into the chaise, and sent us off for our drive, to be out of the way while Jones should pack, close the rooms, and transfer himself to our house to await our arrival in a couple of hours.

Haven was too astounded to be otherwise than passive; he could hardly speak a word: and the whole scenewas over, and we had ridden a long distance in silence, when he suddenly grasped after my reins, crying out, "Turn back! I'm afraid they thought I was not grateful." I relieved him as to that; and presently he began to ask me about our home and its members, — a happy topic for me. He has been very still since we got home, and has spent most of the afternoon in his own room, fairly exhausted with excitement.

April 14. — We flatter ourselves that even to-day Haven has been less nervous than for a few weeks past. We make no ceremony with him, but let him slip in to the circle as one of ourselves. He was a little shy of our rackety boys at first; but now they are friends all round. Ray,* in par-

* My eldest son, Ernest Ray Irving; the same who is mentioned in the "Story of Joe" as "Ernest." He was generally called Ray to distinguish him from his uncle, for whom he was named. His uncle used both names for him indiscriminately; but, for the sake of distinctness, I shall make it always "Ray," in the parts of the Journal which I publish. — H. I.

ticular, who inherits some of Harry's tact with infirm folk, has established himself as guide-in-chief, and, this afternoon, has been giving Haven a lesson on the localities of the study, which has ended in his learning his way from any part of the room to the easy-chair in the corner at the head of my lounge, devoted to his especial use.

The youngster will really be a great help to us in taking care of Haven while Jones is away attending to the breaking-up at the hotel.

April 16. *Sunday.* — Not able to be out this afternoon; although, happily, I was enabled to get through this morning. It is some time since Harry had taken my place at the school, and I know my people enjoy him: so I submitted to enforced laziness readily. Harry and Muriel took the boys with them; and even Jones was carried off to church by our Hans: so, except nurse and baby, Haven and I had the house to ourselves. He has seemed better, physically, since he came here, but has grown even sadder day by day: so, as he sat with me in the study this afternoon, I tried to speak some words of comfort and hope; but he shook his head, and said deliberately, like one who knows what he is saying, and means it, "The future is terrible; but the past is worse. I understand it more clearly as I sit in this home, and learn what life ought to be; and, the more distinct my sins grow to me, the less do I dare ask for pardon or for future strength and help. I see that you all are acting in a strength, living in a light, which is from above; but my past is a cloud, that shuts out all such light for ever. I cannot live without it; but I cannot get it: it is not for me."

It was fearful to hear him going on so, in a steady, low voice, — no excitement, only utter hopelessness; and, when I tried to speak, he hushed me, and went on: "I know all you would say: it is not for me. You speak constantly of things in which it has been plainly shown me I have no part. I hear you speak of pain and sorrow, ending in a heavenly home: how dare I think of that pure place, when my sins have closed my earthly home against me? You speak of pardon: how dare I ask it of the holy, all-seeing Judge,

when my own father cannot?" — "When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up." The words I love so well! — they spoke themselves, and went straight to his heart: he started, and listened eagerly as I repeated them. I could not help adding, "Do not forget, that, even on earth, one home, where your repentance was believed in, was opened to you." — "I shall never forget that," he said.

After a pause, he turned to me again, agitated, and speaking with difficulty. "I do not believe you, any of you, would have taken me under this roof, or would let me remain here, if you knew all my life; this is what is in my way: and, when any of you speak of the possibility of God's pardon, it is just the same. I think they would not say so if they knew all; and sometimes I have almost resolved to tell you every thing, and then, — then, — if you were willing to keep me here, and still believed that God could forgive, I think I should dare to ask him." — "Cannot you fully resolve and do this thing?" asked I; for I saw, that, as he felt, it would be the best thing for him. "If I could," said he, "I should at least feel sure of my own penitence; and now sometimes I am tormented by the thought that I may be self-deceived, and am perhaps only restrained from outward evil by my helplessness; and I have no way of testing my own sincerity but this, which would be too cruel to you. It would pain you to hear such a confession; for (and he set his teeth), if I undertake it, I will hide nothing." — "I am listening," said I. He began, but choked, and started up as if to go away; but I could not let him. I saw that he was beginning wrong, and told him so; told him that he was undertaking to help himself by his own strength, which was veriest weakness; that if he believed this thing was what he ought to do, and would help him, he should begin by asking God to enable him to do it; and that, whatever doubts he might have as to his final pardon and salvation, it was the flattest impiety, and contradiction of God's words, to imagine that he would refuse a hearty prayer for power to do right from any human being. He sat down again: half an hour after, he asked, "Mr. Ray, will you hear

me now? I will tell you all;" and kneeling by my lounge, his face hidden, he did it.

It was well he suffered so terribly, so visibly, as he went on, or I must have revolted, and refused to hear more, long before it was finished: as it was, one could not refuse him pity. Yet, when he had ended, — forgive me, thou All-merciful! — I shrank from him, and could not speak. Of course, I knew such things before; but to hear them spoken, and as the record of a man's own life, was different. I was brought to my Christian senses by hearing the poor bowed wretch gasp out, "I knew it must be so; and how must God hate me!" As servant of that God, I must give hope to that despairing soul; but I could not speak. I could only lay my hands on his throbbing head, and pray, and wait for teaching. He cried out, "Are you willing to touch me?" but grew very quiet when my hand staid there. How I longed to use the parable of the Prodigal Son! but his human father had spoiled that to him.

But Bible words came: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." I felt him trembling: presently he asked, in an altered voice, "Will you pray for me now? I think I can join you."

After that, we sat silent for a time: then I saw a sudden look of pained uncertainty in his face, as he asked, "Am I to stay here?" — "Surely." — "Would Mr. Irving wish it?" "He would: he said, 'If coming here can help him, let him come, whatever his past may have been.'" — "*Whatever* my past! — did he really mean that?" I could not help answering, "I never heard Harry say a word he did not mean;" and we were silent again until we heard the children's voices under the window, and then he groped his way up to his room. I was not afraid to let him go then.

April 17. — Last week, Haven's hotel-rooms were dismantled, and given up. Harry, by his authority, attended to having his furniture and so on sold at auction, and, without his authority, bid in a fine musical clock, which he thought

would give him as much pleasure as any of his property of that sort. There were some portfolios of fine engravings which he had bought, partly as adjuncts of luxury, and partly from real enjoyment of their beauty: these were to be sold also. But first he asked to have them brought here, that we might all see them: so, this evening, we have been enjoying them. He first took me aside to ask, timidly, if I thought there would be any objection to his giving some of them to Dr. Ferguson and Mr. and Mrs. Irving. I could see none, except his being so much in debt; and he felt so much about it, that I could not say I thought it wrong for him to give one to each of them; and it was pleasant to see how he listened, as we talked, to find out which they liked, whispering to me to keep out the favored ones. He seemed distressed at their thanking him.

After we had gone up stairs, Jones led him to my door; and he gave me, silently, a picture we had not seen that evening, which it seems he had remembered, and asked Muriel to lay aside. It is a rare engraving from a picture by Le Sueur, "La Messe de St. Martin." He got it almost accidentally among some other pictures, and had never known its meaning: so when I saw it at his room some weeks ago, and spoke of St. Martin as a favorite saint of mine, he had asked me about the legend, and I told it to him. He had seemed especially struck by the answer the charitable saint gave to Satan himself, who one day mocked him for so soon accepting the fallen and repentant; and Martin answered him sorrowfully, saying, "O most miserable that thou art! if thou also couldst repent, thou also shouldst find mercy and forgiveness through Jesus Christ." One day, while he was a bishop, and was celebrating mass, he paused to take off his priestly robes to clothe a shivering beggar; and went on, unconscious that a celestial fire was shining above him. This is the subject of Le Sueur's picture: he represents him, like St. Paul, "of contemptible bodily presence," standing before the altar, with the globe of fire hovering over his head. On the back of the picture were these words, unevenly written (a blind man's first attempt): "To my St. Martin."

(To be concluded.)

FLORENCE.

Pope Boniface the Eighth, more than five hundred years ago, used to call the Florentines the fifth element of the world; for, said he, everywhere in Italy that you find earth, air, fire, and water, there you will find Florentines. Of their ascendency, the same pontiff had a curious proof. At one time, he had occasion to send ambassadors to twelve different States. After their appointment, it was found that all the ambassadors were Florentines.

In their enterprise and ability, the inhabitants of that city at the present day preserve their relative superiority. How quickly one learns to distinguish them from the gay Venetians, the priest-ridden Romans, the excitable Neapolitans! For a certain staid, enterprising, industrious, intelligent spirit, they more resemble Americans, who, of all the people of Italy, probably like them the best.

It should be added, that much of the praise due to the Florentines may be justly given to all the Tuscans. Their activity and shrewdness are known all over Italy; as attests a proverb, which says that one must not be stupid who has to deal with them: —

"Chi ha a far con Tosco,
Non vuol esser losco."

But Florence is the consummate flower where the qualities of this people appear to best advantage. Between the Grand Ducal Square and the Arno there is a quadrangle, surrounded with statues of illustrious Florentines. One can hardly walk round it, and read the names and see the effigies of Dante, Petrarcha, Boccaccio, Giotto, Cellini, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Donatello, Galileo, without exclaiming, "Salve, magne virum!"

Among all unsatisfactory things, the attempt to account for the appearance of genius by the agency of natural causes may justly claim precedence. How many have tried their hand at this in the case of Greece! Race, traditions, climate,

government, religion, culture, — all seem but secondary and instrumental causes, and themselves lead up the mind directly to that creating Spirit, which, like the wind, "bloweth where it listeth."

The Val d'Arno is indeed a beautiful cradle of genius, with its little compact city surrounded with high walls pierced with quaint mediæval gates; with the thousand of villas, which, if brought together, would, as Ariosto said, make Florence larger than two Romes; with the spur of the Apennines, which, rising around at the distance of a few miles, forms the rim of this fair basin, offering ever-varied hillsides clad with vineyards and olives. But what is there in all this to *create* the spirit which for ages has distinguished this people, — their hatred of tyranny; their passionate love of freedom; their restless activity; their distinction in science, poetry, eloquence, painting, and sculpture; and their precedence in the arts of a humane and refined civilization?

The attractions of Florence have led to the effect which often follows the "fatal gift of beauty." She has been the prey of her admirers. Fifteen or twenty thousand visitors — for the most part, persons of leisure and wealth, and many of them mere pleasure-seekers — pass several months there, to be succeeded the next year by a like number of strangers. The city becomes an immense hotel. What is native and hereditary is supplanted by what is exoteric. The place is Anglified and Frenchified; and this flood of travellers may be compared to the torrents of the Arno, which often tear up and sweep away what had been long planted and deeply rooted, and leave behind the *débris* of branches of trees, chips, gravel, mud, borne from far-distant places.

These diverse bequests of a flood not inaptly suggest the great variety of persons always to be found in Florence, — some to study art; some to fly the rigors of a Northern winter; some to escape excessive cares, or scenes of bereavement; some to nurse a dilapidated fortune; the dowager wearied with the monotony of home; the husband who has run away from his wife; the wife with part of her family, who has left her husband lord of the old country chateau or manor; the broken tradesman, the disappointed lover, the ambitious

match-hunter: in short, all sorts of people, for all sorts of reasons, are there; and few are the places where so many curious anecdotes of private life may be picked up.

There are other places in Italy to which the teeming North annually sends down all these different shades of character; but Florence bears the palm. And it is justly hers. All things considered, it is the most enjoyable place. Its connections with Paris and London have been so long established, and are so intimate, that all the conveniences and luxuries of those cities are procurable. It is the cleanest city in Italy, the best paved, the best lighted. Everybody knows it has some of the best galleries of art in the world. All its objects of interest are close at hand, within easy walking distance. And, then, books are plenty; and one may use any kind that he needs.

How different is Rome, where the Papal Government dogs one's steps wherever he goes, and makes the use of such books as it proscribes a penal offence! Its *espionage* extends to things with which no other government on earth interferes. An inscription cannot be placed on a tombstone in the Protestant cemetery without the sanction of the Papal authorities; and any inscription recognizing the hope of future felicity is forbidden. Who before ever heard of intolerance entering in this way the sacred sanctuary of grief?

On the score of good climate, Florence must yield to many other places. The summer is stifling hot; and, in winter, a subtle, cutting wind sweeps down from the snow-covered Apennines, and penetrates to the very centre of one's bones. To those accustomed to close dwellings, where the thermometer, perhaps, never falls below fifty, it is a great change to an atmosphere near the freezing-point, as in Florence it is likely to be at night for weeks together; since few houses are constructed to be much warmer inside than out. It is only fitfully in the short radius of a fire that any milder temperature is obtained. The chief thing thought of is to guard against the summer's heat; and, for this purpose, the houses, with their thick walls, their projecting roofs, their rattling windows, and ill-jointed doors, open to all the airs of heaven, are not badly contrived.

Nothing more strikingly shows how successfully man has combated and overcome his most dreaded exposures, than the fact, that, for true comfort, one should go South in the summer, and North in the winter.

No praise of the charm of the spring and autumn can be deemed extravagant. What a joy in the balmy air, charged with the perfume of orange-flowers and jessamines from a thousand neighboring gardens, to thread these quaint-looking streets, every turn and corner of which is rich with historical memories!

Of these traditions, the streets themselves remind one by a custom worthy of imitation in other places. Little marble slabs placed over the door, or inserted in the wall, tell you that *here* Dante lived, *there* Michael Angelo labored; *this* is the palace of the Medicis, *that* the spot where Savonarola was burned; *this* house was once the home of the renowned and much-misunderstood secretary of Florence, Macchiavelli; *that* house was the place where Guicciardini wrote his History; and that *other* was the dwelling of Americus Vespucius, at whose door one will be induced to smile at the pretentious, not to say mendacious, inscription about his being *amplificator orbis terrarum.*

Space would fail to enumerate a tithe of these tablets. Nor is it the names of the famous alone that are thus recorded. Florence has always had a sturdy democratic spirit, which has delighted to honor bravery and virtue in humble life. The spot where the beautiful Lucrezia de Mazzanti, who had been seized by brutal soldiers, contrived to spring from them, and throw herself into the Arno, with her own hands pressing her head under water, preferring death to dishonor, is marked by an appropriate inscription; and by the side of one of the most public walks on the Arno is a memorial stone in honor of a young lad who there rescued his playfellow from drowning.

There is something that quickens the blood in one's veins as he reads these inscriptions on the spot where the deeds occurred. Who does not think better of a people who has marked these places, and made them teachers of honor and virtue from generation to generation? Who can tell how

many have had their hope and ambition, their resolve and courage, stimulated, so that the marking of a noble deed has made it the parent of a numerous progeny? It deserves to be well considered how we can make the most of such a precious seed.

This reference to the home of the Medicis suggests that a residence in Florence naturally leads one to look into the history of this remarkable family. Here are their grand old palaces, the grounds they embellished, the rare works of art they collected, the villas which were the scenes of their pagan symposia; and here also is their mausoleum in the Chapel of San Lorenzo, incrusted with marble, and adorned with the choicest statues of Michael Angelo.

It is a strange history. One of the first results reached is to distrust the impressions left by such apologists as Roscoe. Another result is to stand in awe before those retributions which the swift years are sure to bring upon all selfishness and crime.

This family, it is said, may be traced back to the eleventh century: but Litta, in his genealogy of celebrated Italian families, begins his account of it with the year 1291; remarking, that each family ought to take the first man of whom history records any well-established fact, and to say, "This is my Adam." Its chief representatives in early times seem to have been men of probity and public spirit, and to have enjoyed to an unusual degree the rewards of civic honors. A colossal wealth had been amassed by commerce, and the loan of money on the pledge of valuable articles; and the pawnbroker's gilded balls, which we see to-day, are borrowed, it is said, from the Medici escutcheon.

It was under Cosmo the First, born in 1389, that the fortune of this family emerged into a world-wide notoriety; and though for thirty years, as absolute master of Florence, he was often unscrupulous in the means employed to accomplish his ends, was selfish in his aims, and addicted to ill-concealed vices and crimes, still, by his vast plans for public improvement, his splendid patronage of learning and art, his immense money transactions with the whole world, and the brilliant renown be brought to every thing with which his name was

connected, he seems to have merited the title by which he is known in history, as the Father of his Country. He died in 1464, at the age of seventy-five; "which age I have carefully noted," says Varchi in his "Storia Fiorentina," "because, of his male descendants, not one lived to be old."

His son Peter, of weak mind, poor health, and insatiable avarice, succeeded him: but in five years he left the family estate and name to two sons, one of whom, Giuliano, was assassinated in the Florence cathedral in his thirty-seventh year; and the other, Lorenzo, after that brief display of unsurpassed luxury and splendor which has given him the name of Magnificent, died at the age of forty-four.

Lorenzo left a son, John, who entered the Church, and, aided by the family wealth, crept up rapidly in promotion, having been made a cardinal at the age of thirteen, till finally he reached the pontificate as Leo the Tenth; and, from that luxurious and sensual life which has been so often described, he was, in less than nine years, removed by poison. His other son, Peter, by his weakness and prodigality, disgusted the people, who drove him from the city. He fled to the mountains, gathered soldiers to assault Florence, but was repulsed, and soon came to a miserable end by drowning.

It would be quite aside from my purpose to notice the various branches and offshoots of this family; but history rarely furnishes more instructive lessons than that suggested by the vices and crimes brought to view by a few generations of this name. The murdered brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent had an illegitimate son, who, reaching the papacy under the name of Clement VII., has left a history more wonderful than any romance, and the most ill-starred in the whole annals of the popes.

Clement had an illegitimate son named Hippolito, on whom he heaped his favors; making him cardinal at eighteen. But more fond of hunting, of feats of arms, and of his train of three hundred followers, than of any sacred functions, he was rash, vain-glorious, addicted to pleasure, overwhelmed with debt, and was poisoned by his cousin, Alexander, at the age of thirty-four.

This same Alexander, an illegitimate, half-African son of

Lorenzo, the father of Catherine de Medici, was known as Duke of Florence; and, after having been the terror of that city for his outrageous debauches, he was early murdered in one of his nefarious assignations.

The direct line, though so frequently continued by illegitimate issues, had now become extinct. The family name and authority were kept up by adopting a descendant from a younger brother of the sturdy old Cosmo, under the title of Cosmo the Second. He proved to be a famous patronizer of letters and art, and was in many respects an honor to the Medici name: but in his private life he was one of the most depraved of men; and if, in the first line, the iniquities of the fathers were visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation, still more manifestly, in this second line, was this divine law vindicated.

Cosmo the Second had a son, John, who was made a cardinal at ten years of age, and at nineteen was killed by his own brother, in a quarrel they had over a buck which one of them had shot in a hunting excursion not far from Leghorn. The father immediately stabbed the murderer, declaring he would have "no Cain in his house." It was the favorite son of the mother, who, heart-broken, expired at once; and all three were buried on the same day in Florence. As to his daughters, the father, it is said, poisoned one, and lived in incest with another; while a third, at the age of eighteen, was strangled by her jealous husband.

After a life thus imbittered, Cosmo was succeeded by his son Francis, whose licentious career was suddenly terminated, supposed by poison, administered by the celebrated Bianca Capella, whose story is one of the most romantic episodes in history.

To Francis succeeded his brother, the Cardinal Ferdinand; and after him came Cosmo III. and Ferdinand II. and Cosmo IV., whose careers, if marked by fewer crimes, and now and then signalized by high virtues, accumulated evidence of the growing imbecility and approaching extinction of this family. "Il semble," says Dumas, in whose book on the Medici may be found an interesting summary of the chief facts of this house, — "il semble que Dieu a marqué la fin de

la race des Medécis; ce n'est plus la foudre publique et populaire que la menace; ce sont ses orages intérieures et prives que la secouent et la déracinent; et y a une fatalité qui les frappe les après les autres de faiblesse."

A family reaching power by self-denial, and running to ruin by self-indulgence, — often enough is this spectacle seen, though never perhaps in a more conspicuous example. Nor is this history told only in books. It is told on canvas and in marble. The Medici Gallery has a large number of portraits and busts. The retributions of Heaven are stamped on the features of the successive generations of this family. The growing sensuality, the fast-approaching imbecility, are so clearly seen, that even such a writer as Dumas speaks of this race as marked and struck by God. Violated moral laws require some time to unfold their full consequences; but these come round with the unerring certainty of gravitation.

But we have dwelt on this family history too long. A more agreeable subject invites attention.

For one desiring to learn the Italian language, no place equals Florence. It is true, the Roman pronunciation is preferred, — the best combination being, as is thought, Tuscan words in a Roman mouth; or, according to the familiar proverb, —

"La lingua Toscana
In bocca Romana."

But nowhere is the purity and the classical propriety of this musical tongue so well taught as in Florence.

So universally is this admitted, that teachers from this city command higher wages in all parts of Italy; and oftentimes young persons of both sexes repair to that place for education. Authors pay a like respect to it. Of a popular Milanese novelist, whose modest simplicity has won troops of friends, it is related, that, just before publishing one of his works, he brought his manuscript to Florence, as he said, "to wash his rags in the Arno."

This lingual superiority is attributed to that persistent attention to this subject, which, three hundred years ago, gave life and interest to the famous Della Crusca Academy of Florence. It is not uncommon to imagine this to have been

a display of mere fruitless dilettanteism; but it originated, and for a long time was sustained, in the spirit of homely utilitarianism, as is intimated by its name. It is literally the academy of the *bran*. Its well-known emblem was a *bolting mill;* and its epigraph, *We gather the finest flour*. Its immense lexicographical labors are known to all scholars. Its history shows the beneficial results of a good *institution*, which generations hence may yield palpable advantages not at first dreamed of.

The headquarters of Italian letters, Florence is also the headquarters of Italian Protestantism. The progress which religious freedom has there made within the last dozen years is unparalleled. In the place where the Mortara children were imprisoned, copies of the Bible are distributed freely. There are four or five churches for Italian Protestant worship; and here centre affiliated organizations for religious action all over Italy.

I shall not soon forget the impression made on my mind by an Italian Protestant preacher, in a hall in Florence, packed full of as earnest listeners as were ever assembled. Probably the pompous services at the Duomo, conducted at the same hour by an army of one hundred officials, were not attended by so many male worshippers. Bold Protestant doctrines were received as a new revelation from Heaven. One could see, that in many ways, in the midst of an effete Italian civilization, never more than half redeemed from paganism, those sublime words were to have a varied fulfilment: "Behold, I make all things new." When the congregation rose up to sing, it was Italian music, the familiar "Sicilian Hymn," that was poured forth in a full hearty volume; and the last verse of the hymn sung has ever since run in my mind: —

"Nostra frale navicella
Deh! raccogli tu, Signor,
Dove tace la procella,
Dov'è scampo dall' error."

M.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE "CHURCH MONTHLY" UPON "THE MYSTERY OF THE TRINITY."

We turned to the paper upon this high theme, in the July number of the "Church Monthly," with much interest, because we wished to know how this great mystery presented itself to the mind and heart of one of the most thoughtful and earnest workers amongst our younger Episcopalian friends. We cannot say that we have been aided to resolve any of the difficulties which stand in the way of one who would accept the prevailing *post-Nicene* theology: on the contrary, we have found fresh illustrations of the seeming impossibility of making any statement of the doctrine of the Trinity which will not be open to very serious objections, one way or the other. With the highest respect for the purpose and spirit of the writer of the paper referred to, we cannot honestly say that he has helped forward the discussion which he has in hand. We are satisfied, that, in this case, the older head of Prof. Shedd is nearer right than his younger brain; that Shedd's word must stand, spite of the argument from *allotropism;* and that we must admit, with the historian of Christian doctrine, that, in the Trinity, we have presented to our minds "a species of existence that is totally *sui generis*, and not capable of illustration by any of the ordinary comparisons and analogies." We do not see that our friend helps the "Unitarian mind," or any other mind (for the difficulty, we apprehend, is not confined to the "*Unitarian*" mind), "to grasp the relation between substance and person." Perhaps all minds save the Infinite Mind find a difficulty here, and a much more serious one than the appearing of the same natural substance in different forms or conditions, which is *allotropism.*

The "analogy" of the article seems to us available rather for the Sabellian than for the Orthodox Trinitarian; but this is not what most engaged our attention in the contents of the paper. We have never been so forcibly struck before with the confusion into which the Trinitarian is thrown as to the matter of the Divine

Personality. Of course, this is a topic that one would approach with the utmost caution. "Who by searching can find out God?" What do we really know of the person of the Deity, save through what he has been graciously pleased to reveal in our hearts, and to set before us in him who is the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, — that divine humanity, his only-begotten Son, our Lord? The writer tells us, in common with many others who have written upon the subject, "that the word 'person,' when employed in connection with the Trinity, is used in a peculiar and unique sense. It is not meant to be asserted, that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are persons in the same sense that we call one another persons. We do not, that is to say, conceive of the Father and the Holy Spirit as possessing bodily forms, organs of sensation and perception, and the like, — all of which enter into the ordinary notion of personality as we hear it spoken of in common life." And we conclude, of course, that the writer would extend this explanation to the Son until the time of his appearing on earth; that is, as he existed from all eternity. Again: "It is not declared that the Godhead is one person at all (!); but it is declared that it is three persons existing in one God: let it be carefully noticed, not one Person, but one God. In other words, the doctrine declares God to be one in one sense, but in another sense to be three, — one in the common groundwork, or, to use the theological word *substance*, of Deity; three in those distinctions by which Deity is known to men, which we term Persons, and which the Bible calls Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

I. Now, upon this we are led to remark, first, that our conception of personality does not require us to assign "bodily form, organs of sensation and perception, and the like," to the person. We believe that the Godhead is a person, — not merely a *substance*, but a person; none the less a person because a spirit, "without body, parts, or passions." When we speak of the Divine Personality, our thought and speech fail only because He of whom we think and speak is so much more really personal than any one of us. He is more, not less, a person than ourselves. Is he conscious? Yes; for most stoutly do we resist the Pantheism which teaches that God comes to consciousness first in man. Is he capable of loving and being loved? capable of sympathizing with his children? Does he hear and answer prayer? Yes: this God is our God for ever and for ever; our Guide even unto death;

doubtless our Father, Helper, Friend; no mere substance, but a person. When we pray to "one God," as in the sentence in the Litany, we pray to a person, only inconceivable because so much more a person than the human being his child. If we cannot apply the term "person" to either of the "Three" in any (to us) intelligible sense; if, as this writer intimates, it is better to say *hypostasis*, following the great creeds; and if the Godhead is not one person at all, but only one substance, — where, then, is God over all for ever blessed, in whom we live and move, and have our being, and in whom we trust?

II. Again: we ask, "Is not our heavenly Father a person, one Being, to whom, in our joy and sorrow, we may speak as to one who heareth us?" When we say, "Our Father which art in heaven," are we praying to the Godhead, to that substance which is one God, or to the (so-called) first person in the Trinity? and, if to the first person, is he not in every sense a person? Then is not the Son of God, our dear Saviour, in every sense that is known to us, a person, — the very image of the invisible God? and as we pray now in his name, and love him though we have never seen him, do we not hope one day to gaze upon his glorious form, to hear his sweet and gracious voice? If there are any beings of whom we have a thought as of two distinct persons, loving and loved, leaning and leaned upon, taught and teaching, derived and underived, — the one our God, the other our Mediator, — those two beings are God, the Father everlasting. and Jesus Christ, his only-begotten Son, our Lord, conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary. Moreover, we follow Athanasius in explaining the texts which affirm the dependence of the Son, not of his humanity, as the modern fashion is, but of his divinity. We say, the *modern* fashion; though we find in Dr. Horsley's fifteenth letter to Dr. Priestley this sentence: "If from such expressions as '*My Father is greater than I*' you would be content to infer that the Almighty Father is indeed the fountain and centre of divinity, and that the equality of Godhead is to be understood, with some mysterious subordination of the Son to the Father, you would have the concurrence of the ancient fathers and of many advocates of the faith in all ages." Yet again: we believe in the personality of the Holy Spirit, because we believe that God is a spirit, — a spirit not far from any one of us, ever seeking to redeem and reconcile and make holy. We do not separate his personality

from the personality of the Father. Our Father in heaven is our Father on earth also. The Spirit spake by the prophets, taught by the apostles, dwelt in the Son, is shed abroad in all flesh. The true Christian is filled with all the fulness of God. God dwells in him, and he in God. There is that in him, which, because it is born of God, can no more sin than God can sin; and it is a divine grace, and is steadily subduing the evil and the unlovely in our poor mortal natures.

Now, we hold thus, as it seems to us, in a truly scriptural way to the mystery of the persons; we affirm what the Bible affirms, not presuming to go beyond the letter in the interests of any dogma, even though it may be one which has survived "that mighty upheaval of belief we call the Protestant Reformation." The Reformation did not give us back all of the ante-Nicene simplicity, and the reformers did not exhaust Scripture or theology, but held to much which honest inquirers, careful to maintain intellectual integrity, and unwilling to set their names to articles which they only partly accept, must reject. It will not do to stop at the Reformation. Brave and saintly Christian was Martin Luther; but can we undertake to affirm all that he affirms? We know, for we have felt, the temptation to accept old statements of Christian doctrine for the life that is in them, for what they *mean*, or at least *meant:* but more and more do we find strength to resist the temptation, even though it is plain enough that we shall always be in a minority, and shall work, so far as outward results go, at a disadvantage. Meanwhile, the great point is, in an age when the strongest minds are more and more brought into antagonism with the popular forms of truth, to witness in word and work for the truth itself, which is God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, creating anew into his own glorious likeness all those, who, relying not upon self-culture, and upon any righteousness which they can attain unto, but upon the living and true God, seek for his kingdom in the heart and in the world. We are not sure that our brother, whose work and labor of love in the gospel is well known to us, and with whom we would so gladly be at one in thought, as we trust we are in spirit and purpose, does not mean by his words just what we mean by our words. That he believes with all his heart in the divine personality, we are sure; and yet we cannot avoid setting down this caution against an exposition of the mystery of the Godhead, which, in seeking to save the persons, hazards the

loss of the PERSON: God, who, whilst he is "a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth,"* is truly our Father and Friend; the Father of whom Christ spake when he said, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, unto my God and your God." He was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself; and through Christ alone we come fully and savingly to him. E.

THE TRUE HUMANITY OF CHRIST.

THE carefully written essay on this subject which may be found in the present number of the Magazine is worthy of as careful perusal. It presents the subject in some aspects, if not new, yet variant from those of the common Unitarian stand-point. We go along with the writer in his vindication of the veritable humanity of our Saviour; but we should make, among others, the following points, as indicating the want of broader and sharper discrimination: —

1. The distinction between essential Divinity and humanity. If these are *consubstantial* in the proper significance of the word, we shall be pushed to one of two conclusions. If the Divine Unity is to be preserved, humanity must merge in God, and be lost in it, — which is the old Brahmanism, and which was revived by Spinoza, whose prime article was, there is but one real substance in the universe, and that is God; or else God must be merged and sunk in humanity, — which is Buddhism, and which has revived and gone to seed anew in Hegelianism. The Divinity of Christ is preserved by this view; but that of all men is asserted along with it. The writer of the essay does not mean this, nor probably use the words "essence" and "substance" in their proper sense, or as the Nicene theologians used them. But here is the vital point of all theologizing; and we make no advance either in Christology or theology till we learn, not only what there is common between the divine nature and human, but also *how they are differenced from each other*. God is self-existent, creative, and not quantitively, but *qualitively*, infinite: therefore man may be receptive of the divine influence, but never of the divine essence or substance; and by no

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* Longer Westminster Catechism.

expansion of his nature can become essentially divine. God cannot create the divine, since he cannot create himself.

2. It is very true that miracles are wrought in us and about us every day, and those who are blind to these would have seen nothing in Christ but a magician or a curious marvel. But there is one fact, whose meaning the writer has not solved, and which mere humanitarianism must always ignore, — *the procession of the Holy Spirit*, "shed forth" from the glorified Saviour, and through which the Christian Church became a power on the earth. It was this, more than preaching or miracles, that diffused Christianity, and made it prevail, as all the early history shows; and it proves, we think, that Christ had our humanity, "plus somewhat," — even the essential Divinity. S.

INSANITY AMONG FARMERS' WIVES.

We observe from an article copied from an agricultural paper, on the "Returns of the Industry of Massachusetts," and "The Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, including the Diseases of which our People die," that more cases of death from insanity occur among the families of farmers than those in any other occupation. These statements are corroborated by a recent report of the Insane Asylum of Hartford, Conn.; which says, that, out of one hundred and eighty-seven female patients, *thirty-four per cent* were the wives of farmers and mechanics. Whereupon the editor draws a horrible picture of hardship, overwork, and drudgery to which farmers' wives are subjected, especially during the first years of married life: —

"Let us present a brief sketch of actual life, of which thousands have sat for the picture. It is that of a young farmer. He marries; and, for a year or two, his wife can do very well without help: but by and by his work is too much for him alone, and he must have a hand; and, one by one, little children increase the family, until the wife's burden is much heavier than when she took it up. But he is just getting a start; and, if they want to get rich (as everybody does), they must economize: so she gets along without help. She rises early, gets breakfast (often for several men), dresses the children, washes dishes, skims [milk, churns perhaps, sweeps rooms, makes beds, prepares dinner, "clears up," snatches an

hour to sew (keeping a restless baby quiet meanwhile), gets supper, puts children to bed, and after they and husband are asleep, resting from their weariness, sits up to sew, that she may save paying a seamstress.

"In addition to this daily routine, she does all the washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, house-cleaning, soap-making, and hog-killing work, — it costs so much to hire help; and at the same time enacts the part of lady of the house, and entertains the company.

"At length, through this ceaseless application, they are ready to build; and when the comfortable new house is finished and nicely furnished, and the children are beginning to be a real help to her, the pale, sickly wife and mother lies down to die."

It is a pity to spoil a picture designed to excite sympathy for a class of our fellow-beings, many of whom are much overworked; but the writer leaves out the important fact, that probably *four-fifths* of the community are farmers and mechanics, and therefore their families ought to furnish about *eighty per cent* of the insanity, unless they have some fortunate exemption therefrom. The truth is, there is no class of persons, whether they use their hands or their brains, if they live by their own labor, who are not more or less overworked; and exhausting work and carking care, so far as we have seen, come most heavily upon the wives of professional men, especially clergymen. They get in the country, on an average, about half as much as common day-laborers, while their expenses are twice as great: so that all manner of privations and cares must be encountered, which tell directly on the nervous energy. There is a reverse side to the picture of farming life, — barns and cellars filled with plenty; great dairies; heathful employment; chubby children, well fed, and soon turned into "help;" gains moderate, but sure; homes never liable to be broken up or shifted by the chances of a popular vote; the path growing smoother and easier as age advances. From these causes, we presume *not half so great a proportion of insanity* comes from farmers' families as from others. Dr. Howe, in a somewhat famous sermon, asks his people, who were mainly country farmers, "Why have I large barns filled with cattle, and money at interest? *Because I have done your work instead of my own?*" S.

THERE are two things which instruct a man in every thing relating to his nature, — instinct and experience. — *Pascal.*

VISITATION OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

A RESPECTABLE and much interested audience assembled to hear the exercises of the graduating class. Four dissertations were read, all of them well written, and, with the exception in a single instance of artificial tones and cadences, well delivered. The themes were, "The Divine Education of the Human Family," "Influence of American Institutions on the Church," "The Union of Christian Believers," "St. Paul's Service to Christian Truth and Freedom." May the Lord bless the young prophets, and baptize them with hallowed fire! The following was the closing hymn, written by one of the class. It was remarked, that the four stanzas struck in their order the key-note of the four dissertations; a coincidence, probably, without design on the part of the writer. We give them for the beautiful spirit which breathes through them: — S.

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day,
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy best-beloved Son:
Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one, —
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend,
As one with him, our brother and our friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong;
One in our love of all things sweet and fair;
One with the joy that breaketh into song;
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

Oh! clothe us with thy heavenly armor, Lord!
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be thy constant word:
We ask no victories that are not thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

A NEW HOME FOR EXPOSED CHILDREN was opened and consecrated by appropriate exercises at West Newton on one of the last days of June. The plan of the home is somewhat novel. Those who have founded it propose to take under their charge for a longer or shorter time, as may be convenient, very small boys who have just taken the first steps, we do not say in crime, but towards crime, if it is right to apply such a strong word to the petty offences of neglected children. The desire of those who are interested in the enterprise is to surround the little fellows with pleasant home influences, and to turn into good directions the small hands that begin to move amiss. Shaftesbury fixes upon the interval between eight and sixteen as the fatal period during which criminals are made. The mischief is begun much earlier. The precocity of street children is positively frightful. The ladies who have been in the habit of visiting the Boston Jail, for the last two years, have been made to realize the importance of taking very young children, for a little while at least, from homes where they get no good, or from the temptations of street companionship, and placing them in an atmosphere of love, with the intention of returning them to their parents, or providing for them in some better way. It is proposed to have only a small number at a time, say some thirty, and to take children of tender years. The Home is upon a small farm, very pleasantly and conveniently situated; and will be under excellent supervision of residents and of visitors. The liberality of certain gentlemen and ladies in this vicinity has supplied the place and the equipment, and some means for carrying forward the work. It is confidently commended to the just and the humane as a most promising Christian undertaking. There ought to be, and there will be, many such Homes. We need them more than we need any other institutions. They will help us wonderfully to give to the gospel a local habitation in our world. You who are making wills, remember it. You who have any thing to give, take it to the Treasurer of the Home, Mr. James Tolman, on your way through Washington to State Street; and you will have made an investment which will not suffer any shrinkage when the coach comes. A few dollars under God's blessing, in the hands of wise and kind laborers, will save alive some poor little boy, who, if he belonged to you, will never find his way to Boston Jail, but is now taking the first steps in that direction, from sheer neglect.

E.

THE PROTEST BY THE BISHOPS AND CLERGY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH AGAINST THE ESSAYS AND REVIEWS is properly protested against by Bishop Whittingham, of New Jersey, we believe. He is right in regarding it as a dangerous precedent. The mind of the Church is not to be learned or expressed by self-constituted *committees*. It is one of the merits of a proper ecclesiasticism, that, when you have signed the Book and the Articles, or whatever may be formally prescribed, you have signed every thing. It would be very hard if the Churchman, so called, must accept one of the most disagreeable facts of the popular dispensation of Christianity, and be at the mercy of public opinion, as swayed and shaped by fanatics or by the worldly, by the Pharisees or the Sadducees, as the one or the other chanced to be in the ascendant. We hope that the bishop will hold out, and that he will find many who will hold out with him. What is the use of articles, if *committees* of alarmists are to interpret and add to them, when in the judgment of the religious public, if we may use that unhappy expression, the case seems to demand the *vox populi*? E.

JOHN WESLEY'S LIBERALITY.

WESLEY was not only in advance of his own age in this as in many other respects: he was in advance of ours. Many of his own people would now fear the consequences of such unusual liberality: he himself did acts which might subject any one of his preachers in this day to serious suspicion, if not to greater inconvenience. He abridged and published in his "Arminian Magazine," as an example for his people, the "Life of Thomas Firmin," a Unitarian; and declared in his preface, that though he had "long settled in his mind that the entertaining of wrong notions concerning the Trinity was inconsistent with real piety," yet, "as he could not argue against matter of fact, he dare not deny that Mr. Firmin was a pious man, although his notions of the Trinity were quite erroneous."

He never hesitated to recognize the moral worth of any man, however branded in history, and however he himself differed from him in opinion. He "doubted whether that arch-heretic, Montanus, was not one of the holiest men of the second century." "Yea," he adds, "I would not affirm that the arch-heretic of the fifth century (Pelagius), as plentifully as he has been bespattered

for many ages, was not one of the holiest men of that age." He admired the piety of the best Papal writers, and made some of their works household books in Methodist families. At a time when the name of Arminius was a synonyme of heresy, he not only openly acknowledged his evangelical orthodoxy, but boldly placed the branded name of the great misrepresented theologian on the periodical which he published as the organ of Methodism. It was his extraordinary liberality that made him a problem, if not a heretic, in the estimation of many of his pious contemporaries; and his sermon on the "Catholic Spirit" would excite a sensation of surprise, if not alarm, in many a modern Orthodox congregation. Yet what modern theologian has held more tenaciously, or defined more accurately, the doctrines of spiritual Christianity? — *Stevens's History of Methodism.*

GOD'S HEROES.

We have read of martyrs, who, amid devouring flames, have been heard giving praises, singing hosannas even, as their dreadful chariot of fire bore them toward heaven. We can hardly conceive of such a triumph of the spiritual over the material. Indeed, we shrink from the bare idea of such a fiery translation. No wonder, when the petty, every-day trials of life are too much for our endurance; when we fret and repine in our lot, and consume the little strength we have in abusing rather than using the good things God has given us.

Be of good cheer! The martyr-fires shall never kindle over any grumbler in the service. God chooses his heroes from a higher rank than any to which such have attained. Only his veterans he summons with a trumpet-call like this! As it is written, "These are they which *came out of great tribulation*, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb: *therefore* are they before the throne of God." Oh, let us tremble and greatly fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of us, through sheer lack of courage to battle and endure, should not only *seem* to come short of it, but should, in very deed, faint and fall by the way!

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word."

C. A. M.

THE

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SAWYER'S "MARK."*

WE do not often concern ourselves in these pages with any works upon the criticism of the Scriptures. Our object is to provide reading which will be interesting and edifying to those who have little time or taste for scholastic investigations; but we feel bound to vary a little from our usage, when a book essentially critical is likely to find its way into the homes of the land, and, as it seems to us, a word of caution is needed to go along with it, or even to go before it. And so we must devote a few paragraphs to this work by Mr. Sawyer, although, having read it ourselves, we should be glad to lay it aside for ever, for the pain which it has given us. It is simply a duty, though not a very pleasant duty, for those who do not accept the author's criticisms, to say so in all earnestness, without the least desire to reflect upon the character of one who has thought fit to publish to the world what we are compelled to describe as offensive crudities.

Of the translation of Mark's Gospel by this new hand, we are moved only to express, 1. Our surprise, that regarding the book as a work of fiction, as our author does, (see, as many other pages, so, *e.g.*, page 107,) he should have been

* First Gospel; being the Gospel according to Mark. Translated and arranged, with a Critical Examination of the Book, its Life of Jesus and his Religion, by Leicester Ambrose Sawyer, Translator of the Scriptures. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street.

at the trouble to retranslate it in these earnest times; and, 2. Our decided preference of the old English to Mr. Sawyer's English, as by far the pleasanter reading. We are sure, that if it were somehow to be enjoined upon us, that, besides reading Mark, we must read Mark in the new version, we should find the duty a very difficult one to fulfil. We marvel that Mr. Sawyer, with his exceedingly liberal views of the historic value of this New-Testament writing, and believing as he does that its statements are so little to be depended upon, should not prefer to read the old "poem" in the antique English of scholarly men, rather than to put it into his own hard, unmusical, and unscholarly periods.

But our business is with the comments rather than with the text.

I. Of the "*priority*" of the Gospel. Mr. Sawyer affirms that he has "established" it (page 60, sect. 10). We refer to this affirmation simply to warn those who are not accustomed to such inquiries against an unquestioning allowance of this opinion. The date of Mark's Gospel is still an open question, and is likely to be for some time to come. We have no space to discuss the matter: it is sufficient for our purpose to advise the reader, that whilst some of the German critics argue for the priority of Mark, others, of precisely the same doctrinal tendencies, place him last amongst the synoptics. If Ewald is on Mr. Sawyer's side, Baur is on the other side. It is very instructive, though we cannot call it very entertaining, to pass from one introduction to another, and observe how the scanty facts which bear upon the matter of age and date are marshalled one way or another to suit the writer's theory or argument. Mr. Sawyer, for example, is sure that Mark cannot have been written before 70 A.D., nor long after it; because he attributes to Jesus a prophecy of his second coming about that time, which did not take place. Another writer (also rationalistic), whose book we happened to have in hand at the same time, says that a *late* date is suggested by the alteration of Christ's prediction of a personal return into a "mere establishment of the kingdom." Do not conclude, reader, that you know all

that can be known about the *date* of Mark's Gospel when you have read Mr. Sawyer's remarks upon the subject. His time is as likely to be correct as anybody's; but it is not a matter to dogmatize about. We instance this special confident assertion, because it is characteristic of the writer's treatment of one of the most perplexed problems of religious literature, — the origin and relations, each to the other, of the synoptical Gospels; *i.e.*, of the Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, and Luke. For ourselves, we are so old-fashioned as to have found nothing, which, on the whole, meets the facts of the case so satisfactorily as the theory of a common *oral* narrative, as developed by Professor Norton; and perhaps Mr. Sawyer would not say "No" to this theory, so absolutely and authoritatively as he is pleased to negative the assumption of a *written* Gospel which went before all the rest, but is now lost.

II. As to the authorship of the Gospel, we gather from these pages that it was not written by Mark; and that instead of being inspired by the Holy Ghost, as men once believed, it was, perhaps, "inspired by Mark;" in which case, "he performed for the world a service like that of a rhapsodist who may have inspired Homer with the conception of the 'Iliad.'" Mr. Sawyer discredits entirely the testimony of Papias, as recorded by Eusebius; and concludes that John the Presbyter, whom Papias reports, and Papias himself, were "weak men, incompetent judges of books, and entirely destitute of valid information on the subject. Such persons," he adds, "ought not to be flush of their opinions." Papias has never, it must be confessed, held a very high place in the estimation of the critics and writers upon evidences; but Mr. Sawyer seems to be unnecessarily hard upon the poor old man.

The book *could* not have been written by Mark, says our critic, because "it wants items of information which Mark could easily have supplied, and which nothing but invincible ignorance on the part of the author could justify him in omitting." *Cela depend.* That depends upon whether Mark the Evangelist, and Mr. Sawyer, "Translator of the Scrip-

tures," happen to be agreed upon what should be put into the Gospel story. Now, it is not essential to the authenticity of the Gospel narrative that the Gospel according to Mark should have been written by Mark; but it is using pretty strong language to affirm with Mr. Sawyer, that this tradition of the Church is "*demonstrably* erroneous." The word "demonstration" is wholly out of place in such a connection. Surely the Petrine character of the Gospel, which the author of this introduction affirms, is of some consequence in shaping our opinion; but we fail to find the disagreement with Paul of which Mr. Sawyer speaks, in his strange theory that Peter was the more liberal of the two as to forms and ceremonies. Peter, it seems, was the evangelical Christian, whilst Paul was the formalist; and that because he received water baptism ("*Christ sent me, not to baptize, but to preach the gospel*," — Paul to the Corinthians), and the Eucharist, "which" (we are informed) "was probably introduced contemporaneously with baptism. It seems to have originated in the supper of the society when it was a common-stock concern" (!!) So far as we know, it is quite new with our author to find that the writer of this Gospel "was, no doubt, master of whatever learning and culture belonged to Alexandria." Is there the slightest evidence, in the contents or style of the book, of any thing of the sort? Inasmuch as Mark did not write the Gospel which bears his name, the statement of Jerome, that he died in Egypt, will hardly be appealed to in support of this fancy.

III. But again: in chapter five we are taught, that, by whomsoever composed, the Gospel, although "the most illustrious birth of time," and "a model of simplicity and clearness of statement," is not a history, because "it has not the form, and pursues not the methods, of history;" gives not the name of the author; wants many items which no intelligent historian could omit, — such as the name of the Roman emperor, of the chief priest, the distinguished men of the day, the birth and parentage of Jesus, &c., &c. Now, at the risk of being reckoned by Mr. Sawyer wholly *un*intelligent, we must say, that we find here tokens of a very genuine, *because* very

informal, Gospeller; not a formal historian certainly, but none the less edifying an evangelist for all that. Moreover, the book, says Mr. Sawyer, is no history, because it does not tell of the Saviour's studies; visits to Greece, Rome, Egypt, — search of the world throughout; mentions his brothers only incidentally; does not, with tradition, name his sisters, Esther and Thamar; only gives the surname of the procurator, &c., &c. All this is certainly very unhistoric, especially if Jesus *was* a student, and *had* visited Greece and Rome. But how does Mr. Sawyer reach any such conclusion, or come to guess at any such probability? As we read the life of Jesus, we cannot discover the slightest indication in any of his words or works, that the Word, which was made flesh, was pleased, in so accomplishing our deliverance, to dwell in a scholar or sage or philosopher. We marvel that any one can miss this great and most distinguishing feature in the manifestation by Christ. The things which were so much hidden from the wise and prudent were to be revealed unto babes; the human medium being, not the mind of the student and reasoner, but that intelligence which is common to all men, — an illumined common sense. Amongst the Gentile sages, Socrates was most truly the type of the great Teacher. His truth was moral and spiritual, rather than purely intellectual. His speech was to mankind. We can say of him in a higher sense than the Frenchman intended, "Il a plus que tout le monde la sagesse que tout le monde a." The following sentences will show how utterly this writer misapprehends Jesus the prophet, and confounds the inspired soul with the understanding given to dialectics. We do not know when or where we have ever read any thing so wide of the mark, or so painfully patronizing. Rénan's sentimentalisms are wisdom and grace compared with these utterances, which would be ludicrous if they were not saddening. "If Jesus was a physician amongst the Jews, treating diseases in the methods of the Greeks," — and Mr. Sawyer favors that supposition. "His father may have gone with him to Egypt in early life, for the purpose of informing his mind, and giving him the benefit of the first Greek university in the world at that

time. . . . From whatever source his mental culture was obtained, it seems to have been of a high order; [! !] and he justly takes rank as first amongst the first in respect to his abilities as a thinker and reasoner. . . . Jesus was a carpenter. A carpenter is an artificer who works in timber. . . . This trade requires intelligence, judgment, and taste, and is an excellent mental discipline, but allows little time for abstruse or recondite studies. . . . How long Jesus pursued this trade, and to what branches of it he devoted his great abilities, [! !] we are not informed. . . . He may be presumed to have read the Greek poets and philosophers, and the Greek historians and dramatic writers, and to have been master of whatever *wisdom* they possessed and taught." The Italicizing in the last extract is Mr. Sawyer's. "The common estimate makes him scarcely a subject of learning, and gives him all knowledge as his natural endowment." We must remark, by the way, that we know of no such common estimate, and supposed before that this endowment was reckoned "*super*natural;" but "ideas," says Mr. Sawyer, "are not innate, and all possible human knowledge is acquired. . . . From his keen analysis and comprehensive generalizations, [! ! !] Jesus appears to have been a reasoner of rare powers. He exceeds Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle in his discoveries," &c. "Jesus and Aristotle are both independent, original, and powerful thinkers, and great discoverers. Jesus was enabled to exceed Aristotle by coming after him, and belonging to a later age. . . . Copernicus reasoned on the earth and heavenly bodies; . . . and Jesus, on the laws of God. . . . Each made great discoveries, and proposed great improvements. . . . The artist, that, at this late period, will give us a Jesus comparable to Homer, Herodotus, or Cæsar, will confer an infinite benefit on Christendom, and *obtain extensive patronage*." The Italics are ours. Such being Mr. Sawyer's conception of Jesus, no wonder Mark's Gospel is very unsatisfactory to him. We strongly incline to the opinion, that Mark did not look upon the glorious Prophet and Lord with Mr. Sawyer's eyes.

But the unhistoric character of Mark is made plain to our

author, were it only for the "impossibilities and absurdities which Jesus is made to perform." We suppose, however, that those of us, who can, may still be permitted to believe in miracles, though Mr. Sawyer coolly *assumes* that the miraculous is incredible, and that nobody can believe miracles, because he (Mr. Sawyer) cannot believe them; and tells us that the historic character of this book is the forlorn hope of supernaturalism, which he pronounces "impossible;" informing us that "fictitious miracles are of doubtful importance," — an oracular saying, by the way, which certainly is not putting the matter very strong. There is one portion of Mr. Sawyer's commentary upon Mark's omissions that goes beyond all the rest as a work of supererogation in the way of offending reverence and taste. "If the accidents of the birth of Jesus were discreditable, the earliest Christians may have left them in the dark; and the silence of this book on the subject favors this hypothesis." Some of the German critics speak of the Gnostic influences which induced silence upon this point; but it is not often we believe that loyalty to the truth has been thought to require painful and gratuitous speculation of this sort. We make no further comment on these extracts. We believe that they speak for themselves, and that they may help any of our readers, to whom the book may be offered, to decide that it is not worth their acceptance, and will not repay them for the perusal. We should be sorry to think that the obligations resting upon a publisher required us to lend our name to the titlepage of a production which contains such sentences; and have not ceased to wonder that our excellent friends, Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co., are willing to lend to the book even the slight indorsement which is involved in such an employment of their name and style.

Once more: Mr. Sawyer goes out of his way to be negative upon the subject of the bodily resurrection of Jesus. Having decided against the genuineness of the last twelve verses of the last chapter of Mark, he might easily have omitted all reference to the subject, as scarcely falling within his text. But no: this denial also must be aired, and the Christian world

must be informed that "the supposed bodily resurrection of Jesus greatly embarrasses Christianity." Did not the early disciples believe in this bodily resurrection? How is their belief to be accounted for, unless Jesus did so rise? Where was his body? Why could it not have been produced to correct their fond imagination? If they imagined it, is it not contrary to human experience that defeat and discouragement give birth to hopeful imaginings which become the springs of new activity? But no matter: there is some difficulty in harmonizing the different stories of the Resurrection; and so the tradition of Christendom, Lord's Day, and Easter Sunday, all go for nothing.

We hope that our readers have discovered that this book is very offensive to us, — even as a stench in the nostrils. It is so, and it is a relief to us to say that it is. Does any one ask, "But has not Mr. Sawyer a right to print such a book?" We answer, Perhaps he has, if he can find, at which we marvel, a printer; and, when it is printed, every one who finds it to be a nuisance, and is disgusted by its shallowness and dogmatism, and illiberality towards supernaturalism, its bad taste, its utter lack of discernment of the prophetic spirit in Christ, has not only a right, but is bound, to express his disgust, and not withhold his word out of any tenderness to the author, who ought to be glad to know what impression his book makes upon those who have the misfortune to read it, that, if possible, he may recall, or at least reconsider and revise it. There is a temptation to smooth every thing over in the way of criticism, because, as we say, the author is an honest man, and must have found it hard to write such things, and is certainly very independent, and must have taken his life in his hands; but the temptation is to be resisted. Because the man who disgusts me is an honest man, shall I, therefore, hide my disgust? If I have no real ground for offence, my complaints will come back upon me in due time. A writer may be honest, well-meaning, zealous, and yet wholly unfit to be a public teacher. The liberal people commonly and vaguely called Unitarians owe it to themselves not to suffer the community to suppose that such books as this of Mr. Sawyer's

meet with their approval. As we are not willing to be bound by church articles, so we are not willing to recognize any implied obligation to pass over works, that grossly offend our Christian consciousness, with some mild euphemisms. So long as we have charge of a Christian magazine, we mean to protest against such irreverences, crudities, and negations. Those who would get for them a foothold in the world must accept the burden of proof, and allow those whom they disgust to use great plainness of speech. And yet, as we hope we need not say, we intend no reflection upon the honor and honesty of those who so disturb us. That they mean well, in their way, we do not question; but we can put no high estimate upon the quality or quantity of their being. We regard it as one of the misfortunes of our times that such persons should have the means of publishing their little knowledge, and misleading those who know even less than themselves: we deplore the lack of that Christian sense which would save the reader of the New Testament from falling into such misapprehensions of the gospel, and make it impossible so to caricature him before whom our souls reverently bow. There is but one consolation for us as we lay down such a book as this, which has so painfully occupied us. It refutes itself. We can hardly think that any, who have been so unfortunate as to become its possessors, will not turn from it, with a satisfaction which they have never felt before, to the stories of those who are called Evangelists, eager to sit again at the feet of their Christ; to hear him who spake as never man spake, because his words were the words of God. How any man of common intelligence can believe that such a being as the Saviour is here represented to have been could have become the Light and Life of our world, passes our understanding. He came *after* Aristotle, to be sure, as Mr. Sawyer says; but he was before him. "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" "He that hath seen me has" — not reasoned with a greater reasoner, or been in the presence of a wonderful Grecian physician, and graduate of a great university, but — "has seen the Father." "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto

himself." Miracles impossible, when God and man are so thoroughly at one; when man is God-possessed, and our humanity flooded with Deity? Why, they are the most natural of events, if Nature be indeed plastic to the divine touch. All this sad business comes of a low estimate of Christ, — a failure to recognize his life as the culmination of human history; as the at-one-ment of God with man, and man with God. Unless this is history, the miracle of Christendom, what avails it to retranslate the Scriptures? What a mockery of man's weary and sad and questioning heart to give him a new version of a "poem" about one of "great abilities," who died and was buried eighteen hundred years ago, and presently had all sorts of incredible stories told about him, — amongst the rest, a story of his resurrection, which was utterly false, and has been doing ever since incalculable mischief! Let the old "poem," which superstitious fools believe to be history, rest: take up some book of useful science, and translate it, whilst the dead bury their dead.

We have expressed ourselves strongly, but not one whit more strongly than the case demands. It is time that it should be distinctly understood that there are still some, who allow themselves to be called liberal Christians, who are shocked, grieved, and sickened by such books as this by Mr. Sawyer. E.

IMAGINATION exaggerates petty objects till they fill the mind in an extravagant degree; and, in the same way, with a rash presumption she diminishes great objects, and brings them down to her own standard. This is seen in the manner of some in speaking of the Supreme Being. — *Pascal.*

WHY is my knowledge thus limited? why my stature no more than this? my existence fixed at a hundred and not a thousand years? What reason had Nature to assign and choose that number rather than any other out of infinitude, when there was no reason for choosing one rather than another, and the one offered no ground of preference over the other? — *Ib.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XII.

"BEFIEHL DU DEINE WEGE."

[The hymn, of which only a part is here presented, was written by Paul Gerhardt, and first printed in 1659. It resembles so much a favorite piece in our own hymn-books, styled "Moravian," and beginning, "Give to the winds thy fears," as to allow no doubt that we have here the foundation of those English verses.]

COMMIT the way before thee,
And all that grieves the soul,
To Him whose care is o'er thee,
Who guides the starry Whole.
He gives their path and motion
To cloud, wind, water-flow;
And points to thy devotion
A way thy foot can go.

To God resign the leading,
Wouldst thou be led indeed;
And to his ways give heeding,
If thy ways would succeed.
With fret and hard endeavors,
And self-relying pains,
Thou forcest not his favors:
He grants thee all thy gains.

Thine endless truth and mercies,
O Father! keep in mind,
What prospers or what pierces
The weal of human kind.
Whate'er thy will thou makest
We shall in action find:
Thou unto issues takest
Whate'er thy thought designed.

All powers are thy possessing;
All means are in thy sight:
Thine act is purely blessing;
Thy path is purely light.

Thy work there is no thwarting;
It knows no let nor rest;
While thou each lot art sorting
As suits thy children best.

Oh! make me draw no longer
One hard, repining breath;
But foot and hand nerve stronger,
And help us to the death,
To stand, our souls commending
In thine all-faithful eye:
So shall our ways go tending
To nobler scenes on high. N. L. F.

THE FORM OF SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

We are directed to the consideration of this subject from the very beautiful and appreciative article which appeared in the April number of the Magazine, entitled "The Soul's Beauty," by L. We do not wish to detract from the truth of that article at all, but rather to *add* to it by the presentation of an idea which does not seem to command the assent and recognition of those who would contemplate this subject as its importance deserves. It is undoubtedly true, that "the poor woman who knows nothing of prevalent fashions, — nothing of literature or art or social culture, but who has an eye for whatever is good in every person, object, and event, and who lives herself in accordance with that high philosophy, — does, while unknown to fame, possess a higher order of beauty than was enclosed in the graceful outlines of Helen of Greece, or the luxurious form of the Egyptian Cleopatra." So, too, the man who combines in his character all the virtues and graces of Christianity — who is loving, humble, just and true, patient and forgiving, free from resentment, envy, jealousy, and all bitterness of spirit, with a devout trust in God — presents before our minds "a picture of moral loveliness, such as no splendor visible to the outward eye, or devised by the imagination, can rival."

"The superiority of spiritual beauty over all in the material world that pleases the senses, or satisfies our ideas in respect to appropriateness and harmony; the superiority of an heroic deed over the grandeur of a cataract or a mountain; the superiority of a lovely character over beautiful form and features and physical grace, — is apparent to any one who knows the meaning of the words *integrity*, *fidelity*, and *self-sacrifice*."

This is all very true; but the question we have to put is, if, as we emerge from the material into the pure spiritual, especially as we may contemplate that spiritual in the spiritual world, there *are* no forms, and no senses to perceive and appreciate those forms, neither in the outward surroundings which correspond to our material nature, nor in the soul's beauty itself. This is a grand mistake. We do not say that our brother, in the article alluded to, cherishes it: we only say, the idea is not brought out; it is not even intimated, and it is not generally in such disquisitions. True it is, that the "*expression*" of moral beauty is recognized, — "something that tells us that" such fair features and fine colors are "not the covering of vanity and pride and heartlessness, but the sweet medium through which are manifested gentleness, modesty, and good-will." These even "light up the countenance." And they will "have a still brighter lustre in a future world."

Ah, yes! and the truth is, this whole beauty which so enchants and delights us here; this whole essence of immortal goodness, in all its varied modifications, in the nameless virtues and graces of humanity, — will be produced in the spiritual world, both in feature and expression, in form and outline, in the most perfect fulness. The external of that world, corresponding to our material nature here, and the souls of all its inhabitants, both in its heavenly and its infernal regions (else we are in the merest mist), will take on the forms and colorings, the beauties and deformities, of the reigning spirit, with the most exact and philosophical minuteness. "But how do you know?" says one: have you been there?" Yes: we have both been there in part, and we

know several gentlemen besides who have both been and seen there! In fact, I doubt if we all have not been there, more or less. Hush, hush! and let such questions as pertain to mere space and time, for the present, sink into quietude; and let one, in all modesty and humility, speak right on what of truth there is in him, without argument or dispute. What of truth there is here will be caught up by the sympathetic spirit: it will be seen by the mere showing, just in proportion as the reader has eyes. May we therefore be permitted to speak?

We have thought of this question of beauty much. We have been shaken and stirred by it from our inmost depths: and we know that there is a mighty moral in it; a tremendous influence over the sons and daughters of men; an awful danger too, which it becomes us all to know and appreciate.

In the first place, then, we say that it is not enough to contemplate the harmony of certain abstract qualities for an idea of spiritual beauty. It is not enough to appreciate the harmony of certain *laws* and *influences* of kindness, charity, justice, &c. Here, I allow, is a certain idea of beauty; but it is purely abstract: it is no matter of sense, either material or spiritual. And we might as well speak of the harmony and beauty of the laws of gravitation, chemical affinity, and all the invisible influences which control the air and skies and clouds, and the substances of the earth, the ocean, &c., without any sight of that beautiful glory or that variegated landscape which meets the visual sense, and fills out the idea of this beauty to the soul. And the truth is, it is only from a *blind* conception of the spiritual world that one is at all satisfied with this idea. If the *soul* has senses as well as the body, then there is external beauty in the spiritual world as well as in the material. And can any full-believing man say that it has not? Yet I know that faith is very dim in this direction, and needs much enlightenment. We need, as has been told in these pages before, a distinct and real pneumatology, which the churches in general are wofully deficient in, and which we cannot have without application to those who have had their natures opened to perceive it, and who

have taught and illustrated it from a living experience. I allude to the seers and seeresses of all ages.

Here let us ask the question, *Why is it* that there is such a discrepancy between the outward and the inward in this matter of human beauty? Why do we see, beneath the faces of the beautiful, such vileness and wickedness of character? Is there not something in the minds of all of us, that seems to say that good persons ought to be beautiful, and evil, wicked persons ought to be unbeautiful? Would not this be the more harmonious arrangement? Every one must feel this; and why is it, then, that there is so much of heaven in appearance, — so much of the Creator's skill and art lavished upon the forms and countenances of the commonalty, and even of the bad, of this world, — to make them very Apollos and Venuses in the sculpturing and coloring of human nature; while, at the same time, it would seem that the Divine Artist has forsaken his work on the real saints and genuine excellence of mankind, so that the whole is comparatively a piece of unpleasantness and confusion? Such are the questionings of a *superficial* view of the matter. But even here it is not strictly true that such a prospect is presented. There is always *something* visible, in the countenances of the good, that is in harmony with their character; and, as a very general rule, it may be said that there is a certain nobleness and prepossessing exterior on the better sort of people, and a decidedly piratical and fiendish look on the countenances of desperadoes and villains. In fact, as a *general* rule, it may be said that the best of people always look the best; and we seldom, if ever, see the look of pirates and murderers upon the nobility of human nature.

Another fact may be noticed. In making the acquaintance of a very good person with an unprepossessing exterior, we always, to a very great extent, come to forget the deformity of feature in the beauty of spirit which shines through. But what do we mean when we thus talk of the beauty of the spirit, and of such beauty shining through? It is certainly something more than the "lighting-up" of the countenance, and a purely formless vivacity of expression. That

expression is *itself* form. Every variation of the countenance in such expression is an absolute variation of form. The gross features themselves do, for the most part indeed, remain fixed and unchanged, but not entirely; for, with a soul all aglow with emotion, even the features change and vary in their finer and more spiritual flexibility, and the whole face is a living, moving expression. Is it not plain, here, that the spirit has some form of its own? For what is it that gives the expression, — that varies the countenance into a thousand forms and shades of goodness, sweetness, and love, — if not the spirit which alone possesses these qualities? And, the spirit being itself a substance, its form varies with its own state. It imparts this variation to the body. And should we, too, see in such distinct variation upon the countenance the *evils* of a corrupt spirit, the disfigurings of anger, malice, pride, vanity, unless the spirit itself thus formally expressed itself? Who can notice the dreadful forms which evil passions assume in the very body of man, at the same time reflecting that the body alone has no life and no power of action at all, and not be convinced, that within, in the very substance of the soul, there is the original power, the first absolute formation, of every quality of the heart?

And thus it is that both the beauty and the deformity of the spirit shine through to manifest perception; and we no sooner make the acquaintance of a good or evil person, than we come to forget, or fail to observe, the more material and fixed features with which they at first greeted us, and see more of that spiritual form which thus characterizes the very soul.

The truth is, beauty itself — true beauty — is only the outward form of goodness; and deformity itself is only the outward expression of evil.

But why is it, then, that this beauty does not more universally and harmoniously sit upon the faces of the good, and the corresponding deformity distinguish all the evil? The answer to this question is found in a profound truth involved in the law of human descent. The truth is, every man and woman has two faces, — a spiritual face and a natural face.

The spirit itself being in the human form, the face of every spirit is a perfect representative and index of the character; and if it could appear, as it will in the spiritual world, unobstructed by the flesh, it would manifest the quality of the spirit, whether good or evil. But the face of the body is derived from a fleshly parentage, and frequently manifests features which are totally at variance with the reigning spirit within. The spirit within can only form itself, in addition to the form impressed upon it by nature, by its own acts, by the disposition which it wilfully cherishes, and habitually makes the reigning love of the soul. Thus it has power to make its own face, whether beautiful or deformed; and it will appear when released from the body, especially when it has settled into its permanent character, in its own form, *according* to its character. But the face of the body a man cannot alter much. He has some power over it; for it is a truth well recognized, that, by long continuance in a certain course of conduct, even the outward countenance will visibly proclaim the change which has been going on within. Who does not recognize it in the face of the sensualist, in the miser's earthly and downcast look, the adulterer's leer, and the established expression of sincerity and honesty? But, for the most part, the face of the body is a fixture of matter. Man cannot change and vary it as he can the more plastic spirit; and the features which he is thus obliged to wear are frequently no indication of the character that reigns within. There is, indeed, character there, and, it may be, a great deal of hereditary character; for these features, every one of them, were first formed by the spirit that so ultimated itself into matter. They are the product of a long ancestry. But the changes which the man himself has made in his character, whether improvements or otherwise, do not appear in the outward form as they are traced and fixed in the form of the spirit. And thus it may happen, that the spirit itself is inexpressibly beautiful, while the body is disfigured by the laws of an hereditary and fleshly parentage. And so also it may be, that the outward face, by the same law of the transmission of physical forms, is wonderfully beautiful, while

the inward, spiritual countenance is disfigured and deformed with every evil. "Handsome is that handsome does" is an old adage, with a great deal more of interior truth in it than is thought of. The truth is, this *doing* of beautiful things does in reality form the *spirit* into beauty; for it is the acting-out of the principles of goodness and truth into works, that ultimates the finer substances of the soul into the form of their own goodness. Hence it is, that, in heaven, the angels themselves are such forms of beauty. "Goodness and charity," says Swedenborg, "is what forms and makes a resemblance of itself, and causes the delightful and beautiful of charity to shine forth from the minutest parts of the face, so that they themselves are *forms of charity*; . . . which form, when it is beheld, is ineffable beauty, affecting with charity the very inmost of the mind."

From hence is perceived the whole foundation of this passion for human beauty. It is a laudable desire, if it be founded in truth. It is, when *truly* existing, simply a desire for an external corresponding with the internal. And the whole secret of the great power whereby beauty so affects us, is, that it is the outward form of the principle of divine goodness. But why, then, does it so affect the vicious and depraved? It does not with the same degree of power, and in the same kind: the beauty which they love is of a lower and grosser order. An evil man, I apprehend, would find something in the divine form of an angel of the third heaven which would be utterly repulsive to him. He could not approach even to *look* upon the purity; upon the same principle that it is not the sacred and holier pieces of statuary or painting that he seeks out first to admire the beauty of, but something grosser and more sensual: and if the evil *are* frequently taken with the beautiful in art or nature, as all more or less are, it is chiefly for the external only. They do not connect with it the corresponding qualities of goodness; they do not think of it as suggestive of goodness at all, or purity, except so far as they have still remaining in themselves some of these heavenly qualities; and it is frequently, we all know, only an evil love which the external of beauty inflames within them.

Thus they pervert and debase this very principle of heaven. The very sight of a beautiful woman, for instance, to an evil man, inflames predominantly his lust; while there is necessarily a great deduction from the pure beauty to his vision, which the eye of virtue, with an equal intellect, would unfailingly admire. And even the lower and grosser beauty which such persons are apt to admire, — they admire it frequently only on the external; while, the instant it enters into their heart, it is perverted to the love of evil.

But oh! how high the flame, how pure and angelic and lovely, is that wonder of celestial admiration which enters into the heart of the regenerated man as he beholds the divine beauties of heaven! He sees the form of it as the form of immaculate purity. He knows that it is only goodness divested of every evil that can give such form. It is the embodiment of goodness itself. And as he gazes upon the seraphic and cherubic glories of these heavenly beings, with holiness in all their looks, with loveliness and humiliation and innocence and adoration, and spotless garments of truth and purity, how truly may he feel in his soul that the beauty of the Lord our God is upon them, because it is within them! *That* is worship in the beauty of holiness. That is a scene which no eye of impurity can approach to look upon; for it is of heaven only, where nothing can enter that in any wise defileth, that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

And now do we realize how, by all this life, we are really *forming* our souls, shaping their very substance into beauty or deformity, according as we do or do not believe in the Lord, and obey his commandments? This may be seen even in the marks which human life is leaving upon the *outward* form. See how the protracted experience of this life fixes its impress upon the features of every one! — how sometimes the lines and lineaments of the countenance will reveal, even to a stranger, the predominating influence of the experience through which one has passed! and how the airy features of joy, the deep lines of sadness, the withering marks of misfortune, disappointment, and hope deferred, the contracted visage of habitual deceit, or the open *contour* of generosity,

benevolence, and nobleness, all are cut, by an infallible sculpture, in the face and form of the subject of them! Precisely so it is with the spirit, only more perfectly, in reference to all the manifold life of the world. The outward form, indeed, is but, generally speaking (including that hereditary of which we have before spoken), the expression and moulding of the interior form. It is the spirit that does all; but it is seen by us more particularly in that *expression*, which is less inert than the features, and more subject to the variable spirit within. And it is such that each passion leaves the deep tracery of its working; each fine feeling, the delicate imprint of its passage over the soul; each thought, the lines of its engraving. And all this will *appear* in the spiritual world: we shall there stand revealed to the eye of all who will look upon us, and revealed to *ourselves*, not as the natural man who beholdeth his outward face in a glass, and then straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was, but as an inhabitant of *eternity*, with whom the Book of Life is all unrolled, and the spirit stands confessed, the palpable, organic form of its own good or evil.

A word now to the lovers of beauty, and the worshippers at its shrine. What an incentive to such an ambition have we here! Let it not be said that this is altogether an unworthy object of human thought. I confess, I do not feel it so. It appears to me that the true man or the true woman, who, in the light of a true spiritual philosophy and correspondence, connects, or desires to connect, the inward with the outward in all things, may find here an object of a laudable ambition. For it is not the outward, but the inward, which is the ruling principle of it. I once knew a woman of culture and refinement, and of great spiritual tendencies, who honestly expressed a desire to be beautiful even in the spiritual world. She ardently desired and coveted it as a blessing. Not ministering to any weakness or vanity at all, I frankly owned a sympathy with her. It is not only a strong natural feeling, but it may be a purely spiritual one. If heaven itself is enriched with all outward beauties (and we are assured on high authority, and even by the Scriptures, that it

is), and if the very angels themselves are forms of charity and inexpressible beauty; and, moreover, if hell, by an internal cause, is compact with all spiritual deformity, — I think that a true man or woman can wish nothing else than that the regenerated affections may appear in heaven in heaven's own glory. Oh! it is the very redemption of beauty from all that mere superficiality which it has ever been cursed with, — this connection of it with all purity and goodness. And knowing as we do how universal and strong the passion is, and how many are deceived with it and ruined with it, I have desired to give a prominency and definiteness to the subject, which may aid the cause of true, æsthetic, Christian culture.

How much of truth — more than we have suspected — is there in many passages of Scripture which speak of the beauty of holiness! And when the outward covering of flesh which inwraps the world shall be torn off by death, what revelations will surprise us as we see in the countenances of our fellow-beings the marks of every virtue and every evil for which they have been distinguished in the world! There is many a beauty, far-famed and long-famed in this world of nature, who will have to part with it all in the spiritual world; and many a rude and disfigured countenance whose spirit will there shine in heavenly radiance "as the stars for ever and ever."

Finally, all true beauty is distinctively *human*. The spirit or soul itself is in a human form; and, if so, it must be more or less perfectly so in proportion as the essence of divine good and truth flows into the organism, and fixes itself in feature and expression. On the contrary, the spirits of evil must be monstrous and direful. "How loathsome a figure must result," says one, speaking of this very philosophy of forms, "when the miser's greed or the adulterer's leer has become *fixed* in the character, and shapes or controls its expression!"

From the whole, we cannot too assiduously regard the pure essences of which our immortal being is constructed: for whether, as some say, it is virtue only that hath immortality (of which there is much evidence), or whether we regard the

internal or external structure of our spiritual and eternal habitation, it is alike evident that we are not to be the creatures of a mere blind consciousness, supremely happy in a shapeless, formless, colorless existence; but that the senses that we now enjoy are only the merest foreshadowings of sublimer powers, and of an outward gaze and sweep over the vast tract of eternity, replete with unimagined beauty, as with unimagined joy. F.

DEATH IN ADAM, — LIFE IN CHRIST.

A Sermon by James Freeman Clarke.

1 Cor. xv. 22: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

This chapter is one of the most remarkable among all Paul's writings. It contains a more special inspiration; or, we may say, a new revelation, in addition to those contained in other parts of the New Testament. It gives a more definite account of the future state than any other. Nowhere else is there any definite description of the future body. In this chapter, it is particularly described as being different from this in being *incorruptible*, or not subject to decay; as being *glorious*, or having a special beauty and radiance attending it, such as we sometimes see in the face when lit up by some deep insight or generous emotion; as having a *power*, a capacity of large action, belonging to it; and as being *spiritual*, or as having a fulness or pleroma of the Spirit. But, beside this minute description of the future body, this chapter goes further into the future triumphs of Christianity than any other in the New Testament. It goes beyond any thing in the Revelation of John. That strange and deep book contains indeed an account of the successive triumphs of Christianity over opposing powers in this world, — over scepticism, over paganism, over the hard Jewish bigotry, over the cold Roman indifference. But it stops short of what Paul says in this chapter; for he goes on to present an account

of the ultimate results of the development of the human race under the influence of Christ, after Christianity has become the universal religion of mankind. The Book of Revelation closes with a picture of Christianity as the universal religion of humanity. But Paul says what is to happen *after that:* namely, that Christianity itself is to come to an end as a distinct religion; and not the religion of Christ, but the religion of the Father, shall be the religion of mankind. For the work of Christ is that of a mediator. A mediator brings two persons together who have been estranged. He explains them to each other; he removes all their mutual hostility: but then his work is done, and he retires. So, Paul tells us, it shall be with Christianity. It is a great mediatorial or atoning work: it is to make man at one with God, at one with himself, at one with nature. It is to put him in harmony, perfect accord, with all truth. It is to make his reason in harmony with the facts of life; his conscience in harmony with the moral law; his heart in harmony with all creatures, by loving all. So, when this atoning work is done, and all the jarring elements of life are removed, and all war over, then Christianity as a separate religion shall cease, and God be all in all. This state of things is perhaps hinted at in that passage of the Book of Revelation in which the seer says, "I saw no temple there;" suggested also by the prophet: "They shall no more teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest, saith the Lord" (Rev. xxi. 22; Jer. xxxi. 34). In each person's particular experience, it is sometimes so now. We have hours or moments in which we are so perfectly at one with God, that we do not need the mediation of Christ. We do not think of Christ at all then. When we labor and are heavy-laden, we need him; and the thought of Jesus brings us peace. When we are sinful and conscious of our sin, we need Jesus; and the thought of him brings us a sense of forgiveness. When we are oppressed with the fear of death, we need him; and his thought lifts us above that terror. When we are bereaved of those whom we love the most, and

life seems empty of all their love, then we go to Jesus, and we find that he brings them to us again. But sometimes we are lifted above all these antagonisms. We are at peace with God and our own heart. Then we are in the Father, and he is in us. Sometimes all nature seems full of God; all life seems full of him, all truth inspired by him. We are little children sitting at our Father's feet, and we are happy in his dear love. Christ then has conquered all enemies, and given up the kingdom to God, even the Father. Death is conquered then: there is no such thing to us as death. Now, what happens sometimes to us all here, Paul foresaw was to happen ultimately to all the race. "Then the end! when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." Before this great consummation arrives, however, he teaches that all are to be made alive in Christ. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

The great gift of Christ is LIFE. He saves us by making us alive. The tendency of sin is to destroy life. Christ redeems us by animating us, by vitalizing us. This life he gives us interiorly, in the depths of our spirit. From that it passes into the intellect, and becomes inspiration, or the activity of reason, by which we see new truths; then it passes into conscience, and gives a vivid sense of right and wrong; then it awakens the heart, and teaches it how to love; and, last of all, it vivifies, purifies, and elevates the body, and makes even that more vital. Just so sin begins by corrupting the spirit, and turns it away from God. Then, after the spirit is thus inwardly alienated, it proceeds to darken the understanding by doubt and unbelief; to harden the conscience by sophisms, which put evil for good, and darkness for light; and at last corrupts even the body by vicious indulgence, by sloth, by the triumph of the senses. So sin sends death all through the man, and Christ sends life all through the

man; and so he says, "I am come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly."

Thus also he says, "I am the resurrection and the life: he who believeth in me shall never die."

But what *is* life? It is very hard to say. We seem to know what it is very well till we come to define it: then we find it a mystery. Kant defines life "an internal principle of action:" a piece of dough, then, in a state of fermentation, is alive. One philosopher says, "It is the constant uniformity of phemomena under diversity of external influences." The same definition would apply to a watch, that continues to go under a great variety of external influences. Bichat says, "Life is the sum of the functions by which death is resisted." This is only saying life is what keeps us alive. Even the phenomena of life are not constant. We say that a being is alive which grows, moves, feels, re-acts on nature by some law within itself. But there have been grains of wheat found in tombs in Egypt, which have been there three thousand years; which, being planted, are now producing crops of grain in France. Then they were alive during three thousand years, in which they manifested no signs of life: they did not move; they did not grow. If not planted, they might have remained for ever alive, and yet having no signs of life.

There are microscopic insects, called wheel animalcules or rotifers, which remain dried up and apparently dead for years. They blow about like dust; but moisten them with a little water, and they come to life. They may be killed and revived fifteen times in succession. Life is there, but none of its phenomena. If four years, why not forty? why not forty thousand? Why not always alive, and never any of the phenomena?

Frogs and toads can be frozen, all their fluids congealed, all their tissues rigid; but let heat be cautiously applied, and the congelation ceases in eight minutes: life is again in full activity.*

* Lewes, "Physiology of Common Life."

Life, therefore, remains a mystery, incapable of any scientific definition. All we know of life is, that there is a power connected with organized bodies, which, under certain circumstances, produces growth, action, passion, and different degrees of activity.

But there is one fact concerning life which deserves more consideration than it has received: there are degrees of life, more and less of life; and, still farther, there are higher and lower kinds of life.

A tree has life of a low kind; but of that kind it has a high degree: it overflows with life; it is vital in every part. This gives to it its infinite charm, its perfect grace; for grace in form and motion is fulness of life, — life flowing into every part, all movements spontaneous, none mechanical. When a person, in walking, throws his limbs forward, and lets his feet fall by their own weight, jerking his muscles by successive impulses, there is no grace; but a little child, whose life runs into every part, so that its little toes and fingers are full of it, is always graceful. So the great elm, standing alone in a vast Genesee meadow, sending its limbs high into the air, hanging its multitude of branches in long, sweeping curves, making a tent in the mid-day heat for the cattle to rest beneath, sending down through its infinitude of leaves flickering shadows, — all full, through and through, of growth, — gives us the sense of an all-pervading vitality.

So, through vegetable life and animal life, we come up to human life. Life becomes intelligent in animals; becomes self-conscious, and so self-directing, in man. The difference between human life and animal life does not consist in understanding, for animals understand; nor in affection, for animals love; nor in reasoning, for animals reason: but the great step from animals to mankind was taken when there was added the power which can stand outside of itself, and so can direct and control itself. Archimedes said, "Give me a place to stand on, and I will move the world." The place for us to stand on, outside of ourselves, by which we can move and direct ourselves, was given in the power of seeing abstract truth, or the Infinite, — truth disengaged from time

and space; everlasting, universal, absolute truth. When we can see that there is an eternal right and wrong, an eternal good, an absolute reality, that is God, then we have added to the animal reason a human reason; to the animal affection, human affection; to animal will, human will or free will. This makes the difference, then, between the life of animals and the life of man.

And now Christ comes to add to this human life a still higher kind. He is the medium through whom God introduces into the world this higher vitality. I consider Christianity as essentially the access of a higher life to man. Jesus calls himself "the Resurrection and the Life." "Resurrection" is not merely returning to life again, but rising up to a higher life: it is not merely something future or past, but also something present. Every one, who receives into his soul Christian faith and love, rises with Christ to a higher life. Hence the apostle says, "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." It is true that there are degrees in this risen life; and, in this world, we may have only a low degree: still we are really risen, when we are in Christ; when we are humble and hopeful and loving, and so receiving his spirit, we are really risen with him, and belong to that higher state which is called the resurrection. So that not only does "immortality begin here," as Dr. Channing somewhere says, but also the life of the resurrection begins here.

Christ, then, does not merely bring us to life, as he brought Lazarus to life, but he fills us with life; he vitalizes every part of us. We see this every day; and we feel it in ourselves every day, though we may never have said it. We are all partakers, every day, of a higher life. We are all more alive than we should have been if Christ had not come.

Sometimes, for example, our intellect works on the lower plane, and sometimes on the higher. The intellect sometimes is all alive, and the truth it sees is living truth. It is just as really inspired as the apostles were inspired. The inspiration of the New Testament — that which makes it so

intensely interesting, that which makes every word so full of meaning; which makes us come to it, and come again, and never tire of studying it — is, that it is all live truth. Every thing is said, not from memory, but from a fresh insight. Now, Christianity has vitalized the intellect of the human race; it has given us an intellectual faith in perpetual revelations of new truth; it has produced, thus, the steady progress of modern times.

Even those who do not believe in Christ — sceptics, perhaps — have a faith in truth, which they would not have had if he had not come. This gives to modern discovery the character which differences it from that of antiquity. It is the inexhaustible feeling, the sense of an infinite world of discovery lying behind all that has been discovered; so that we forget the things behind, and reach out to those before. So, I think, Christ has vitalized and raised the intellect of man. Human nature, without this element, goes through a cycle of growth, fulness, and decay. In Adam it dies: in Christ it is made alive. Intellect, in *all*, dies after a while: in Christ, all is made alive.

So, too, Christ vitalizes the heart. He gives the heart the power of a continuous and unchanging affection. Natural love has in it the seeds of decay. It is ardent; it is passionate; it seems to itself immortal: but death lurks in it if it is only natural love. But just so far as it is vivified by a sense of immortal life, by a generous Christian purpose, it becomes immortal itself, and can never die.

We see, every day, love being thus vitalized by Christ. We see it risen with him. We see the love which at first is a mere selfish desire, a mere passion or fancy, purified by the experience of life, losing its baser elements, becoming generous, noble, pure. Then it is capable of the grandest sacrifices; then it can easily surrender personal ease, pleasure, comfort, at the call of what is good and noble; then friendship acquires an immortal quality. It does not seek, it gives; it imparts noble influence; it elevates and strengthens, it does not debase nor weaken. Then the friend calls on his friend to go up with him to a nobler work; then the love of

country becomes an inspiration from God; then fathers and mothers love their children so well, that they can give them up to go and suffer and die for their country; then the young man is inspired to leave ease and private pleasure to bear hardship and do his part in the regeneration of the world. Such love is living, is immortal: it cannot die.

When we love our friends in this way, though they go from us, they stay with us. If we love each other because we are in one and the same work, because our lives are inspired from one fountain, then our love is transfigured, and becomes immortal. Our friends die, but live for ever with us; they go, but remain for ever by our side. The things seen are temporal; the things not seen, eternal.

Christ, therefore, saves the world by being a medium through which a higher life has come into it. He has brought us all up nearer to God than we were before. If we are weak, he makes us strong by giving us more life. If we are sinful, he purifies us by giving us more life. If we are doubting and sceptical, he does not argue our doubts out of us, but, by one throb of deeper life, they are *grown* out of us. He does not cure us by censure, by rebuke, by condemnation, but by inspiring us with faith, hope, and love; by giving us new courage and confidence, so that, at last, mortality is swallowed up of life.

So it is that the first Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam a quickening or life-giving spirit. Paul tells us, that, while we all die in Adam, we all shall be made alive in Christ. That is, as I understand it, all merely human knowledge, love, and goodness, tends to decay. We, all of us, as men, feel in ourselves our liability to weakness, to sinfulness, to doubt, to emptiness of heart, to mental and moral death. But, in Christ, all shall be made alive. Not all at once: every one in his order. Each shall ascend, as Christ has ascended, out of decay and change and evil and sin, into the higher places, where Christ is near God; that is, near spiritually, feeling the fulness of God's love.

Sooner or later, so says the apostle, we shall all be made alive in Christ. Not till we are ready and willing; for we

shall always be free to accept or to refuse this great boon of life. But the time is to come when the last enemy shall lay down his arms, the last rebel submit to the authority of truth; when every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and earth, or under the earth; and every tongue confess Jesus to be Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Then all forms of decay and death shall disappear when all sin has ended: there is no more need of death.

So says Paul to the Corinthians, "I show you a mystery." So, too, he tells the Ephesians, "God has made known to us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed, that, in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and in earth, even in him;" "and, having made peace by the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things to himself, whether things on earth or in heaven."

IN MEMORY OF J. H. V.

O SWORD! that felt the ebbing of his heart,
That saw his valiant youthful life depart,
Valiant for country and for home;

O sash! whose crimson mocks the crimson blood
Of him who in the fatal fight withstood
The foe of country and of home;

O knapsack! that upbore his drooping head,
Dreaming fond dreams upon its weary bed,
Dreaming of country and of home, —

A throng of saddened memories ye bring
To the torn hearts that heard his death-knell ring, —
"He died for country and for home!"

Yet o'er that dream of golden joys shall rise
His image glorified, who in the skies
Hath found a country and a home. C. A. C.

JUNE 19, 1864.

THE JOURNAL OF ERNEST RAY,

MINISTER-AT-LARGE.

April 18. — All Haven's books have been brought here; and, at his petition, Harry and I looked them over, selecting enough good ones — English classics, and so forth — to give him a nice little library from which to hear reading; sending others to be sold, and burning others. His wines have, of course, been relinquished. Ferguson has been very careful never to give him any thing of that sort; and says, "I should deserve to be made drunk myself, if I led him into liquid temptation;" and Haven himself feels that total abstinence is his only safety. He saved out a few choice bottles for us to give sick people, and bound Ray's heart to himself by giving him one bottle for Joe Wilson, who is wretchedly feeble this spring. The child had, of course, told Haven about our friend, and is more "set up" by this present than he could have been by any thing for himself.

April 22. — Haven has been much altered since Sunday. Grave and sad he is still, of course; but he has seemed to feel more at home among us: he is very grateful for the least kindness, but seems happiest when he is quiet in his corner, listening to reading or singing or our talking. He never was brought much in contact with children before, and fancied he disliked them; but he has found proof to the contrary now. He still is frequently in a state of astonishment at the droll sayings and doings of the little people.

It was most comical to see him the other day with "the she-baby," as the boys saucily call Ailie. He is touchingly eager to do any little service in his power for any of us, even to performing as "bear in a cave" for the boys: so he looked delighted the other day when Muriel said, "Mr. Haven, I want you to accommodate me for a moment;" but when she added, "by holding my baby," and actually deposited Ailie in his lap, his face changed in a fashion which utterly upset my gravity. He appreciated the joke himself, but still looked scared, till the young woman suddenly tightened her fist

round his finger, and set up a friendly cooing. Since that time, he has been as devoted a slave to her tyrantship as any of us; and that's saying a great deal.

April 25. — We have got rooms for Haven. Good Mr. and Mrs. Field, I found, were willing to let three chambers of their nice little house; and, remembering their history, I thought they might be willing to take Haven in. They have been considering it; and to-day the old man came to me with their answer: "If we can do any thing to help a penitent man, we are thankful to the Lord for the privilege;" and they will be sure to do all in their power for him.

He knows what a humble home it is compared with his former style of living; but he likes it the better for that: it will remind him less of the past, and will keep him more out of temptation. Moreover, till his debts are paid, he is determined to economize; and, even after that, I think he will be inclined to spend more in charity than in personal indulgence: he is just finding out how pleasant it is to give. He has warmed Jones's heart by doing something for his old mother, who has been homesick ever since she left England, and is now fairly sick abed beside. He says it never used to occur to him that servants had families, and felt like other people; but the faithfulness of Jones has taught him much.

In spite of retrenchment, there are two expenses which we insist on his incurring. One is a horse and chaise, so that Jones may drive him out freely; for Ferguson wants him to be in the air as much as possible, and he is not strong enough to walk much. He has sold his two spirited and valuable horses, and purchased a beast of almost as much grave reliability as Fuz. The other expense is taking lessons in reading and writing from a blind lad who has just left the Asylum; and, as this is partly charity, he likes it better than the first. He says he is actually afraid to begin to indulge himself: indeed, we are a little afraid of his growing morbid, and carrying self-denial to an unhealthy extent, in a natural re-action. I should feel anxious if he were going fromhere to a gloomy house; but Mr. and Mrs. Field are Methodists of the best stamp, — cheerful, healthy-souled Christians.

We are glad to see that he is getting more and more able to enjoy what goes on around him. Last evening, "the circle" was complete in here, and all the members in the best spirits: so, of course, there were ridiculous games, funny songs, and tongue-encounters, the whole time; and it was good to hear Haven laughing so heartily at the fun.

April 26. — This morning, Haven said to me, "When we had a merry time at home, it was all hushed up and frightened away the moment the big Bible appeared; and it took a tremendous wrench to obey the call, 'Children, stop playing, and come to prayers!' and we always felt as if we had been doing something wicked in having such a good time: but last night it seemed as natural for the frolic to end by every one's singing that joyous hymn; and then the reading and the prayer seemed the very most fitting close for a happy evening."

He did not discover till last night that master and man were kneeling side by side. Jones has seemed very glad to come into prayers with Hans and Alice. This pleases Haven: he says it used to be the custom in his home.

April 27. — Haven has gone to his new quarters. Muriel and Mrs. Field have made his rooms not only comfortable, but nice and pretty-looking; for they thought, that when he began to feel about him, and inquire, it would be much pleasanter for him to find it so. The familiar voice of his clock took him wholly by surprise, and delighted him even more than we expected. That was a good hit, — just like Harry.

Haven is not given to much expression of his feelings: but, when I was ready to drive him to his new home this morning, he tried to say something more than "good-by" to his hosts; but words would not come. At last, as he grasped Harry's hand, he choked out, "Mr. Irving, if I *am* saved, you and yours have saved me."

As we drove away, he said, "I think father has been strictly just to me; but, if you had all been *just*, what would have become of me? I know I should have been lost." That is the only reproach of his father he has uttered. I think at first it made him wretched, and almost inclined to be angry, to

have strangers treat him so kindly when "his own" cast him out, — a natural feeling, which I can well understand.

We really miss that blind presence among us. It used to look very strange and forlorn to see that pale, sad-faced man feeling his way about among the show and luxury of his old rooms; but somehow he never seemed so much out of place in our home. Harry says it was because *here* was where he belonged for the time being; and it was doing good to him to be here, and consequently to us to have him. I have an idea that it must have been partly, also, because this household is used to always having me to consider and care for. That this also is good for them, I dare not doubt; but verily the position of instrument of discipline to your friends is not what one would choose for one's self. I suppose, though, that it is only these early warm days that have made me more trouble to them than usual, lately.

Spring has certainly come. There's a robin red-breast carolling so boldly outside my window, that I just turned down my light to see whether the sun had made a mistake, and got up too early. Not he, old Punctuality! there's hardly a sign of his coming yet. Singing in the dark, because the light is coming! Thank you, Robin!

May 3. — Haven seems really settled in a steady, quiet way of life. Jones is determined not to leave him. He has grown much more attached to Haven than he ever could have in his so-called prosperous days: he is even trying to learn to read aloud agreeably for him. As he got my promising nephew Ray to give him a lesson yesterday, his progress will no doubt be rapid.

Haven will probably have a hired reader soon: there are often cases where such an office is acceptable. Then he takes lessons, as I believe I wrote before; drives, and comes to the doctor's house and ours; though he is much afraid of intruding, and still likes to steal away with the children if callers come in. He goes nowhere else but to church; and he has only been able to do that twice yet, — once to hear Harry, and once to hear me. When he came to the Chapel, I thought of the change since the day when he spoke so con-

temptuously of "those ignorant creatures," and the difference between them and himself; for now he took his seat among them meekly enough. He has even proposed to become a regular attendant at the Chapel; but, though thankful for such a sign of true humility, I cannot consent to that. The poor, shy things, who dare not go anywhere else, would be frightened away from the Chapel if people of a different social stamp came there.

It is now a question where Haven shall go regularly. We have had several interesting talks with him on this subject. His church-going, for years past, has been only occasional, for the sake of respectability; and he has chosen simply the most fashionable church: but now his motives are altered. His is a mind to be more swayed by feeling than by argument. He does not really take much interest in doctrines of themselves: but he is attached to the form of faith in which he was brought up, although he no longer holds some of its harsher tenets; and he naturally finds in the Bible what he was always taught to find there. There is broad ground of undisputed truth on which we all stand together; but in doctrines he likes to feel himself, as much as possible, united with his father, and keeping to his sister's faith.

We feel, therefore, that he will be happiest, by and by, to find himself established where those doctrines are taught: so to-day I took that good preacher and thoroughly good man, Dr. Ashton, to see him; and I think the doctor won a parishioner. I am sure Haven could have no better spiritual guide, though I doubt whether old Calvin would agree with me in so thinking.

. . . . . .

April 27. (*Two years later.*) — Haven spent the evening here. He reminded us that it was the anniversary of his leaving us for Mrs. Field's; and, talking alone with me, he spoke with deep feeling of his visit here, and what it had done for him. He has got naturalized in his altered life now, and said to-day, "I find more true happiness in the dark than I used to in the light;" and I fully believe it, though I know he has many hours of sadness and loneliness, and,

hardest of all, of bitter repentance. His eyes often give him pain, and blindness is in itself a heavy trial, — would be heavy under far brighter circumstances than his; but he has learned to look through all these clouds: the light that he thought was not for him has come.

He has not had a word direct from home; but we have found out in other ways that nothing is changed there: the father seems to be breaking in health, but is as inexorable in will as ever.

Dr. Ashton, Haven's faithful pastor, has been to see him; but with no effect. He thinks that a married daughter who lives with him — a stern, sanctimonious woman — has a great influence over the old man.

Haven is gladly received at Dr. Ashton's house, and at some other pleasant places; for some of the best of his old acquaintances have been very kind to him since they became convinced of the sincerity of his repentance. At first, hardly any one would credit it; and Harry and Muriel had to undergo a good deal of criticism and remonstrance on their conduct. Of course, he is always welcome in the circle. The children all love him, and he and Ailie are specially fond of each other. He thinks she may some day be the third best woman in the world; her mother being first, and Mrs. Field second. He hears a great deal of reading, — history and travels chiefly; he says he is just educating himself: but his greatest delight is in teaching a poor little blind child, who is too young to go to the Asylum yet. He has continued to board with the Fields: and one can truly say, "He was a stranger, and they took him in;" for they have done every thing for him that could be thought of, — nursing him through another sickness, and treating him almost like a son. He has always come in to their family prayers; and their child-like, earnest piety has brought refreshment to his tried spirit. He has come sometimes to the Chapel; and I have been pleased to see how gentle my roughest people are to him. "The blind gentleman" is well known to some of them as a benefactor; and I think they have all shown themselves respectful and considerate towards him.

Altogether, his life has been a brighter one than we could foresee. His old cronies have let him alone almost entirely; thinking, by his modest mode of life, that he had certainly lost most of his property; and believing him, moreover, to be *priest-ridden*, as a bright one among them said in my hearing once. He has, of course, had his times of temptation; and told me to-day that he had more than once had cause to be thankful for the blindness which had made him helpless, and unable to follow the impulse of the moment.

May 3. — Three years ago, I found in a wretched court a little child, perhaps about three years old, who apparently belonged to nobody. He had appeared there a few weeks before, — purposely deserted, probably; and he called himself Johnny: that was all he could say plainly; and we could find out nothing about him. I put him at the Orphan Asylum; and there he has been since, — a bright but sickly and desolate little fellow, without even the inheritance of a whole name; so that once lately, when he ran out into the street, and somebody asked him, "Whose boy are you? and what's your name?" he could only answer, "I'm nobody's Johnny." He has always interested me especially, even among the many interesting cases at that Asylum: but several times lately, when I have seen him, I have been startled and made uncomfortable by catching a look on his face which was like some one whom I knew; but it was gone before I could identify it.

Yesterday a police officer brought me word that a dying woman in —— Street Station-house had asked to see Mr. Ray, saying that she could tell him something about "that Johnny," and so describing the child that there could be no doubt whom she meant; and I hurried there at once. The poor creature had been brought in drunk the night before, and died while I was with her; but not until she had told me who was Johnny's father. I recognized the likeness I had seen too plainly to doubt her story. To-day I have followed up the clews she gave me, and made sure of the truth. The father is John Haven. I have also made myself certain that he does not know of the existence of the child, but has believed it dead. I do not know what I ought to do.

[To be concluded.]

EUTHANASIA, OR PEACEFUL DEATH.

President Quincy, in speaking of a visit to Dr. Bowditch a week before his death, says, "I found him sitting in his chair in his library, emaciated, pale, and apparently wasted by his disease to the last stage of his life, — his mind clear, active, and self-possessed. He spoke of his disorder as incurable; that he felt himself gradually sinking, and that he could not long survive. 'I have wished to see you,' said he, 'to take my leave, and that you might have the satisfaction of knowing that I depart willingly, cheerfully, and, as I hope, prepared. From my boyhood, my mind has been religiously impressed. I never did or could question the existence of a Supreme Being, and that he took an interest in the affairs of men. I have always endeavored to regulate my life in subjection to his will, and studied to bring my mind to an acquiescence in his dispensations; and now, at its close, I look back with gratitude for the manner in which he has distinguished me, and for the many blessings of my lot. As to creeds of faith, I have always been of the sentiment of the poet: —

> 'For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight:
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'

"Then, alluding to the following from the Persian poet Hafiz, —

> 'On parent's knees, a naked new-born child,
> Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:
> So live, that, sinking in the last long sleep,
> Calm thou mayst smile, whilst all around thee weep,' —

he added, 'They are lines of which I at this moment feel all the force and consolation. I can only say, Mr. Quincy, that I am content; that I go willingly, resigned, and satisfied.' After this, he spoke to me of his works; his gratification that the four first volumes, which constituted the principal work, were so nearly completed. 'There are only about ten pages wanting: perhaps I may live to finish

them. I have been to-day correcting the proofs.' In every respect, his state of mind was such as, at such a moment, his best friends could have wished, — calm, collected, rational, resigned; looking confidently for an existence beyond the grave; happy in reflecting on the past, and in anticipating the future. On taking leave, he impressed a kiss on my hand, saying, 'Farewell!'"

His cheerfulness never failed him. "He expressed," says his son, "the wish to be approached with smiles and cheerfulness. Feeling no melancholy in his own soul, he was averse to the manifestation of it in others. Observing, therefore, one of his family whose countenance was marked with sadness, he called for his volume of Bryant; and, opening at his favorite piece, read, —

'Why weep ye, then, for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years at last, —
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labor done, —
Serenely to his final rest has passed?'

"He then proceeded to read all the remaining lines, remarking upon each, that he believed or hoped it was applicable to himself, or that he thought it not so. His voice, though low, was throughout clear and firm; and the incident was a truly impressive one.

"Once a lady at his request played upon a harmonicon. He listened intently as the last tone ceased; and, after the musician had gone, said, 'You must tell her that she has been playing my dirge.' Another lady visited him; and, as she was quitting the room, he said, 'Good-night' twice, with a tone of voice and an expression of countenance which indicated his conviction that he saw her for the last time; and then he immediately added, 'Good-morning at the resurrection!'"

Judge White, his subsequent eulogist, in speaking of his interview with Dr. Bowditch a short time before his death, says, "Being deeply affected by his whole appearance and conversation, and absorbed in the feelings which these produced, I could not retain much of the language which he uttered, though the general impression of what he said was

indelibly fixed in my mind. I recollect, however, very distinctly, his expressions in speaking of his early and deep feeling of religious truth and accountability. 'I cannot remember,' he said, 'when I had not this feeling, and when I did not act from it, or endeavor to. In my boyish days, when some of my companions, who had become infected with Tom Paine's infidelity, broached his notions in conversation with me, I battled it with them stoutly, not exactly with the logic you would get from Locke, but with the logic I found *here*' (pointing to his breast); 'and here it has always been my guide and support: it is my support still.' With feelings of humility inseparable from the purest minds in such a situation, he expressed the satisfaction which he felt from having always endeavored to do his duty. . . . 'My whole life,' he said, 'has been crowned with blessings beyond my deserts. I am still surrounded with blessings unnumbered. Why should I distrust the goodness of God? Why should I not still be grateful and happy, and confide in his goodness?' And, indeed, why should he not?"

A few weeks before his death, Dr. Bowditch had longer intervals of ease than in the earlier period of his illness. In these intervals, he often dwelt upon the fitness of the gospel to purify the heart and elevate the soul, and preferred to rest its authority upon these views than upon any other. "On one of these occasions, he asked a son if he remembered the word, derived from the Greek, signifying an easy death. Being answered in the negative, he said, that, in Pope's Works, there was a letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, which he had not read for forty years, but which he distinctly remembred as containing this word, with a note mentioning that that *excellent* man died shortly afterwards; so that he had always associated the idea of an easy death with that of excellence of character. The book was opened, and the letter found. The writer says, 'A recovery in my case and at my age is impossible. The kindest wish of my friends is *euthanasia*.' To this subject he upon more than one occasion afterwards recurred; and, applying it to his own situation, said, 'This is indeed euthanasia.'"

His wife's sister once asked him his belief in a recognition of friends after death. He said to her, that, to his apprehension, it was not clearly revealed. She exclaimed, "Do not say so! The chief consolation I have here is the hope of meeting my lost ones again." He saw her grief as she retired, and, in the course of that day, told his family to be sure to inform him when she next called, as he wished much to see her. She came again. He said to her, "Let me assure you of my conviction, that if, in the future world, it will be best that we should know again the friends we have here loved, that happiness will certainly be ours. What I meant to say yesterday was, that I do not think that Almighty Wisdom has explicitly revealed to mortals its decrees in this particular; but of one thing I am certain, — all will be for the best. I approach the unseen world with the same reverence as I would the Holy of holies, and have no desire to draw aside the veil which conceals its mysteries from my sight."

Speaking at one time, to a son, of truth, as never in the slightest degree or upon any inducement to be disregarded, holding up his finger, and repeating the words with most solemn emphasis, said, "Follow truth, truth, truth! Let that be the family motto." During his illness, he frequently said that the highest intellectual cultivation and acquirements are entirely worthless when compared with moral excellence. Often he remarked that the consciousness which he then felt, that, throughout life, he had endeavored to discharge its various duties, and the humble hope that these efforts would be approved hereafter, were far sweeter to him than any praises which he had already received, or the thoughts of any reputation which might await his name in future times as having been a faithful laborer in the cause of science.

As his end drew near, his character shone out more brightly, and his cheerfulness and faith grew stronger.

On the morning of Friday, the 16th of March, at about six o'clock, when his sight was quite dim, his third son told him that he thought the time had come when he had better take leave of all his children. He answered, "I know it; I feel it." Each in succession then approached; and, as the

father returned the kiss he received, he inquired who it was; and in this manner he took a most affectionate farewell of his children, all of whom were gathered round his bedside. He said, "Oh! sweet and pretty are the visions that rise up before me. 'Now let thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' I say these words, not because I have entire love for all the" (his voice here became wholly indistinct) . . . "but because I love the words, and feel kindly towards all." Upon drinking a little water, he said, "How delicious! I have swallowed a drop, — a drop from —

'Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God.'"

Soon after this time he fell into a tranquil sleep, from which, at about half-past nine, he awoke, and once more desired to see his family assembled. Then looking round upon them, and addressing each by name, he said, "There, my children, I have known you all, have I not, perfectly? Oh, it is beautiful to me to see you all about me! It is beautiful to me to bless you all. May God for ever bless you, my dears! It is for the last time that your father blesses you." It pleased Heaven after this to afflict him with the most severe bodily suffering during nearly three hours; but, about noon, it left him, and the quiet, tranquil state of body and mind returned. He addressed his son with the epithet, "My dear," and said, "*It is coming; I am ready.*" And, at one o'clock, Death gently set his seal upon that placid countenance.

THERE is this in common in the lives of ordinary men and of saints, that both aspire to happiness; and they differ only in the objects from which they expect it. Both the one and the other deem those their enemies who obstruct the attainment of their object. We should make the will of God the rule by which to judge of good or evil, for it cannot be erroneous or undiscerning; and not our own will, which is ever full of error and obliquity. — *Pascal.*

A DAY AMONG THE STATUES.

One should be somewhat domesticated in Rome before he there undertakes to study. Nothing breaks the charm of the first fresh feeling of wonder so much as all research and discussion; which may therefore be wisely postponed till one has enjoyed to the full the spell of the Eternal City. During the first week, a guide-book is a nuisance.

Moreover, for a while, the mind is incapable of measuring the importance of any subject. The mighty place dwarfs every thing. An inquiry of great magnitude here in our study, there seems impertinent beneath the arches and columns, from the summit of which, to use Napoléon's phrase, two thousand years look down upon us. We must wait till their tyranny over us ceases, and we recover the full possession of our powers through some sense of feeling at home.

When this feeling comes, after a few weeks' residence, it is a rare and memorable pleasure to clap a volume of Visconti under one's arm, and start off for a day among the statues.

It will be a busy and hard-working day, as one may imagine who remembers that it has been said of Rome, that it has more men of marble than of flesh and blood. They are found everywhere: in the streets and squares; in the porticos and gardens; in theatres and churches; in public galleries, and stately palaces, and private dwellings.

For twenty-five hundred years have innumerable artists been employed in perpetuating in marble the forms of famous men. Not only were the temples and theatres of ancient Greece filled with them, but every considerable family had, in its αὐλή, statues of all its benefactors and friends. A man's wealth and importance were estimated by the number of busts of orators, poets, statesmen, around his family tomb. This word "bust," Visconti traces to the place, *bustum*, for burning dead bodies; which word was soon transferred to the numberless images there set up.

Passing by an infinite number of less note, Pliny says there were more than three thousand remarkable statues in Athens

alone. The Parthenon had six hundred. At Delphi, after the Temple of Apollo had been pillaged three times, Pausanias says there remained several hundred of rare merit. To one man — Demetrius, Satrap of Athens from 317 to 307 — there were erected, as Plutarch says, no less than three hundred statues; and Grote extends the number to three hundred and sixty.

When the Romans adorned their capital with the chief works of Greece, we read with surprise of the immense number of statues that were carried to the banks of the Tiber. Three thousand were brought from Rhodes. Fulvius took two hundred and eighty-five brazen and two hundred and thirty marble statues. Paulus Æmilius had two hundred and fifty carriages loaded with them. Nero stole five hundred statues to adorn his golden house. These are but hints. A curious article might be written on the statues lost in crossing the Adriatic.

Coming now to Italy, the number of statues made there seems scarcely less surprising. Pliny says the single theatre of Marcellus (the remains of which, still seen in Rome, one never passes without sighing at their degradation to dirty shops) had three thousand statues. Of one family, the Balbi, no less than nine statues have been disinterred in the small space excavated at Herculaneum. Even in comparatively modern times, the Cathedral of Milan has a marble population of nearly four thousand. To the immense collections in the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol in Rome, in all the basilicas and churches, and in a large number of palaces, we have already alluded.

Of course, a vast number have been destroyed. Flaxman, in his "Lectures on Sculpture," says that "eleven thousand exquisite works of Greek and Etruscan sculpture, which decorated the metropolis of the world in her meridian splendor, were so entirely destroyed or overwhelmed by Gothic ignorance or iconoclastic fury, that, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, a learned observer — Poggio Bracciolini, secretary to Eugenius IV. and Nicholas V. — noticed only six statues among the other remains of former grandeur."

No precise census, it is probable, has ever been taken of the statues now in Rome, — the rewards, to so great an extent, of modern diggings and discoveries. Every new statue that is brought to light is coveted by hundreds, — popes, cardinals, bishops, and others of princely wealth, — just as with us a farmer covets a productive field, a manufacturer a successful factory, a merchant a superior ship. Beside the thousand entire statues that multitudes see and admire, there are receptacles, not visited by the public, of arms, legs, heads, trunks, — the numberless bloodless dismemberments on the great battle-field of time. One must start early, and employ his time well, if he expects to see a tenth part of the best statuary which Rome has to show.

It is a great privilege to see it with such a guide as Visconti. The son of a Roman who devoted his whole lifetime to the study of the remains of ancient art, by education and taste, by study and experience, he was admirably fitted to succeed Winkleman as superintendent of the Papal statuary treasures. His appointment by the first Napoléon to arrange, at the Louvre, the works which that emperor, in imitation of Nero, had stolen; his successful career in Paris; his employment by the English Government to examine the Elgin Marbles before the purchase of them by the Crown; and, still more, his immense labors in perfecting his great work, "Iconographie Grecque et Romaine," in seven volumes, containing authentic portraits of distinguished Greeks and Romans, — these are probably the foundations of the opinion which so generally assigns to him a very high place as authority in all questions pertaining to ancient statuary.

We feel for him a large measure of that respect which is always inspired by one who has a thorough knowledge of his subject. He knew all his marble acquaintances in Rome almost as well as a mother knows the looks of her children. He had marks by which he could tell the country, age, school, and maker of almost any nameless statue; and it cannot be without interest to glance at some of the tests which he describes in the introduction to his first volume.

The sort of marble used is one of the first means of veri-

fication. An expert soon learns to distinguish the Carrara by its fine foliated texture and dazzling whiteness; the Pentelic, by its hardness, and by a translucent brilliancy, which caused Lamartine, as he looked up to the Parthenon, constructed of this marble, to exclaim, that it was made of blocks of "petrified light;" and the Parian, the richest of all marbles, by its delicate scales, and by its warm, living, flesh-like color. The epochs are known when each kind came into use; and these often help to reveal the age and artist of a newly discovered statue.

The strata, or veins, of celebrated marble-quarries, have, from time to time, varied in quality; and here is another means of verification. But this is a point requiring great caution; and, after all, is never quite free from doubt, as appears from some curious facts brought to light in connection with the statue of the Apollo Belvidere.

In the long controversy, whether this be the original work of some renowned Greek artist, or a copy by a Roman hand, the kind of marble of this statue is an important consideration. If it could be proved that it was from Carrara, it would almost necessarily follow that the work was not the Grecian original. In the latter part of the last century, a jury of artists reported that the marble was Grecian; but, to rebut their conclusion, men perfectly acquainted with the Carrara quarries testified, that, at the time when the Apollo was probably made, there was then worked a vein of the Carrara marble which had precisely the properties and appearance of the marble of the Apollo: and so the ancient controversy is still unsettled.

One can hardly refer to the rich and inexhaustible marble-quarries of Greece, without feeling, as Leake says, that here was "one of the great concurring causes that led to its unrivalled pre-eminence in architecture and sculpture. Admitting as fine a surface, and presenting as beautiful a color, as ivory, with a still sharper edge, it assisted in encouraging the successive efforts of artists studying to excel their predecessors or rivals in the effects produced by means of such a material."

Moreover, these exquisite Grecian and Italian marbles produce effects which arrest the attention of all beholders. Goethe, notwithstanding his little appreciation of art, was impressed with the wonderful properties of marble; and his words deserve to be quoted, as almost the only artistic observation which his letters contain. "Marble," he says, writing in Rome, Dec. 25, 1786, "is a rare material. It is on this account that the Apollo Belvidere in the original is so infinitely ravishing; for that sublime air of youthful freedom and vigor, of never-changing juvenescence, which breathes around the marble, at once vanishes in the best plaster casts."

The fashions of arranging the hair offer another mode of verification. The iconographist who has examined history with reference to this subject can tell not only the prevailing mode of any epoch, but the peculiarities of individual taste. Some general discriminations are suggested by merely glancing the eye upon any collection of ancient statues. We see at once that the ancient Greeks were careful of their hair, keeping it handsomely trimmed and brushed; while the Romans often let it fall carelessly on all sides of the head, after the fashion of an uncombed rustic. We see that all statues of Alexander the Great are marked by a peculiar elevation of the hair on the forehead, as are all statues of Seneca by a falling of long thin locks down as far as the eyebrows.

These are specimens of numberless like observations. It is quite surprising with what a firm and assured tread an antiquarian can find his way back two thousand years by such apparently uncertain and shifting stepping-stones.

Great account has also been made of the beard. There have been long beards and short beards, full beards and thin beards, frizzled beards and straight beards, and other variations more than we can name. Each generation has had its own well-known taste in this line. Nor can we describe the manifold peculiarities that have marked successive schools of art, in the preference of attitude, fulness or thinness of outline, freedom or restraint of manner. Still less can we enter upon the great subject of inscriptions on statues, and show.

how it is known what taste on this subject has marked every epoch, and how the very form of each letter reveals the exact time when it was chiselled.

It may sometimes seem that the indications are too uncertain to justify the positive conclusions affirmed. But, in all cases, the criticism of experts is a mystery to the uninitiated. A verse cannot be transferred from one Gospel to another without detection by a thorough biblical scholar, who sees numberless differences of style not suspected by one reader in a million.

Not that iconographists never make mistakes; for many an amusing story sufficiently proves the contrary. A head called that of Julius Cæsar has more than once been clapped on some plebeian thorax. But are not parallel mistakes made by us all, even when we have the living men before us? Have not others beside the Vicar of Wakefield found that the silver locks and the learned words which inspired so much reverence belonged to some miserable jail-bird like Ephraim Jenkinson? During our civil war, how often have we put the heads of great generals upon those who at the best were only respectable civilians!

On board a Mediterranean steamer, a travelling companion, hearing that Lord —— was a fellow-passenger, fell quickly to admiring his noble head and lordly air, so exactly agreeing, he said, with his lordship's well-known history and character; till at length it appeared that all these observations had been made upon his lordship's travelling courier, while his lordship himself, through his inferior appearance, had wholly escaped observation.

On entering any large gallery of ancient statues, one can hardly refrain in the outset from making a comparison between Grecian and Roman heads. The observer verifies at a glance all that history records of the higher civilization of the Greeks. Their broader culture, their superior refinement, their nobler standard of character, are as clearly emphasized in marble as they are in books. Their political institutions made them men of ideas, as the Romans were men of mere force; and a comparison of the heads of the

Roman emperors with the heads of the leading men of Athens furnishes no weak argument in favor of institutions which bore a strong resemblance to those under which we live.

No scholar passes the statue of Pericles without long pausing before it, thankful that many and strikingly similar busts give us so correct an idea of the renowned man whose name marks the most brilliant epoch of Grecian history. They represent his finely formed features in the prime of his manhood, and stamped with the unerring signs of commanding intellect, firmness, self-respect, lofty and fastidious tastes; and justify what even Plutarch, who is thought to have been prejudiced against him, calls the Olympian serenity and magnanimity that were resplendent in his life.

What Plutarch adds, that "his head was somewhat long and out of proportion, for which reason almost all the statues of him have the head covered with a helmet, as if the artists wished to conceal this defect," is brought to mind in beholding these helmeted effigies. The wits of Athens, who laughed at his *tent-shaped* cranium, and called him *long-pate* and *onion-skull*, little thought that their jokes would be read with interest after the lapse of twenty-five hundred years.

Near to Pericles, where it ought to be, is the bust of Aspasia, — that fair Milesian, who to rare beauty joined such singular learning and penetration, that Socrates became her pupil; and Pericles, as Visconti says, "first taking lessons of her in policy, and then in love, finally made her his wife." Visconti adds, that this is the first woman whose likeness has indubitably come down to us. The beautiful oval face, the regular and attractive features, the delicately rounded forehead, the reflective look, the decision and firmness impressed upon the mouth, make one read with fresh interest what Plutarch writes of her leading influence in peace and war, and of her suspected authorship of the celebrated oration pronounced by Pericles after the victory over the Samians. The head is covered with curls arranged in fine womanly taste, and the cheeks and lips are marked by a plumpness and rotundity indicative of good health and lively spirits. The whole has an air of refinement and personal self-respect.

The bust of Socrates is not far off. As has been often observed, nothing could more disappoint all previous conceptions. The smashed nose, with its point turned up, the thick lips, the prominent eyes, the short bull-neck, the features close together, giving the appearance of something contracted and petty, and a sort of sensual look about the whole figure, — all this is any thing but what one expects in him who has been called the wisest and best man of uninspired times. As a bust of an ale-tippling bar-tender, it would be thought admirable. Every one sees how naturally he has been compared to Silenus, the jolly tutor of the god of wine. The redeeming part of the bust is above the eyebrows, where there rises that noble globe of the head on which Lavater bestowed such warm encomiums.

[To be continued.]

OUR SUFFERING HEAD.

For Christ, who began and lived and died in sorrows, perceiving his own sufferings to succeed so well, and that "for suffering death he was crowned with immortality," resolved to take all his disciples and servants to the fellowship of the same suffering, that they might have a participation of his glory; knowing God had opened no gate of heaven but the "narrow gate," to which the cross was the key. And since Christ, now being our high priest in heaven, intercedes for us by representing his passion and the dolors of the cross, that even in glory he might still preserve the mercies of his past sufferings, for which the Father did so delight in him; he also designs to present us to God dressed in the same robe, and treated in the same manner, and honored with "the marks of the Lord Jesus." "He hath predestinated us to be conformable to the image of his Son;" and if, under a head crowned with thorns, we bring to God members circled with roses and softness and delicacy, triumphant members in the militant Church, God will reject us; he will not know us who are so unlike our elder brother: for we are members of the Lamb, not of the lion; and of Christ's suffering part, not of the triumphant part. — *Jeremy Taylor.*

THE DIAL OF THE SOUL.

My morning-star shall be
Prayer, O my God! to thee, —
The offering of my inmost soul
To thy control;

The dawning of my day,
That sends dark night away,
Shall be a hymn of gratitude
For every good;

The rising of my sun,
Some work of love begun,
To gladden with its cheering ray
Some brother's way;

The glowing day's decline,
Sweet thoughts of Love divine,
And of the friends that Love has given
In earth and heaven;

The moon, that shines serene
Above my evening scene,
Shall be the sense of duty done,
And victory won;

My solemn midnight hour,
Beneath thy guardian power,
Shall then be peace, till deep repose
Mine eyelids close. †

It is curious to observe that there are people who will renounce every law of God and Nature, and yet will make laws for themselves, to which they pay implicit obedience, — as, for instance, the brigands of Mahomet, robbers, heretics, &c.; ay, and logicians also. One might suppose that the license of such persons would be unbounded, seeing they have freed themselves from such just and salutary restraints. — *Pascal.*

RANDOM READINGS.

DISTINGUISHED BRAVERY OF THE COLORED TROOPS BEFORE PETERSBURG.

We cannot understand the persistent mendacity and meanness that seek to disparage the colored soldiers, and wrest from them their share of the honor and glory of saving the national life. It is true, their gallantry has put to shame the predictions of white men, who denied them the rights and prerogatives of manhood. Now that they are giving demonstration of the nobleness of which they are capable, white men, who have any nobleness in them, will hail it as a most auspicious omen. It is the proof and the pledge that the hour of their enfranchisement has arrived, and that, come what will, the negro will not be remanded again to bondage.

The truth, as it comes out, puts to rest the false reports which ascribe the late repulse before Petersburg to the bad behavior of the colored troops. We have before us a copy of the official report of Col. J. K. Sigfried, Colonel of the Forty-third Regiment United-States colored troops, also a private letter of one of his staff-officers, engaged in the front of the fight. The last gives a plan of the whole field and fight, and details all the movements of the colored division, which took place under his eye. The statements of these officers are worth those of a thousand letter-writers who report from hearsay. They agree in all the facts, which are these: The colored division was ordered to go in rear of a division of white troops, and support them. The white troops, instead of passing *through* the crater made by the explosion of the mine, and charging the rebel works, *passed into it, and stopped there*, blocking the way. The colored troops moved past them, though with much difficulty and necessary delay; charged the enemy's intrenchments, and took them, under a murderous fire; and held them a whole hour, waiting for orders and for support from the other divisions. They broke and retreated when overwhelmed by the forces of the enemy, and whom to have rallied again would only have served to choke the crater more completely, and increase the slaughter.

Both officers say that the colored division would surely have taken Cemetery Hill, the key to Petersburg, and the main object of the assault, if they had been sent in first, and if their way had not been blocked by the other division until the golden opportunity was lost.

The staff-officer of Col. Sigfried (a brave young officer from Massachusetts, whose gallantry was conspicuous on the disastrous day) writes to his friends as follows: —

"We (*i.e.*, the colored brigade) made our way through the dead and wounded of other divisions, which lay thickly on the ground; having fallen as they advanced. We mounted the ruins of the crater; and the sight which presented itself utterly baffles description. The immense hole, one hundred yards in circumference and twenty-five feet deep, was utterly crowded full of living and dead. The first (white) division, instead of moving forward as ordered, as soon as they reached the crater, *filled it completely, and stopped.* Col. Sigfried shouted to the men in the crater to give way, and let his (colored) men pass. We mounted the parapet; and moving round the front side of the top, all the time under fire, we passed on, and passed into the line of rifle-pits. These works, too, were crowded full to overflowing with white soldiers. Thus crowded with living Union soldiers and dead rebels, our column was most effectually blocked almost as soon as the head of it had got across the crater. From both flanks, a most destructive fire of artillery and musketry was poured into our division as it advanced.

"But there are times in war which are glorious. To see that column of colored troops advancing steadily forward without flinching, not panic-stricken, but moving coolly past their shrinking white comrades, who, instead of continuing forward, had sought shelter in the crater, — this was a most glorious spectacle. Col. Sigfried had stopped in the crater to direct the movement of the column. Taking my stand on a huge bowlder near by him, I forgot the imminent danger in which I was placed, the whizzing bullets and the whistling bombs, and could only admire the conduct of our brave boys. It was one of the proudest moments of my life. The white soldiers cheered loudly as our men came pouring over the parapet, and the black ones answered lustily. Every one seemed wrapped up in the glorious moment, and to be utterly unconscious of peril. Brigadier-generals, of whom there were three in the crater, took off their hats, and waved their swords. It compensated for all the risk to see our black men pressing forward to take positions which ought to have been held by others. Presently, so utterly impossible had the passage through the crater become, the column broke off, and passed round on a still more exposed ground, and moved to the right, and commenced firing as well as they could across to the line on Cemetery Hill. One regiment at the extreme right jumped over the breast-works, and held the works not yet wholly evacuated by the rebels; a number of straggling Johnnies prefer-

ring to lie concealed in their holes rather than expose themselves outside. A large squad of prisoners were taken here by the Forty-third United-States colored troops: *but they were not bayoneted.* The (colored) division now lay on both sides of the rebel works, intermingled with troops of the other divisions. The first (white) division was still in a position proper for charging across the angle to Cemetery Hill. Nobody moved. There appeared to be no commander; and we lay there, all the time exposed to a most murderous fire. Thus we remained as calmly as circumstances would permit, awaiting orders, and every moment losing men. After lying so about an hour, a cry was suddenly heard, 'They are charging us!' The troops in the crater were rallied to its edge, and formed in two ranks; black and white being promiscuously intermingled. The line opened a heavy fire on the advancing enemy; and two of the guns which were in the pit, and which had been dug out, were put in position, and fired. Our men held their ground until the enemy remounted their old works, when they withdrew in disorder. Col. Sigfried tried to check the panic; but we saw it was useless to fill up the crater, which had already became a literal slaughter-pen, with useless troops: so all, except those holding the crest of the crater, fled back to our line.

"With regard to the conduct of our (colored) division, I think I had ample opportunity to learn the true facts, because I went along our lines twice, and had a good though hasty view of the ground. Our loss in the division is great, and will amount to sixteen hundred in killed, wounded, and missing. This brigade lost seven hundred and eighty-two, most of them in killed and wounded. They took some prisoners from our division, and we are anxious to learn how they are treated. It is highly improbable, however, that they will be misused or treated in any other way than as prisoners of war.

"I want to warn you against unfavorable reports that shall make the matter worse than it is, and especially regarding the conduct of our division. Those who saw us go in are loud in our praise. No troops could have done better. The officers behaved excellently, — not one flinching; and the men followed them enthusiastically and bravely. I might fill a quire of paper with instances of bravery and daring. I heard Gen. Ferrero assert (who commands the colored division), *that, had he had a clear way, he would have taken the rebel line with his division alone.*"

The official report of Col. J. K. Sigfried (of which we have a copy), who commanded a colored brigade, is exactly to the same purpose. It extols the bravery of the colored troops above all the others. We make a few extracts: —

"In obedience to orders, I moved my brigade, on the morning of the 30th, down the covered way, immediately in the rear of Col. Humphrey's brigade of the third division. On arriving at the meadow, I was halted by the stopping of Col. Humphrey's brigade. After remaining here some time, I, in accordance to orders, moved by the brigade of the third

division at a flank, as directed, across the field, through the crater made by the explosion of the mine. Great difficulty was experienced in passing through this crater, owing to its crowded condition. Living, wounded, dead, and dying, crowded so thickly, that it was very difficult to make a passage-way through. By the great exertions of the officers, and the determination of the men, my brigade finally made its way through, and was halted beyond by the rebel line of intrenchments, which was filled with troops of the first, second, and third divisions. Behind this line it halted, and formed in good order. The Forty-third Regiment United-States colored troops moved over the crest of the crater, toward the right; charged the enemy's intrenchments, and took them; capturing a number of prisoners, a stand of rebel colors, and recapturing a stand of national colors. This line was part of a continuous line connecting with the crater. The balance of my brigade was prevented from advancing into this line by the number of troops of the first, second, and third divisions in front of them. This position left my brigade very much exposed to the fire of the enemy, and it was so exposed at least an hour. Owing to the crowded lines of the division immediately in front, it was impossible to get my brigade on. Just as the troops in front were about to make a charge, a white color-bearer with his colors crossed the work in retreat: the troops gave way, and sought shelter in the crater, where was concentrated a terrific fire from the enemy's batteries and intrenchments. My brigade held its position till pushed back by the mass of troops, white and black, which rushed back upon it, and until the enemy occupied the works to the left and on the opposite side; where, being exposed to a terrific flank fire, and in danger of being cut off, and losing its numbers rapidly, it fell back behind the line temporarily occupied by the Eighteenth Corps, where it originally started from. The brigade was rallied, and placed on this line.

"Too much praise cannot be awarded both to the officers and men. The former fearlessly led, while the latter as fearlessly followed, through the fire, hot enough to cause the oldest troops to falter. The field-officers particularly distinguished themselves.

"Had it not been for the almost impassable crowd of troops of the leading (white) divisions, *Cemetery Hill would have been ours without a falter on the part of my brigade.*"

Such are the men to whom we have denied the prerogatives of manhood, whose manhood shines forth so gloriously at their redeeming hour. S.

TRIALS OF MINISTERS. — It is said that a clergyman in Western Massachusetts, who had become worried to death nearly by antagonisms with his people, made this proposition to Secretary Stanton: "I will agree to take Richmond, if you will take charge of the Congregational Church on Chester Hill."

PRAYING WITH ROBBERS.

THE continual travels of the early Methodists exposed them sometimes to the highway robbers that infested England in the last century; but they had little fear of them, as they had little or nothing to lose. The foot-pads not only deemed them rather poor prey, but had reason to dread them for their superabundant wealth of religious zeal and exhortation. A poor evangelist, while travelling his circuit, was met by three robbers. One of the band seized his horse by the bridle, a second pointed a pistol at his breast, and a third caught hold of him to pull him from his saddle; all swearing they would instantly have his money or his life. He looked them steadfastly in the face, asking them if they had prayed that morning. They seemed confounded. But one of them instantly snatched the itinerant's watch out of his pocket; another took off his saddle-bags, and pulled out a knife to rip them open. He cried, "Stop, friend! there is nothing there but a few religious books; and you are very welcome to have them, to read if you please: as to money, I have only twopence-halfpenny;" which he took out of his pocket immediately, and gave to them. "Now," he added, "shall I give you my coat? You are welcome to any thing I have about me: only I would have you to remember I am a servant of God, and am now going on his errand. I am going to preach. I beg you will let me pray with you before we part, and it may do you more good than any thing I have given to you." At this, one of them said to the others, "We will keep nothing belonging to this man: if we do, vengeance will pursue us."

He took the money, and returned it with his own hands into the preacher's pocket; and insisted that the second, who had taken the watch, should return it; and, after a little hesitation, it was replaced also: the third, taking up the bags, laid them on the horse, and fastened them to the saddle. He thanked them all for "their great civility;" and, again renewing his request that they would let him pray with them, he fell upon his knees on the road, "and prayed," says the narrator, "with great power." Two of the robbers, alarmed at this unexpected treatment, skulked away; but the third knelt upon the earth, deeply affected, "so that there was reason to hope he was resolved to become a new man." — *Stevens's History of Methodism.*

THE GLORY OF THE WORLD TO COME.

CHRIST'S kingdom, being in order to the kingdom of his Father which shall be manifest at the day of judgment, must therefore be spiritual; because then it is that all things must become spiritual, not only by way of eminency, but by entire constitution and perfect change of natures. Men shall be like angels, and angels shall be comprehended in the lap of spiritual and eternal felicities: the soul shall not understand by material phantasms, neither be served by the provisions of the body; but the body itself shall become spiritual, and the eye shall see intellectual objects, and the mouth shall feed upon hymns and glorifications of God: the belly shall be then satisfied by the fulness of righteousness, and the tongue shall speak nothing but praises and the propositions of a celestial wisdom; the motion shall be the swiftness of an angel, and it shall be clothed with white as with a garment. Holiness is the sun, and righteousness is the moon, in that region; our society shall be choirs of singers, and our conversation wonder; contemplation shall be our food, and love shall be "the wine of elect souls." And as to every natural appetite there is now proportioned an object, cross, material, unsatisfying, and allayed with sorrow and uneasiness, so there be new capacities and equal objects, the desires shall be fruition, and the appetite shall not suppose want, but a faculty of delight, and an unmeasurable complacency; the will and the understanding, love and wonder, joys every day and the same for ever: this shall be their state who shall be accounted worthy of the resurrection to this life, where the body shall be a partner, but no servant; where it shall have no work of its own, but it shall rejoice with the soul; where the soul shall rule without resistance or an enemy; and we shall be fitted to enjoy God, who is the Lord and Father of spirits. — *Jeremy Taylor.*

THE things to which we are most addicted — such, for instance, as the careful concealment of narrowness of means — are often very insignificant; a mere fancy, which our imagination magnifies into importance. Another turn of imagination reveals to us, in an instant, the fallacy. — *Pascal.*

FALTER NOT: "NO GOOD IS LOST."

THOSE there are, whose spirit sinks
In weariness of soul,
Through loving, striving, day and night,
Beneath Faith's high control;
For, in their agony, they feel
The precious seed they sow
In the fresh garden of some heart
Is yielding nought but woe.

Or idly do their accents fall
Upon the listless ear:
Are all these earnest pleadings vain?
Will not the thoughtless hear?
'Tis sweet to see, unfolding fair
Under the hand of Love,
The flowers, the fruit, the blessedness,
That find their sphere above.

Sweet as the virtue that exhales
Spontaneous from the heart,
The holy innocence that flows
Fresh as pure waters start.
But, longing soul, take courage still,
And gladly keep thy way:
With steadfast fortitude and hope
Press forward day by day.

Thou mayst to-morrow find the root
Of holiness and grace
Is striking deeply in the soil:
Thy love has left its trace.
Or if to-morrow bring not peace,
Nor sweet fruition bear,
Another hour, as life speeds on,
Will sure reward thy care.

There is an hour when memory wakes
To all thy tones of love;
And thine undying, fervent prayer
Descends as from above,—
Descends, and bathes the soul afresh,
And kindles new desire,
When as thou sowest now in tears,
And sufferest as by fire,

Will spring sweet, lowly penitence,
  Kind charities and zeal,
To consecrate each day of life
  To the All-Father's will.
Deem not the Father leaveth one
  Pure act of love to die:
Not only is each living prayer
  Swift registered on high,

But better is each human heart
  For this thy sacrifice,
Richer and holier is earth,
  More beautiful the skies.
Then falter not, but watch and pray;
  And let thy presence be
One sweet beatitude, and prove
  An angel's ministry.

HINTS TO INVALIDS.

To the large class of feeble women, especially to decided invalids, these hints are addressed by one to whom years of experience have made them of practical importance.

In the first place, dear sisters, as invalids, you are dependent, to a greater or less degree, on the kind services of others. See that you do not increase the burden by any unnecessary demands. Make it a principle, that as you can *help* little, if at all, you will not *hinder* more than is unavoidable. Minister to your own smaller wants as far as practicable. For instance, if you have the power of locomotion, do not drop a shawl here, and a paper there, expecting that they will be put in place by others. Dispose of them yourself, if you are able to do so; and thus attain the twofold object of saving your friends some little trouble, and gaining the comfortable sense of being, even in the slightest degree, independent.

One would not willingly be wholly dependent on even the dearest and kindest friends; but, if God so wills it, let your considerateness in saving steps, and your grateful acceptance of kindnesses, make the demands as light as the nature of the case admits.

Look well to your own temper and spirit. Cultivate, *strive*, if necessary, for habitual cheerfulness. Your condition must be,

alas! in many ways, some restraint, perhaps a great one, on the freedom of the household. Do not let your presence spread gloom around. If you cannot bring sunshine into the home, try to shed at least a little glimmer of starlight there.

Unless altogether disabled, you will find some little occupation a blessing, and a great promoter of cheerfulness. Tax your ingenuity to find employment suited to your capacity. If it be only for five minutes, or even a dozen stitches in an hour, it will break up the monotony of idleness, and, in the course of time, produce a result greater than you think, if you have never made the experiment. Some invalids perform wonders. I once knew a young lady, who, after long resistance, was obliged to give way to a spinal disease, and keep her bed. There she occupied herself with cutting dresses for her little sisters.

If possible, cling to hope, though you should often be disappointed. These disappointments may be hard to bear; yes, sometimes very grievous: but better will be a thousand disappointments, succeeded by fresh hopes, than unbroken despondency. Even if they should in the end prove fallacious, they will have served to buoy you up through weary years of waiting for health.

Above all, strive to keep very near to God. Trace his hand in the minutest events of your daily life. Remember the countless blessings of your lot; and so receive every thing from him, that joy and sorrow shall alike be perfect good. Then your spirit-song shall be, —

My "life shall chant its own beatitude:"
  Sorrow and joy shall be all one to me.
I will call darkness light, and evil good,
  Dear Lord, if so it seemeth best to thee.
I'll build an altar of my dearest hopes,
  And I myself the offering will be:
Then let thy fire descend, and hallow all,
  Till nought remains but love and purity. †

Time heals our griefs and our dissensions, because we change, and are no longer the same persons: neither the offenders nor the offended are alike. It is as if we should encounter a people that we have irritated, after the lapse of two generations. They are French, but not the same Frenchmen. — *Pascal.*

BEAUTIFUL SACRIFICE.

How much of young heroism and devotion shine through the grim horrors of this war! The following incident we find narrated in the "Crisis," a New-Church paper published at Laporte, Ind., whose editor is a chaplain in Gen. Sherman's army:—

"After one of the severe engagements in the South-west a few months since, the position of the armies remained unchanged for twenty-four hours; the dead and the dying remaining upon the field. In the night, the voice of a poor drummer-boy was heard coming through the darkness, crying for assistance; but it could not be given. It grew weaker and weaker, and died away, falling upon no gentle mother's ear, and only into the ear of the Great Father. 'The next day,' says the narrator, 'as the rebels fell back, our men found the boy of eighteen resting against a stump, his face turned to heaven, whereon was left a radiant smile, as though he had heard the music of angels; as if he saw the Lord, and had glimpses of the holy city Jerusalem. And in his hand he held a small pocket-Bible, which lay open, with a blue embroidered mark between the leaves, on which some fair hand had worked the following passage: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' Was there not victory over death on the battle-field? and does not this incident prove the power of religion to cheer and comfort in the darkest hour?

"'Midst tangled roots that lined the wild ravine,
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through the day,
And where the dead in scattered heaps were seen,
Amid the darkling forest's shade and sheen,
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun, which glanced athwart the place
In slanting lines like amber-tinted rain,
Fell sidewise on the drummer's upturned face,
Where War had left his gory finger's trace
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once-bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair:
His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted to the sky
On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tattoo shall beat,
The shrill reveille, or the long roll's call;
Or sound the charge, when, in the smoke and heat
Of fiery onset, foe with foe shall meet,
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet maybe, in some happy home, that one,
A mother, reading from the list of dead,
Shall chance to view the name of her dear son,
And move her lips to say, 'God's will be done!'
And bow in grief her head.

But, more than this, what tongue shall tell his story?
Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame.
He lived, he died; and, so, *memento mori.*
'Tis enough: in heaven's eternal glory,
Immortal shines his name."

THE following is the style in which Jennie June, in her "Talks on Women's Topics," throws off her ideas: —

FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

"Domestic duties, it is said, ought to be taught at home; but, unfortunately, they are not. Mothers themselves are too ignorant or too lazy to be able to teach their daughters, who thus grow up idle and burdensome, first to their families, then to their husbands. In female colleges or boarding-schools, moreover, where all the time of the student is passed during a most important period, it seems only proper and natural that all the duties pertaining to their after-position should be taught to girls, who, many of them, will only leave to enter at once upon their performance. Why they should not learn to cook a dinner properly, as well as wield a knife and fork gracefully, or daintily dip the tips of their nails into the finger-glasses, passes our comprehension. Or why do they not study the simplest rules by which they could learn to cut and make their own dresses, while hours each day are consumed in committing to memory meaningless algebraic signs, forgotten as soon as acquired, is a puzzle which no science we possess can elucidate.

THE PIANO MANIA.

"There is no social disease so wide-spread, so virulent, and so fatal in its attack, as the piano mania. Before a girl is born, now-a-days, she is predestined to sit and extract dreadful screechings and wailings from some unhappy instrument for at least ten years of her natural life. No question as to whether she possesses an ear, and no consideration for the ears of other people, is permitted to interfere with the decree, which is as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that 'Katy' or 'Lucindy,' as the case may be, 'must play the piano.' The poor thing may be a natural-born housekeeper, with a genius for sweeping and dusting, washing and baking, but with no more perception of chords and cadences than of the music of the spheres. Still she will not be permitted to follow her

natural bent, because it is so horribly vulgar. She will be wept over, scolded, and fretted at, and any lazy, fine lady, sister, or cousin, held up as an example of gentility.

"To be able to play the piano in company is the *sine qua non* of many foolish, fond mothers' hopes, who look back with regret on their own limited chances of education, and are apt, therefore, to sadly overrate the value of what are called accomplishments. Playing the piano is doubtless a very good thing, when it is well done, and by a person who possesses musical taste; but otherwise it is only a torture for a sensitive ear to listen to it. Jingle, jingle, jingle! thump, thump, thump! Who has not shivered and winced, and tried to appear amiable, through the interminable hours of a small evening party, while some youthful tormentor, harassed into the display by stupid friends, was vigorously pounding out a miscellaneous assortment of battles and marches, songs and quadrilles, waltzes and opera, without the slightest notion concerning them, except that certain keys in the piano correspond to certain notes in the book?

"Excepting for evening parlor-dances, the piano should never be played without the accompaniment of a voice, unless by a Thalberg; and, even then, only a few will be found to care enthusiastically for the mere science or grace of execution. And if this is true of a professor in the art, how much pleasure is it supposed can be obtained from hearing the monotonous and spasmodic thrumming of a girl whose entire capacity for music has been scolded or cudgelled into her, and who would much rather be employed in doing something else, even though it were sweeping, and washing dishes?"

FLIRTS *vs.* SENSIBLE GIRLS.

"The utilitarian young lady is below par in society as well as in the matrimonial market. Young men speak of her as a 'good girl;' but they invite her pretty, stylish, useless sister to balls and picnics. At parties she sits neglected, or is invited to dance once by some good-natured uncle or old-fogy friend of the family; while the butterfly before mentioned, whose clothes she mends, and to whom she sometimes carries her breakfast in bed, is surrounded by admirers and flirts, and dances to her heart's content. People often say that such girls do very well to flirt with; but they are not the kind that men choose when they want to marry. Begging the sovereign people's pardon, that is all nonsense. Men generally fall in love as stupidly as possible, and marry the object of their affections, — if they can. In almost every instance where a man marries a sensible woman, it is after he has met with a severe disappointment in not marrying a fool."

THE highest order of minds are most capable of perceiving originality of character. Ordinary ones see little difference between one person and another. — *Pascal.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Voice of Christian Life in Song; or, Hymns and Hymn Writers of many Lands and Ages. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 530, Broadway. W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street, Boston. 1864.

The Cripple of Antioch, and other Scenes; from Christian Life in Early Times. Same publishers.

The Early Dawn; or, Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time: with Introduction. New York: M. W. Dodd, 506, Broadway. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The books, the titles of which are given above, are by Mrs. Charles, the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family." To most of our readers, this will be introduction enough; and we hope that it will lead them into a very intimate acquaintance with one who knows how to put into her books not only the wealth of a vigorous and richly cultivated intellect, but the abundance of a Christian heart. The writer has heard the words of the new life, as the sweet singers of our Christian Israel have sung them, as earnest preachers have given eloquent utterance to them, as faithful workers have used them to illustrate their own ministries in the name of Christ; and her soul has been enlarged to be a proclaimer of the great salvation in the tongue of the people. Her books are good books; but are not dull, like so many other good books. She has so much of the life which makes Christendom, everywhere, and in all ages, and amongst all nations, one, that the past becomes as the present when she recalls the scenes and experience of Christian antiquity, or the times of our Saxon forefathers, or the days of Wickliffe and Luther. Her Christ is not merely the Christ of history or of tradition, but Christ with us and in us the hope of glory. No mere student or writer, no mere antiquarian or story-teller, she puts her own spiritual struggles and successes into her work; and the reader feels that he is in communion with a living soul. Mrs. Charles's pictures of by-gone days are life-like beyond the most. The dead are not merely galvanized into a caricature of vitality. They died; and, behold, they live! and this because Christ lives in them. We are told, as indeed we should have gathered from her books, that our accomplished

scholar and author is also a most diligent worker, — one of those, becoming, we are happy to say, more numerous every day, who are carrying the gospel, in all its blessed offices for body and soul, to the homes of the poor and degraded; bringing in, by the only promising means, the kingdom of God through the reign of Christian truth and love. The first-named volume will interest students as well as the general reader. All should find places in our Sunday-school libraries; which ought not to be, so much as they are, mere collections of novelettes, in which the bushel of chaff scarcely contains three grains of wheat. E.

The Hour which Cometh, and Now Is: Sermons preached in Indiana-Place Chapel, Boston, by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street; for sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Mr. Clarke has not fallen into the mistake of too many preachers, and given us a treatise in place of a sermon. His object is, not to try to tell his hearers all he knows or does *not* know upon a given subject, but rather to place before, and, if possible, to put into them, such leading and elemental truths as they may be able to appropriate and turn to good account in the particular direction which the discourse would indicate. The hearer is sure to carry away something from such a hearing, because the preacher, not attempting too much, is able to make a distinct impression, and leaves something on the memory besides a table of contents, or the skeleton of a body of divinity. The result is not, as some might anticipate, a meagre performance. Meagreness comes most surely from the effort to go over a great deal of ground, and to elaborate and exhaust your topic beyond your proper limits. The best husbandry is likely to be found where the acres are few. Moreover, these discourses are not disfigured by what is called "fine writing:" they are plain, straightforward, common-sense, earnest discussions on the sprit of the gospel of Christ, positive in their matter, charitable in their tone. We miss in them, however, what is missing in so much preaching, what the rhetoricians call persuasion, as distinguished from conviction, — the loving yet direct and determined assault upon the motive power in the hearer, the appeal which takes him up from his quiet sitting in the pew, the urgency which bears him along upon a wave of emotion. Missing this, the discourse ends sooner than we had expected; it is unfinished in a sense which is not to be explained, as merely the justifiable lack of elaboration: it is the whip without the snap, the

knife not ground down to a keenness of edge. When we have finished the discourse (and the same is true of many sermons of the argumentative preachers), we are just ready to be entreated and persuaded; and there is a sense of disappointment when we are left to do this work for ourselves. The sermons will be acceptable and useful to many besides those, who, as they have gladly heard, will gladly read, the words of their faithful and gifted pastor. E.

Enoch Arden, &c. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Of Tennyson we have never enough. When we read "In Memoriam," we are angry at the sight of the uncovered paper which fills so large a space in the little volume. When we have read again and again the "Idyls," we lay the book down as one who can no longer urge the sweet singer or the skilful musician to charm on. "Enoch Arden" is a Christian poem, inspired by the deepest and truest faith in the Father of Christ; a poem of struggle and sorrow and trust, — trust in the mighty help which comes forth to us from the Unseen. Let no man say that the gospel is no longer believed, whilst Whittier and Tennyson write poems. We do not care what the form of their believing may be: they are believers; and God has given them a tongue and an eloquence which must beget faith in other souls. Some one has told us, we think, that this volume has been kept back on account of the disorders of the times: the very reason why it should be given to the world. Nothing can soothe and hearten us at once like great thoughts, — like the ideal which is our humanity's treasure; and so we thankfully commend to our readers the little book which shall be sweetness in their ears, and food for the soul's nourishment. E.

A Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England. By ROBERT CARTER. Boston: Crosby & Nichols; and W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1864.

It is not too late in the season to say a word in praise of this healthy book. There are still some who go down to summer seas in summer ships to draw up fishes from the mighty waters, and who will be glad, when the fishes will not bite (as in our experience they seldom do), and when the inward man is perfectly calm (as in our experience on the wave it seldom is), to draw entertainment and instruction from this little volume, which is entertaining without being frivolous, and learned without being pedantic. E.

Visions in Verse; or, Dreams of Redemption and Creation. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The "Visions" carry back the writer to the period before creation; and from his ideal stand-point he sees the fall of Lucifer, the kingdom of sin, the creation of the world, its rise out of chaos to organic existence up through nature to man. Then he sees the fall of man and his redemption, and gets previsions of his future state. The themes are great, and the thoughts sometimes very beautiful; but they do not get adequate utterance. The verse is Hudibrastic, and is not up to the dignity and grandeur of the sense. Milton has traversed the same ground, and it becomes perilous to tread upon it. There is no imitation of Milton, however; the attempt being simply to clothe in easy-flowing rhythm the conceptions idealized and made picturesque, which are the support and solace of Christian faith, and which throw light upon the dark problems of our being. S.

Talks on Women's Topics. By JENNIE JUNE. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

We like vastly the homely style and vigorous common sense of this book. It touches on a great variety of topics pertaining to women, girls, and children; and gives excellent advice, sometimes with startling plainness of speech. We give a few extracts in the Random Readings, which will show how the writer, who plainly enough is a woman, dashes into the heart of her subjects. S.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. A new and beautiful edition of this standard work has just been issued by Sever & Francis, Cambridge. It is well illustrated, printed in clear type, on good paper, and put in handsome binding. Whoever wants Bunyan, either for the family library, or as a present along with the Bible to friend or child, should inquire for this elegant edition of Sever & Francis. For sale by W. V. Spencer. 134, Washington Street. S.

A Memoir of the Christian Labors, Pastoral and Philanthropic, of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Dr. Hanna, son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers, has written his life in four volumes. From these, Dr. Wayland compiles this small vol-

ume of two hundred and eighteen pages, which is not designed as a full memoir, but a presentation of the life, character, and labors of Dr. Chalmers, in their religious and philanthropic relations. It is designed as a popular book, and is published for the excellent religious influence which such an example is calculated to have. The language of the original work of Dr. Hanna is often retained. It abounds in facts and incidents of exceeding interest, the example of a great and good man is exhibited in a most attractive light, and the book is well adapted to the end for which it was compiled and published. S.

The Memorial Hour, or the Lord's Supper in its Relation to Doctrine and Life. By JEREMIAH CHAPLIN, D.D., author of "The Evening of Life," &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The author's stand-point is Orthodox, and he regards the death of Christ as the central fact in the plan of redemption. This of course moulds and colors all his views of the sacrament, whose value and meaning are set forth in these pages with great fervor and tenderness. The book, we should think, would be specially edifying to those whose theology harmonizes with that of the author. S.

Synonymes of the New Testament. By RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH, D.D. Second part. New York: Charles Scribner, 124, Grand Street. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The study of Scripture synonymes is at once fascinating and suggestive. It is a study which is admirably fitted to bring to light the wealth of the treasury of the Word. Let the reader turn, for example, to the various expressions by which "sin" is denoted, as it is seen from various sides. The student of divinity, who is not above what is sometimes derided as theological learning, will find excellent material in this little book. E.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS. — Several articles recently received have been omitted in this number for want of room, but will appear in the next.

We take this opportunity of saying, that articles not exceeding eight or ten pages are generally preferred. B.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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OUGHT THE WAR TO GO ON?

THIS is a question which, unhappily, as it seems to us, is an open question. Unhappily, the nation in its time of war, when only united efforts promise a speedy and successful issue, finds itself divided. And this condition of things is as unnecessary as it is mischievous. It would seem that amongst the moderate and reasonable it need not obtain. There is a war-party and there is a peace-party; and both parties claim to speak in the name of conscience and of Christianity. Of course, so far as they are merely political parties, urging their views after the manner of partisans or as those who would seize the spoil, we can have no concern with them in these pages; but it does concern all Christians to form a sound opinion, in the light of the truth and in view of the present situation, as to this issue of peace or war. We cannot decline the discussion; neither can we put an end to it by calling hard names and bandying cant epithets. What we want is to know our duty; to form and to abide by some clear and strong convictions; and, if we must awaken opposition and give offence by what is said, we should be all the more careful to use the language of soberness and kindliness. It settles nothing to cry out, "Abolitionist!" or "Copperhead!" and it does not add to the force of the argument to prefix to these words a profane adjective; and, even if we suspect low and evil motives, it is not for us to impute them. One would be

glad to think that we shall be at one in the great work which is assigned to us; but, if this is hopeless, let us at least abstain from railing.

But to come to the question: Are we right in continuing to prosecute this war? There are, as we say, those who more or less distinctly affirm the opposite, and maintain that it is time to lay down arms. Let us see what reasons may be given for this doctrine of peace. We are sure, that, if the things which make for peace do at the same time make for righteousness, no one of us can for a moment withhold from them his assent.

1. We do not understand that the advocates of an immediate settlement of our difficulties would wish to plead in support of their views the fact, that the thing which we have undertaken proves to be difficult beyond our utmost expectations at the start. Right or wrong does not depend upon the measure of difficulty less or more. Of course, those who are engaged in a good work may be *compelled* to stop; but then the account which they will give of the situation will be, not that they withheld the hand because they had changed their views of the merits of the case: they will say, on the contrary, that their good cause has suffered defeat. Very likely we should not have undertaken this war, had we foreseen what it was to cost; and precisely this is true of every great enterprise: but the principle was and is the same, whether the lives to be sacrificed and the treasure to be expended must be reckoned by tens of thousands or by hundreds of thousands.

2. Again: the advocate of immediate peace will not desire to rest his cause upon any however well-founded charges of mistakes and misdemeanors on the part of those who have had most concern in the conduct of the war. In human affairs, the utmost that we can ask is that the end and the main direction and the ways and means be good: in the instruments we must look for much imperfection. We are ready to imagine that every great cause must needs have had its great actors, and that even the masses of men (by whom indeed the rough work is for the most part done) were high-

toned and heroic; but Providence uses in all times very coarse material for very nice work, and neither administrations nor armies will bear a very close scrutiny. We are not quite willing yet that the world should form its judgment even of Christianity by the doings of Christians. Blunders, neglects, extravagances, may prompt us to look for better agents; but they cannot affect our opinion of our work. We must come to something deeper and more real than these occasions for temporary discouragement.

3. And we presume that what will be and is said by those who do not favor this war runs substantially in this wise: It was good and right in the beginning, and all patriots were agreed in furthering it. Then it was almost purely defensive, — waged against those who sought to destroy our national existence, — waged under the Constitution and laws, to secure their supremacy, — undertaken to restore a condition of things about which no one could reasonably complain. If we had adhered to the original purpose, the contest would long ere this have been ended, and we should now have been in the enjoyment of the old order, with peace and returning prosperity. This object did not content us. Those who are most earnestly devoted to this thing do not hesitate now to declare, as they have hinted from the first, that to restore is not our purpose; that we seek by force of arms to carry our Northern civilization with its free institutions throughout the insurgent States, and so are pressing our philanthropy upon them at the point of the bayonet, — being ready to exterminate the whites for the sake of emancipating the blacks: To compass this object, so it is alleged, we are establishing a despotism instead of our republican government; effacing State lines, and disregarding State rights; impoverishing and decimating the land, and on the way to make our country a wilderness and a chaos, without law or liberty, — a mere congregation of foreigners and of freedmen; and all because we would hurry God, and finish in a day the work of a century, and employ carnal weapons in what should be a purely moral warfare. We are reminded that it is the characteristic of fanaticism to be ready to slay men for ideas; and that the

reign of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, became presently a reign of blood. And as to the solution of our practical problem, the objectors to the war seem to point to one or the other of two alternatives: we must either suffer the establishment by recognition of another nation within our borders, or we must seek for a reconstruction upon the basis of old compromises; and, if the former must be regarded as sufficiently humiliating, it is not more so than our folly has richly deserved, and by no means to be declined at the expense of further bloodshed and national demoralization. Our war, it is maintained, as at present waged, is the sin of the day, to be repented of and forsaken. We hope that we have fairly stated the views and aims of the peace-party. We are sure that we have no desire to do otherwise, and that none can be more painfully alive than ourselves to the horrors of a struggle which has been so frightfully destructive of human life.

And now let us say, that, with all due respect for those who are willing to make such great sacrifices for peace, we cannot accept their opinions or regard their way as promising to lead us to the end which we all desire. Let it be conceded, if you will, that to go into sovereign and sister States upon an armed crusade of philanthropy would be a fanaticism, whether under the auspices of a nation or under the leadership of an individual. With the exception of John Brown, and the few or many who sympathized with him, such a purpose has never been entertained, in these Northern States. We might with almost as much propriety attempt to make Ireland independent, or the people of Great Britain autonomous, after the manner of the Athenian propagandists. We have done nothing of the sort. We maintain, that so far as our nation in its national action has been concerned, before the war began, and during its prosecution, the effort of the patriot and the lover of liberty has been to make the nation, as a nation, more and more truly a free nation; to nationalize freedom, and localize slavery; but this with all due regard to Constitution and law, and with no more interference on the part of individuals with State institutions in time of peace than was inevitable where one of these institutions offended

the moral sense and the Christianity of the age.* The lovers of freedom have sought to build up on this continent a nation free, strong, peaceable. They hoped that these United States, spite of the millions held to service in the midst of them, might be raised, in the good providence of God, into such a nationality. A few were impatient, because, as they affirmed, this work did not go forward, but rather backward; a very few — the merest handful — used hard words; a score at the most had gone so far as to take up arms. But the majority held to and even glorified old compromises; filled the streets of free cities with soldiers to watch over the restoration of runaway slaves; sought to compass their very moderate aims by free discussion and the ballot-boxes, by elections in which North and South alike took part. But when there seemed some very faint promise that the nation, as a nation, might one day become free, — free at least in its new Territories and its fresh growth, — the decree went forth from the friends and supporters of slavery, that it should be a nation no longer.

At the mouth of the cannon we were to learn that we were only a confederacy; that, since we would not allow slavery to rule in our councils, our life as a people must cease. That issue was made for us, and we accepted it. We determined to part neither with our freedom nor with our national existence; to be a people, and a free people; and break down for ever the power, which, not content with being tolerated, and allowed to decline, and die a natural death, insisted upon having dominion in the land, and shaping the destinies of our country. Substantially, essentially, with only such changes as changing times demand, this was, this is, our struggle. What we wish to secure by a war that has been thrust upon us, and which in all honorable ways we have sought to avoid, is a constitutional and Christian democracy strong enough to dwell in peace on this continent, and to be a refuge for oppressed

* "Do you reply, that, in many instances, they have violated this compact, and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individuals and local communities, they may have done so; but not by the sanction of Government: for that has always been true to Southern interests." — *Speech of A. H. Stephens in the Georgia Convention*, January, 1861.

humanity. In the marvellous providence of God, our armies find slavery in their path, — appointed unto death; our destiny has come to be bound up with the destiny of the bondman; our triumph means his emancipation; and we shall have no country again, until he, the poor outcast and outlaw, shall have gained one. But will you say that this providential ordering stamps our cause as a fanaticism? Does it not rather lift it above common struggles into the region of the ideal, and make that a sacred war which had otherwise been no better than a most justifiable quarrel? We cannot, therefore, subscribe to their judgment who call it a sin to continue this war; because, if it should come to an end now, we should have failed in our purpose; we should have sustained defeat. Nothing short of positive, complete, admitted military success can make us a free and peaceful nation, and insure the development of our national ideal.

It is just as indispensable that we should be conquerors as that the warden should be absolute master in our State prison-house. To stop short of this would only be to enter upon an armistice, and not upon peace. The national like the individual life must sometimes be defended by force; and, if your assailant is bent upon your destruction, does he not compel you to choose between your own death and his death? and, if he must perish, is not his blood upon his own head?

The question is, not whether the work of emancipation shall go on more or less rapidly, but whether the nation known amongst the nations as the United States of America shall be suffered to develop in peace and success its national ideal of a free democracy, and command, instead of being commanded by, the slaveholding oligarchy. No drawn battle, followed by recognition or by compromises, will settle this question of the mastery, otherwise than against the nation and the nation's ideas. Nothing will serve but that we should have things all our own way: then will come the solemn responsibility not to abuse our power; and for that, like other governments, we must answer to God and to the people. And God be thanked that what the selfishness and violence of man would not suffer to be accomplished by peaceful methods,

under the forms of law, through the conflicts of parties, and by the force of public opinion, and only after the lapse of generations, will now be reached, as it were, in a day, though at a fearful cost! God be thanked, that, with the return of peace, our reproach amongst the nations will have come to an end, and the cry of the slave rise no more to Heaven against us!

And so we count it no sin that our nation is at war to-day. We cannot allow that our noble young men have perished, or are perishing, in a foolish or wicked strife. It is not on our part an inhuman war, but a war for the noblest interests of humanity. How does it stand out in honorable contrast with our own Mexican invasion, with the English war in India, with the late contests in which England, France, Russia, and Austria have been engaged! As our Secretary of the Treasury justly says, "It is the people's war, — their struggle to be a people, and a free people." They are to be congratulated who have been able to rise to the height of this great argument, and have suffered in any way to promote this work. If it is right to stop now, it was wrong ever to have begun. If the last steps as well as the first must be costly, it is none the less true that we shall not get home without them. Not in anger, not in the spirit of party, not for revenge, do we hold out, but because we can no other. We have no desire to inflict any suffering upon the authors of this great public crime, save so far as the public safety, and the claims of those whom they have impoverished, may require. We are left to choose between success and utter national demoralization: can we hesitate for what we should speak and pray? Sometimes the signs of the times are encouraging, and sometimes they are quite otherwise: but right is right, and God is God, all the while; and for ourselves we do not mean to cry, "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace. E.

THE eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough. — *Carlyle.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XIII. — At Morning.

BRICH AN DU SCHÖNES TAGESLICHT.

Break forth, thou beauteous light of day!
Appear in all thy purple splendor!
To Him, the fount of every ray,
My tribute I will with thee render.
Yea, Lord! Lift all my soul and sense,
To praise thy bright beneficence.

Thou hast, with loving hand to guide,
Protected me in need and sorrows;
All danger softly turned aside,
And borne me through to many morrows.
For guardian care through this night's shade,
Be humble thanks devoutly paid.

Now light in me the flame anew —
The life awaking — spirit firing;
That I the right path may pursue
To highest life and truth aspiring;
Not halting in myself alone,
But — Christ within me — on and on.

Grant, Thou who all things in us dost,
Awakened faith's serene enjoyment;
That, through the steady power of Trust,
I may fulfil thy high employment:
Then shall my love-enkindled heart
Share, weal or woe, my neighbor's part.

I aim, O Lord! at no high state:
Adopt me; that alone can raise me.

And wealth I cannot richly rate:
'Tis Christ alone supplies and stays me.
But dwell thy Spirit in my breast,
And I can well forego the rest.

My Father! I myself resign
This day anew to thy good pleasure.
Oh! graciously my heart incline
My steps in thy true fear to measure.
Let all my works in Thee proceed;
Thy name be hallowed in my deed. N. L. F.

A WOMAN'S PROTEST.

I AM a woman, — not one of the clarion-voiced, whose stirring tones can startle and inspire a throng like the trumpet's call, bidding them arise, and gird them for the battle; not one of the tuneful ones, whose "silver-treble laughter," or wailing like an Æolian harp, can gladden or melt the hearts of all who listen.

And so, as my voice is neither strong nor sweet, and more fit for quiet talking than for shouting or singing, I have not lifted it hitherto in speech addressed to all who will listen. But now a voice within me says, "Cry!" and there is no need to ask, "What shall I cry?" for the word waits for utterance, and will be spoken with all the strength I can command.

The moral atmosphere, like the physical, would stagnate without agitation: so we have now and then the tempest, daily the gentle breezes. Let those who cannot smite the air of a whole region clear with the fiery scourge of the lightning and the shock of thunder be content to blow their little breezes among the other zephyrs.

I am a woman, and I protest. I would that the voice of my remonstrance could reach you all, my country-women, —

young women especially! I speak as one of you; for I have not lived so long as to deem myself quite beyond your ranks.

I protest against our social position even here, in this noblest of all lands, where we have more generous consideration, and a larger measure of justice too, than our sisters anywhere on the face of the earth.

Yes, if there were no other reason why we, her daughters, should love and honor our land with all our hearts, should serve her with our best endeavors, and count no sacrifice too costly that may help to save her in this hour of deadly peril,— if she had but this one claim upon us, instead of so many, it would be enough, that here, in the free North, above all other places on earth, woman's physical weakness is recognized as a reason why man should courteously protect, and not rudely trample her down; and her difference from him in mental constitution is seen, at least by some, to be the proof, that, in all the affairs of life, he needs to have the elements wanting in himself supplied by her.

So much I must say, lest any should think I undervalue my land and nation.

When we examine the cause of a great social wrong, we generally find it arises not so much from the deliberate wickedness of certain members of society, or a certain class, as from unfortunate circumstances, the result of some wrong of past times that has been only partially righted. Turning up the furrows to-day, in hopes to sow good seed, we break our ploughshare against the buried ruins of the old feudal castle that once stood upon this very site,— the stronghold, often, of oppression and evil, yet sheltering, just at that time, a rude government that was better than complete anarchy.

Our blood boils up now and then as we hear of practices that seem like a deliberate outrage upon humanity; but, looking calmly beneath the surface, we may see that *more people* are to blame than we thought, and no one *so much* to blame as we supposed at first.

I protest, then, with all my strength, against the position of entire or partial dependence upon others for their support

in which the majority of young women are placed, and allow themselves to remain.

Much as the field of woman's activity has been enlarged of late, it is certainly true, at this day, that except among the very poorest classes, mostly foreigners, those young women of twenty and over, who are entirely self-supporting, are a minority, perhaps a small one.

Parents provide their *sons* with means of self-support, — never think, unless their wealth is very great or the case very peculiar, of letting a boy grow to manhood without some trade or profession; but ordinarily, when they have an income sufficient to meet their family expenses from year to year, their daughters are expected to be young ladies of leisure at home.

Where the parents can leave each of their daughters an independent fortune, this is not so very imprudent: still it is wrong. No human being's life ought to be without purpose, without steady employment. In ordinary cases, having nothing in particular that one feels obliged to do, results in *doing* nothing in particular a great part of the time. But no one can endure life without *some object;* and, where no worthy one is presented, a frivolous one is often adopted by the inexperienced or unthinking. The girl, condemned to a purposeless life, makes mere excitement her purpose; devotes her energies to dress, fashionable nothings, entrapping admirers, flirtations, and getting a husband.

Many a seemingly frivolous flirt, after her marriage, settles down into a matron worthy of and commanding respect. People say she has "sown her wild oats," "outlived her folly," &c.; but the proper statement of the case would often be, that she had no good seed to sow before, and chose folly for her companion, because wisdom was put far off from her.

But such a youthful experience can never be *good* for any woman, though she may learn in after-years to profit by her own mistakes; and the sorest evil is likely to be an error that may taint or ruin her whole future life, — an unsuitable marriage, entered into thoughtlessly or recklessly, or perhaps

still worse, from the need the girl feels of "being supported," in future, in a style equal to that in which she was brought up. If she is so fortunate as to escape this snare, probably all the latent good in her nature will develop under the calls upon a wife and mother; but how many neglected families, husbands driven to any refuge from the comfortless lodging-house that *ought to be* a home, and children left to the care or neglect of hirelings, are the miserable result of such mistakes at the beginning of life!

There is another evil, a very bitter wrong, growing out of this same false position in which young women are placed; and oh for the pen of a Browning, the tragic power of a Siddons, to protest against this terrible injustice! — to tell the heart-breaking story of thousands of toiling women; of mothers dying inch by inch; of incessant, exhausting labor; giving their lives a daily price for the bare means of daily subsistence to their little ones, and feeling all the while that the silver cord is loosening day by day; that soon they must sink under their cruel bondage, and leave those little ones to an unknown fate; of maidens struggling for themselves, perhaps for a sick mother, or helpless little brothers and sisters, to keep gaunt famine from the door of their miserable shelter, — working desperately from early morning to midnight, while the heart is dying slowly within as the body wastes without.

Oh! it is cruel, wicked, in a Christian land, —

> "That bread should be so dear,
> And flesh and blood so cheap!"

He that wrote these words only shadowed forth the slow murder that is going on this very year in our own land under many a ruinous roof that the "stars shine through."

For many of these women, there is one way of escape from this slavery. Escape! Yes: it is as if one walking toilsomely along the edge of a volcano's crater, scorched by the heat, and half stifled by the sulphureous stenches, should escape from his perilous place by throwing himself *into* the seething sea of lava.

Young women of this land, who are safely sheltered in

happy homes, *do you know* what that way is? can you imagine? A woman does not like to name it; but, depend upon it, of all our wretched sisters who plunge into that awful gulf of perdition, for one who is drawn thither by the curse of inherited tendency, many are driven by want and despair.

Young women of this land, I appeal to you in this matter; for — you will be startled when I say it — *many of you* are unwittingly helping to drive new victims to this appalling doom. Yes, you, Lucy and Carrie and Jennie; you, Roxy and Hettie, — whose eyes grow dim with pity as you half realize those dismal lives, whose blood curdles as you dimly guess a tithe of the horrors of that living death, — *you* are helping to rivet the chains on these suffering sisters! Oh that some strong-voiced angel could proclaim it through the length and breadth of the land! You would rise with one accord, and say, "This shall not be!" and it *would not be* thenceforth.

You have it in your own hands. Only steadfastly refuse to lower the price of woman's labor by doing it at unfair rates. Always, when you think of engaging in any work by which women must earn a living, ask yourselves, "Could a woman, who had *herself to support*, do so by this work at this price?" And do not be satisfied if you find that she could, by toiling without pause ten or twelve hours a day, barely earn a decent support for the time; for no one ought to live so. No woman should be compelled to buy the present by pawning the future, — to destroy her vitality, undermine her constitution, and lose her power to work in coming years, for the sake of barely living this year.

The grand difficulty is, that the girl who has a home does not feel that it is her duty to support herself, nor do her parents expect it of her. But perhaps father cannot allow her quite as much spending-money as she wants; perhaps, even, he cannot clothe her at all. She wants fashionable millinery, silk dresses, expensive trimmings; and for these she must work.

In her eagerness to get employment, then, she consents to do the work far below the fair price. If she sews, for instance, she will do it at a rate, which, while it may provide

her with all she wants without excessive toil, would not afford a bare subsistence to one who had to really get her living by it.

Or she teaches, perhaps, or goes to tend in a store, or to run a sewing-machine, for a mere pittance. It does not bear hard upon *her;* she can *afford* it: but she does not consider that it tends to lower the price of such labor to starvation rates, and, by just such labor, multitudes of women must earn their daily bread.

Now, it is in vain to cry out in these cases against the cruelty and rapacity of employers. As long as there are many women who will take, and even solicit, shirts to make by hand at ten cents apiece, business-men will give them out at that price, and will hardly feel disposed to give more.

At least one effective remedy is for the hosts of women, who do not really live by their needles, to withdraw their support from this system of oppression, and steadfastly refuse to do any such work, except at prices that would give a fair support to one who had no other means of living. If they would only withdraw their competition for a few months, and leave the business wholly in the hands of the poor needlewomen, the demand for the labor of these would be greatly increased, prices would rise, and then these very amateur workers, if they may be so called, might return to the field with profit, and earn all they do now with only half or one-third of the labor.

Depend upon it, there is sewing enough done in the country comfortably to support, if only decent prices were given for it, all who now depend upon it, and many more. And yet even now, when all the necessaries of life are growing dearer, the prices of this kind of labor seem to be really going down, because this unwise and short-sighted competition increases from month to month, as more women see the necessity of earning "a little something" to meet increasing expenses.

Sewing is considered eminently "women's work;" but in other kinds of labor, in which both sexes engage, women are very inadequately paid.

I know the argument which will be put forth at once. "Man's labor," as I read in one of the daily papers some time since, "brings more than woman's, because it is intrinsically worth more." True in some cases, sir, but in others *false*, if the concurrent testimony of many witnesses and the logic of facts is worth any thing against your somewhat arrogant assumption.

Man's labor is "worth more" in cases where physical strength and power of endurance are needed, and in occupations, too, which require intense concentration of power in any one organ. I think a female watch-maker is rare, if not unknown; and it is said that women do not succeed in making mathematical and astronomical instruments. Their nervous system is too delicate to bear such tension. Such control over eye and hand can only be exercised by the tougher organism of man; but in that which requires tact, quickness of perception, versatility, and the fine instinct that sees, or rather apprehends, the right thing to be done at the right time, and often, too, in that which demands patience, women are, in general, superior to men.

In teaching and the management of children, the voice of those friends of education who have given most attention to the subject, declares, by a large majority, their greater fitness for the work. The testimony from widely different quarters is, that most schools, particularly those for young children, are better taught and better governed by women than by men. By way of illustration here, I cannot help telling the story of a girl of nineteen, who went into a certain high-school in this State to assist, at a salary about one-third that of the principal, perhaps less. She taught some eighteen classes, including those in Latin and Greek; and did, so far as I could discover, all that was done toward keeping order in that school, while the principal confined himself to teaching mathematics, leaving a class or two in that to her.

Since quitting this attractive situation, she has reviewed the books of a certain business firm, which had become a tangled thicket of confusion through the long neglect of the nominal book-keeper, and now does the work he failed to do. Whether

the firm aforesaid pays her as much for keeping its books as it did her predecessor for confusing them, I cannot tell; but I think no one will presume to deny that her work is "intrinsically worth" at least as much as his, or that of her former associate.

Many a time it has been said by school-committees, "This young lady succeeds much better in this school than the young men we have employed in previous winters; and it is so much cheaper, that we can afford to have a longer school."

This is gross injustice; and there are *some men*, to their honor be it spoken, who see and feel, and do not hesitate to proclaim, it as such. In proof, I quote a passage from a speech made at a public gathering this summer by the present Secretary of the Board of Education. There may be some very slight variation in the words, as I quote from memory; but all who heard him will bear testimony that I report his meaning truthfully: —

"We have heard to-day, sir, that female teachers are employed in the public schools of Boston at a saving of many thousand dollars to the city. Sir, it made my cheeks burn to hear it. Out of whom is that money saved? Out of the girls that teach in our schools! Sir, it is a disgrace to the city!"

But the truth is, to return to the newspaper quotation mentioned above, that the market-price of a thing is not determined by its "intrinsic worth," but by the relation between supply and demand. Are strawberries and green pease really worth any more as articles of food when they first come than three weeks after? The later ones are quite as likely to be fresh and quite ripe, and therefore may be more wholesome, have more "intrinsic worth," than the first; but these bring fancy prices because the supply is small.

It is so with every thing; and women's work is underpaid because there are so many women, who, in their eagerness to get a little money, when they do not need much, will consent to work under a fair price.

The fact that I am a widow, with two small children dependent upon me, does not make my work as book-keeper

worth any more to the firm of X Y Z and Co. than that of young Mr. Leoline Reckoner, who has no one but himself to provide for; but it certainly does not make it worth any less. Provided I keep the books as well as he, there is no reason why they should not pay a thousand a year to me as well as to him. They would do so, no doubt; but when they find Miss Celestina Castwell, who can do it as well as either of us, ready and anxious to engage in it at six hundred a year (for she only needs to clothe herself), you cannot much blame them if they take her in preference to either of us. It would be very noble, it is true, if these gentlemen would inquire which of us three needs work most, and give the place to that one at the best price; but I fear the business firm that would do that, or think of it, would be as great a wonder as the bearded lady who exhibited her remarkable hirsute appendage in Boston a few years ago to all who were curious enough to pay the tariff of admission.

Again: if my scholars in music advance as fast, and get as thorough a knowledge of it, as those of Herr Hauptmann, my teaching is as well worth twenty-five dollars a term as his; but if Miss Cleopatra Warbler, teaching as well as either of us, asks only fifteen, how can I hope to get even twenty?

Perhaps Miss Warbler is dependent on her own exertions; and, in that case, she, like me, must take the current price for women's teaching; but that price is low, because so many girls who want to earn a little will put their price down in order to secure some pupils.

There is great need that all women should feel, that, in this matter, they have the cause of their own sex in their own hands. If they would not work under price, though it would take some time to accomplish it, they might, at last, command the same wages as men for the *same* work; and it would be far better for men too, as justice to all is always, in the end, best for all.

Year by year, women are taking, more and more frequently, the places that men have been accustomed to fill. If it were a recognized principle that the wages given must be proportioned to the quantity and quality of work done, men would

be in no danger from woman's competition, except where her performance was equal or superior to their own; but let it be understood that a woman will do a man's work at half his wages, and there are so many people who think the cheaper thing necessarily the more economical, and who would rather have their work done at a reduced price, even if it is not done quite so well, that often the male employee will be crowded out wherever a female one can be coaxed in. And suppose, young man, that a girl can do only two-thirds of your work: most people will rather pay three girls five hundred a year each than two young men each a thousand a year. Truly, the cause of justice is your cause as well as ours.

The day will come, I do not doubt, when this great wrong will be righted; but I fear it will not come until women generally feel, that so long as they have no household to care for, no home duties sufficient to occupy their time and keep their minds active, they ought to have some steady occupation. If they have independent fortunes, there are works of charity sufficient to provide a wide field for their energies, and walks of science and literature open to them, and social movements that need the time and thought of wise and kindly women. There is no need that any laborer should stand idle in the Lord's vineyard. If not, their work should be sufficiently remunerative to support them at least (or at a rate that *would* support them if they devoted themselves to it), if not to enable them to accumulate. They should feel that it is a disgrace, while they have health, to be dependent upon their parents even for a home. They should consider, that, like their brothers, they can rightfully claim a preparation for the work of life, an education more or less extended according to their parents' means; and, that preparation accomplished, the work ought to begin.

In many cases, one or more of the daughters will be needed at home, — perhaps to assist in the care of the family, perhaps to relieve an infirm parent entirely of that care. A daughter thus employed is in no sense dependent. While discharging this holy duty, she fully earns her support. Nor can a married woman, with the care of a family, be rightfully

expected to assist in earning their living. Often, if hard necessity compels her to do so, she must omit some sweet and sacred duties in consequence.

It is the husband's part to provide the means of support; the wife's, to apply them. If she does this judiciously, she is no more dependent upon him than he upon her. Indeed, she may make, out of very humble means, what all the wealth of a millionnaire would never buy, — *a true home* for him and his children.

Is the day far off, when all these things will be accomplished? Perhaps so; but this is no time for desponding. There is no need to complain that the world is growing worse, when so evidently —

"God's day is marching on."

That day, now coming with giant strides, is the day of triumph for the right; and we are faithless indeed if we doubt that justice will prevail. But it has been wisely said, —

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

Let every woman, therefore, strive thoughtfully to do something towards lifting this yoke which is crushing thousands down to physical death, and hundreds to a fate we cannot think of without unutterable horror.

The cause of womanhood is every woman's, every man's cause; and those who neglect now to help their suffering sisters may be mixing bitterness in the cup of life their own daughters shall one day drink.

Sisters, I have spoken. Strong women had said these things before, and far better; and many will say them in the future, I trust, and in words of power.

O ye to whom the commanding or entreating voice has been given! I entreat you, by all the misery and all the crime this evil has caused, — a fearful catalogue that none but the Omniscient Eye can read, — "cry aloud, and spare not," until the right shall triumph. L.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF CHRIST'S NATURE, VIEWED IN CONNECTION WITH THE DIVINE.

It is impossible for a full-grown man to impart unto a little child all his knowledge or his experience. He cannot reveal these to the child. No words can possibly convey to the child's mind an adequate conception of them. He may tell the child, in language the simplest that can be employed, all the wonders of geological, astronomical, physiological, and chemical science; he may give utterance to his own highest conceptions of moral truth and duty, of humanity and of God; he may tell the child of his deep religious experiences, of his states of mental darkness and anguish, of the fearful assaults he has suffered from evil spirits, and the inward agony consequent thereupon, and the sweet and serene peace that bathed his soul, as with God's own sunshine, when those combats ended, — he may *tell* the little child all this, and what will the child really understand or know about it? What, after all, have you revealed to that child of your higher knowledge and deeper religious experiences? Nothing; literally nothing. Nor is it in your power, nor in the power of human language, to reveal to that child your higher mental operations or spiritual states. You cannot reveal yourself to him as you really are in your own interior being, — in your advanced intellectual and moral nature. And the simple reason is, because the child is unable to receive such revelation. He can form no conception of the mental state which you describe. Your words fall dead and meaningless upon his ears, because there is nothing within him to interpret their meaning. The receptacles for such knowledge are not yet opened. The attempt, therefore, to impart it, would be like attempting to teach the beasts of the field, or the birds of the air, intellectual or moral philosophy; or it would be like chanting sweet melodies in the ears of the deaf, or presenting beautiful pictures to the eyes of the blind. You can reveal to the child only so much of yourself as it is in a state to comprehend. If you would reveal to it your

love and wisdom, you must bring that love and wisdom down to its state of comprehension. You must meet the child on its own plane. You must adapt yourself to its wants and feelings and infantile capacities. You must enter, not coldly, but warmly, feelingly, sympathetically, into its little plans and pastimes. You must soothe it in its sorrows. You must help it out of its difficulties. You must assist it in getting control of even its own hands and feet. Its fears are very many, very weak, — to you, no doubt, very foolish. You must help it to overcome them, with much kindness and tenderness and patience. As yet, it has almost no understanding. Therefore it can receive but little instruction, and this chiefly through the medium of its five senses, and concerning the external world, — the objects of sense immediately around it.

Now, if you perfectly understand this infantile state; if you know exactly all the little child's weaknesses and wants, and woes and fears, as well as its feeble capacities, — then you can adapt yourself perfectly to its needs. You can come down to its feeble state; you can sympathize with it in that state. You can enter into its thoughts and feelings; you can instruct and inspire it; you can lift it up and strengthen it, and lead it along, little by little, to the state of mature and robust manhood. But how could you do this, how could you have the requisite knowledge of the little child's weaknesses and wants, if you had not once been a little child yourself? You remember how you felt and thought, and sorrowed and feared, when you were of that feeble age; and therefore you can understand and sympathize with the child. You have yourself been in, and had experience of, the same infantile period as that in which he now is. You have passed through the very states that he is passing through, — all the states of childhood, from infancy to mature years. And, if your memory of those states were more exact and perfect than it is, you would be able to come still nearer to the child; to enter more fully, and with more entire sympathy, into all its states; and so be to it a wiser counsellor, a better friend, a more efficient guide and helper.

Now, this may serve to illustrate, in some measure, the importance and use of the Divine Incarnation. In respect to Jehovah God, all mankind are as little children, — very little, very frail, very ignorant, and of very feeble understanding. God cannot — never could — reveal himself unto men as he is in his own infinite perfections; for men are incapable of receiving such a revelation. And, where a revelation is not received or understood, nothing is really revealed: relatively regarded, it is no revelation. And what can finite minds understand of absolute Divinity? How can the finite comprehend the Infinite? To see or know God as he is in his own infinity, we must ourselves be infinite. Our finite capacities, by the very fact that they are finite, limit us, hem us in, and render our comprehension of God in his essential Divinity absolutely impossible. They who imagine that they can grasp Infinity, that they can know God as he is in his infinite and divine perfections, greatly deceive themselves. Such power is not vouchsafed to men or angels. The possession of it would imply both divinity and infinity in the possessor. Only the Infinite can see or comprehend the Infinite. Therefore the Scripture saith, "No one hath seen God [the absolute Divinity] at any time: the only-begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath brought him forth to view." The infinite God descends, and reveals himself (as far as that can be done to finite minds) under a finite, human form. Divinity comes down, and speaks and acts, and prays and labors, and agonizes and suffers, and so reveals itself in humanity, — the Divine in the human, the Father in the Son; and this in infinite condescension to our human wants and finite capacities. It is something like what a great nobleman does, whose wisdom is immeasurably beyond the comprehension of a little child, but who, nevertheless, comes down to its infantile state; accommodates himself to its feeble capacities; renders himself approachable, comprehensible, helpful, and lovable to the child, in and through the medium of his body, or the gifts he bestows, and the feelings he expresses, and the things he does for the child, through the body's instrumentality. In

this way, and in no other, can the great man reveal himself to the little child.

It is, as I have said, in condescension to our human wants, as well as our finite capacities, that God has revealed himself in Christ, — the Divine in the human. For in what capacity do we most need to know God? Not as Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the material universe, but as our spiritual Illuminator, Regenerator, and Saviour. True, the pious mind sees God in the outward world. The visible universe proclaims his presence. We see him in the grandeur of woods and mountains; of seas and cataracts; in the twinkling orbs that span immensity; in the glory of the night, and the matchless splendors of the morning; in the opening flowers of spring, and the golden fruits of autumn; in the beautiful procession of the seasons, and the wild magnificence of the storm. But here we see him only in his vastness, his grandeur, his wisdom, and his might. We behold him in a form that fills us with reverence and awe. We are overwhelmed and lost amid these manifestations of his greatness. Yet we behold not here the God that is suited to our human needs: it is a God far off, and not graciously near to our souls. Not here do we see him in any intimate and tender relation to humanity. Not here, in all the beauty and magnificence of the outward world, — in the awful grandeur of the ocean or the storm, — not here do we behold him ministering to our souls' deep wants. Not here do we see him living for us, laboring for us, suffering for us, working out a glorious redemption for us, — revealing that sweet and tender humanity which is our solace and our hope, and is to be our heaven, our joy, our crown of rejoicing.

But, in Jesus Christ, God is revealed to us in a form suited at once to our finite capacities and our spiritual wants. Here we behold him in the most intimate relation to humanity; clothed in our frail and finite human; himself a man among men; yet, as to his internal, the supreme and only God. Here we behold him in a form that we can approach and understand, and that our affections can lay hold of. Here we see him living and acting in our human conditions and

relations, — "God manifest in the flesh," — feeling as we feel, tempted as we are tempted, suffering as we suffer, and triumphing over death and hell, as we, through his aid, hope to triumph. We see him born of a woman, as we were born; clothed in a frail body, like our own; passing through the various states, from infancy to manhood, as we have to pass. And then we see him consecrating his life to deeds of mercy; forgetful of himself, and thoughtful only of others; not anxious to be served, but only to serve; going about doing good; healing the sick; befriending the friendless; feeding the hungry; strengthening the weak; compassionating the poor; sympathizing with the sorrowing; comforting the mourners; and helping all who needed and were willing to receive his help. We see him meek and gentle under persecution; patient and resigned in suffering; forbearing when assailed with bitterest taunts; the constant friend of truth and right; the uncompromising foe of hypocrisy and wrong; loving and forgiving towards his enemies; and, with his last expiring breath, giving utterance to that ever-memorable prayer for his murderers, — "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

This is the way God lived when he subjected himself to our human conditions and relations. This is the way he felt and thought, and spoke and acted, and suffered and forgave, here in this ultimate or lowest sphere. This is the way he bore himself, down on that low plane of human existence where we are now living and struggling. It was always love speaking, love acting, love suffering. Christ was the visible embodiment of Divine Love here below. He was God come down to earth; God subjected to our earthly conditions and limitations; God brought into states of sorrow and suffering and fierce temptation; God clothed with a humanity like our own, frail, imperfect, prone to all kinds of evil. And here is just where we, as weak, suffering, sinful creatures, most need to know God. We need to know him in his humanity: that is, we need to know what he would do if placed in our circumstances, invested with our frail and finite nature; made to feel the fire of evil passions,

and the cravings of selfish and worldly loves; subjected like ourselves to the malignant assaults and the fierce and terrible goadings of infernal spirits. And in Christ Jesus he has shown us just what he would do, just what he has done, the very thing we so much need. Here we see the true God, not as he is in his own infinity and absolute divinity, — for in this he is unapproachable and incomprehensible by finite minds, — but in his sweet and tender and beautiful, yea, his divine, humanity. Here we see him in a form adapted to our finite capacities; in a form that is approachable and comprehensible by us. Here we see him weeping, sorrowing, praying, suffering, tempted, struggling, like ourselves, but never sinning. Here, therefore, our God is brought graciously near to us; yea, is brought into closest sympathy with us, and we are brought into closest sympathy with him. He is able to be "touched with the feelings of our infirmities," because, as saith the Prophet Isaiah, "he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."

Nor is this all. While God was coming into closer sympathy with humanity, by living, doing, and suffering as he did in the flesh; while he was displaying his infinite love and compassion down on the lowest plane of human life, ministering to the bodily wants and infirmities of those around him, working miracles of mercy and of healing in the natural sphere, — he was, at the same time, performing still greater miracles in the sphere above nature; was doing deeds of mercy still more wondrous in the spiritual realm. He was cleansing his assumed humanity (which was, by inheritance, prone to all sorts of evil) from all its corrupt inclinations and earth-born tendencies. He was eradicating from that humanity every germ of selfishness, purging it from every hereditary taint of evil. In his assumed humanity were wrapped up all the principles and tendencies of universal humanity. Therefore he was able to touch the hells at all points. He came into conflict with every class of infernal spirits, and had experience of all their craft and subtlety and dire malignity; and, through his own wisdom and omnipotence, he subdued them all, and reduced even the hells to

a state of order unknown in that dark realm before. As saith the Prophet Isaiah, "Therefore his arm brought salvation unto him; and his righteousness, it sustained him."

And while he was subduing the hells, and purging his assumed humanity of all its evil hereditary taints, he was at the same time filling and permeating that humanity with his own divinity. In this way, he successively put off all that was frail and finite pertaining to his assumed humanity, and put on that which was infinite and perfect. He imbued that humanity with his own divine life. He exalted it to a perfect oneness with the Divinity. He made it a divine humanity; that is, a humanity endued with all divine powers and attributes. Therefore he saith, "As the Father [the Divinity] hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son [the humanity] to have life in himself." "I and the Father are one."

And, by the assumption and glorification of our frail nature, God placed himself in a new relation to universal humanity. He could draw near unto all men as he could not before. He could impart unto them his renewing grace as he could not before. He could sympathize with them in their sorrows, he could strengthen them in their infirmities, he could shield them in temptation, and so could exert for them his redeeming love, as he could not before. From the hour that the sublime work of glorifying the human was accomplished, a new spiritual force became manifest among men; a new and divine energy began to pervade the moral universe; new light began to be diffused, and new life to pulsate, in the hearts of all men, especially those who looked to the Lord Jesus Christ in humble and confiding faith; and this, too, in fulfilment of divine promise. For Christ himself spake of the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, which he would send when he had left this world, but which could not be sent before. "It is expedient for you," says he to his disciples, "that I go away: for, if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but, if I depart, I will send him unto you." And again he says, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even

the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." "He will reprove the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment." "He will guide you into all truth." "He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." And still more emphatic and conclusive is the passage (John vii. 39) where it is written, "For the Holy Spirit was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified;" a declaration which proves that the procession of the Spirit was a consequence of the assumption and glorification of the humanity.

The Lord Jesus Christ, therefore, is the Infinite God brought down to our finite comprehension, and accommodated to our human wants. The all of that Divine Trinity, expressed in Scripture by the terms Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, is in him. This is the teaching of Paul, who declares that "in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." The whole of the Divine Trinity is in him, just as soul, body, and their co-operative energy, exist together in one man; or just as heat, light, and their proceeding operation, constitute one sun. But although all the fulness of the Divinity dwells in Christ, yet, as to the human side of his nature, he can be approached, comprehended, and loved, even by little children. A child can learn something about the Lord Jesus. He can see him in thought or imagination. He can be made to understand something of his sweet and tender humanity. His affections can be drawn out toward him by the simple recital of his deeds of compassion, his meekness, his gentleness, his forbearance, his unselfish love, his patience in suffering, and his unbounded forgiveness. And, in learning about Christ, the child is learning about God. He is acquiring a knowledge of God's real and unchangeable character. He is learning how God lived and acted and suffered when here below; and how he, too, must live and do and suffer, if he would grow to be like God. In learning to love Christ, he is learning to love God. And suppose it be only the external or natural humanity of the Saviour that the child learns about and loves, the knowledge is none the less important for all that. It is like his learning and loving the

Word in its literal sense. As this sense contains all the higher senses, so this knowledge and this love are the foundation and continent of that higher knowledge and purer love to be unfolded to the child in riper years.

And as the child advances toward maturity, and is able to comprehend more and more of true humanity, the Saviour's character in its higher and nobler elements unfolds to him with more and more clearness. And still later, when the sorrows and anxieties and responsibilities of life press heavily; when evil spirits assault him on his heavenward path, and at times extinguish in his moral firmament the light of the sun and the stars, — oh! then it is that this doctrine of the divine humanity, this knowledge of God in Christ, comes to him with a quickening and saving power. He sees in its clear light that there are no depths of spiritual suffering to which his soul can sink where Christ has not been before; that there is no darkness which his soul can know that is not known to Christ; that there are no states of temptation so agonizing that Christ hath not known a deeper agony; that there are no assaults from hell so fierce that Christ hath not experienced fiercer. And seeing and knowing all this, and realizing that in and of himself he has no power to resist the assaults of evil spirits, but that the divine in the human — the glorified Saviour — hath all power in heaven and on earth, he looks to him, and prays to him, and confides in him, and so receives from him the succor that he needs.

And so, through all our journey from the cradle to the grave, divinity in humanity, — God in Christ, — God invested with our frail nature; God living and laboring and suffering here below; God as Redeemer, Regenerator, and Saviour; the very embodiment here on earth of all human and all divine excellence; God in a form approachable and comprehensible by finite minds; God able to come to us in and through the medium of his divine humanity, — able to enlighten and quicken and strengthen us by his grace, and lead us upward in heavenly paths, — this is the God whom we need to know. This is the God exactly suited to our human weaknesses and human wants. And, throughout the ages of

eternity, the wondrous wealth of his redeeming love will continue to unfold more and more in accommodation to the advancing states of all his humble followers. To know this God, not theoretically or doctrinally merely, but in a real and living way, through experience of his renewing grace, — this is the highest kind of knowledge. To love him is an exercise of the sweetest and purest love. Rightly to worship him is the noblest of all employments. B.

TRUE BLESSEDNESS.

Could we but feel that blessings lost
Are blessings doubly given, —
So sweetly smiling on us here,
Then taking flight for heaven, —

To teach our hearts the calm that flows
From meekly yielding all,
To lure us on our upward way
By love's persuasive call;

Could we but see the gentle hand
That deals the sternest blow,
And mingles in our cup of joy
The bitter drops of woe, —

Then strength and peace divine would spring
From keenest agony;
And Grief's tranfigured form would shine,
A heavenly ministry. †

Knowledge of external things will not compensate my moral ignorance in a time of affliction; but moral proficiency will always afford me consolation under the absence of external knowledge. — *Pascal.*

THE YOUNG MINISTER'S DREAM.*

In the town of Convulsion, where I was born and bred many years ago, we enjoyed the ministrations of an excellent Orthodox divine, who, for many years, was the acceptable pastor of a flourishing people. I well remember the good old gentleman, with his kind face and nicely brushed coat, his pleasant greeting and friendly shake of the hand, with an especial grace for us young folks. We looked up to him, I can tell you: and the only fault the worst critics could find in him was, that he had no fault; and so they said, "There must be something awful covered up in him."

But the minister got to be old; and, one New-Year's sabbath, he told the people he had been settled with them forty years, and if all the couples he had married, with their children, should gather together, that church would not begin to hold them. "And alas!" added he in an altered tone, "if all those whose funeral rites I have performed should stand up before us, they would be no small congregation; and of what varied ages! — the white locks and bowed forms side by side with the ripe middle age, the full-blown flower of manhood and womanhood, the buds of childhood, and the babes in arms. What a company!" said he, seeming to see them before him. "But no: they are not as they were. The babe has developed, the bud has opened in a genial immortal bloom, and maturity and age have put on the garments of glory and perpetual youth."

The parson had a way of preaching as if he saw right before his eyes what he was talking about, not as picture, but in reality: and oh! I felt his prayers through all my bones; for he spoke to an actual presence in such a life-like way, that I almost shuddered, lest I were disembodied.

This seemed to be the parson's power with the people, — the actuality of what he talked about. Hell and heaven were

* This article, it will be perceived, comes from an Orthodox source, and was intended for Orthodox readers. "Convulsion," if our map is correct, lies in the vicinity of Boston. — Ed.

like something that were right at hand in the course of nature, — like day and night, sunshine and storm. He seemed to feel so for sinners; and he held up their doom as against God's wish, and by their own blind, obstinate choice, so that God's love seemed to be magnified, while his justice was vindicated. We had great revivals under his preaching, — love-revivals rather than fear-revivals; though the parson would sometimes make the flesh creep as he talked of the necessary doom of unrepented sin in the judgment to come.

Well, we always looked on the parson as a permanent thing. Age came on him so gradually, the change was never noticed: and when he told us, on that New-Year's sabbath, that his strength had given way, and that he felt the shades of night gathering, when no man can work; in fine, as he said, with choking voice, that he must lay down his staff of the pastoral office, — there was not a dry eye in the house. At first, the people would not hear to it. A meeting was held; and the people voted that the minister was as useful and acceptable as ever, and they could not bear a change.

When they communicated this vote to the minister, he said it had been hard for him to make up his mind to give up. He came to it slowly, and because of their good. For his part, he had rather die with the harness on.

"And that you shall," said Deacon Thomas. "What say you to a colleague? Come, you can't refuse to keep on with us."

The minister answered, that he must give up the leading and responsible charge with the salary: but, if they wanted him to be their pastor still, he would preach and visit occasionally; but they must get a new man to have the direction and charge. And this was the way they settled it.

We did not run a long gauntlet of candidates. We had had a good minister, and had grown up under him; and we supposed all ministers were just like him. So we took up with our first candidate, — a young man just launched in the ministry. Well, before he was settled, he cooed you softly as any sucking dove; but as soon as he was ordained, or "set over" us, as he called it, he took all on himself, and began

to turn things topsy-turvy. His authority was so high when he started, that the old parson was nowhere.

There had for forty years been a custom on Thanksgiving and Christmas and Fast Days for all the churches in town to give praise and thanks and make supplication unitedly. The young parson told the people he could not confuse his flock in this way. If his sect was right, all the others were wrong; and he would not countenance error by Christian fellowship. Folks were taken aback, and especially our meek old minister. After the meeting was over, he ventured to expostulate privately with his young colleague.

"On these public days," said he, "points of doctrinal difference do not come up. We can surely bow together to the same God, to offer together the same thanksgiving and supplication for the same blessings."

"Why not always meet together, and exchange pulpits with every Christian name, then?" demanded young parson.

"I should not exchange with ministers whose spiritual instruction would oppose and contradict the system of truth which the Holy Scriptures have led me to form," said the aged parson, "because confusion and division would result from ministers at cross-purposes; but, on occasions when no such variance can be expected to occur, it is good for fellow-Christians to meet together, exchange friendly greetings, and recognize the cardinal oneness of all believers in the Church invisible and universal. By this kindly course you get the ear of men; and perhaps they will come to test your preaching, and see whether it squares more closely with Scripture than what they are accustomed to. But, if you rub the nap up the wrong way, you set them against you and the doctrines you represent. 'This is not the love of Christ,' they will argue, 'which leads to narrowness, exclusiveness, and arrogance, and the assumption, I am holier than thou.'"

"A believer," said the young parson, "is one who believes the Bible, and the whole Bible; and that is our denomination alone."

"Minds are differently constituted," urged the elder, "and view the same things differently."

"If they view the truth of God," said the junior, "they do it by the Holy Spirit; and that will not teach one man one thing, and another another. It is God's work of grace according to the election of his will, and not man's work. I care not whether I make friends or enemies: man can do nothing against the Church, except what God makes him do. I hate all these modern issues that have crept into the churches."

The old parson did not like the spirit of this; and he labored, and prayed too, for the change of the young parson's purposes. His labor amounted to nothing; but his prayers, perhaps, were the cause of a wonderful dream the young parson had the night after his long talk with his senior colleague.

He dreamed that his final hour came, and he crossed the Jordan of death. On the opposite bank were many newcomers like himself. Some of them appeared uncertain which way to turn, and readily to fall in after the lead of a very officious and ill-looking individual in brimstone-colored livery, with lurid, sinister eyes. These filed off into a valley or cavern, and disappeared; but others, and among them the dreamer, fastened their gaze on the glorious city near at hand, with its high pearly gate and jewel-walls in plain sight. A crowd kept pressing toward it, whose progress was impeded by many returning applicants, who had "sought to enter in, and not been able."

The young parson could only approach very slowly, as the ground was gradually yielded by those in advance; and he continually encountered those who were pressed back with cast-down faces, as if their claims to admission had been considered and denied. Among these he was astonished to notice a polemic divine whom he had reckoned as one of the main pillars and defenders of exact Christian science. He could not repress his surprise, nor refrain from asking the disappointed doctor how it had fared with him. The latter only murmured in reply, —

"If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound."

After a while, he got so near the gate as to observe two angels clothed in white: one with a roll-call in his hand, from which he occasionally read a name; and the other with a flaming two-edged sword, with which he kept back those whose names were not on the roll, and compelled them to turn to the left of the gate, and make room for the others. As they turned to the left from where this angel stood, their position was such, that, when the gate opened to admit one whose name was called, it swung against the place where they were. They were thus effectually excluded, while they were so near, that they could see through the bars of pearl, and look into the city. The sentinel angel appeared to be kind and communicative, while unflinching in the discharge of his duty. He readily answered questions put to him.

In looking into the city, the young parson noticed a venerable man with a white beard and glistering attire. He seemed to combine the wisdom of age with the vigor of youth.

"Who is that man, if I may ask?" said he to the sentinel angel.

"That is Socrates," was the reply.

"Socrates! Why, he was a Heathen."

"No," said the angel: "he was a Christian."

"How can that be, I pray? He never heard of Christ."

"Does not the Scripture say, 'He is the true Light, that lighteth every man that is born into the world'? Christ was Socrates' light; and the philosopher believed in him, although he did not know his name or personality till he heard him say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

"This is very strange to me," said the parson. "Those, then, in Christendom, who do not believe in Christ, may yet be saved, if they follow the light within them; that is, reason or conscience?"

"One of your poets has written," replied the angel, "'There are many things, Horatio, which are not in your philosophy.' However, this you speak of is not among them.

If Christ, the light within, be accepted, it is certain that Christ in person, revealed in the gospel, will not be rejected. Those to whom he has been presented, who still reject him, do not believe in the light of Christ conscience-born within, but some *ignis fatuus* of presumption and self-conceit."

"Ah! that is it; just as I thought," said the young parson. "In Christendom, certainly, only believers in Christ can be saved. But how is this? — what man is that I see in the city? He looks for all the world like a heterodox minister whose church I went to as a boy."

"Right: he is such."

"But he denied the divinity of Christ."

"How do you make that out?" asked the angel. "The good man taught, that in Christ dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. He recognized him as his Saviour."

"But he did not think that he was God."

"He gave ear to him as the word of God, and he was born into Christ's kingdom. His errors, which have been disclosed to him in the light of eternity, have been excused, because originating in a re-action from contrary errors."

"Pray, what contrary errors?"

"Why, the insisting, as Christian teachers have done, on reducing the Godhead to scientific system and formula. It cannot be so reduced."

"What! not by Orthodoxy?"

"No: you theologians have made a wretched failure in attempting to reduce the Infinite Divine to the compass of certain self-contradicting propositions."

"But what shall we do to keep to the faith as first delivered to the saints?"

"Why, leave it just where they left it, and do not attempt to improve upon the word of God."

"But are we not nearer right than the Unitarians?"

"About the divine nature you are; though you appear, some of you, to lose sight of the distinct personality of God the Father and God the Son. But, on the other hand, you have not emphasized enough the Christian essence of right actions from right motives in every walk of life. Then your

Turkish fatalism, though you slur it over, and graft accountablity and free-will upon it, yet makes many a man stumble. But it is not the doctrine that makes the test of admission here: it is the Christian heart of love."

"Ah!" suddenly exclaimed the young parson, who had kept his eye on the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem, — "ah! I see my mother there! Oh! do let me go in. She was Orthodox. She believed as I do. You certainly let us Orthodox in."

"Orthodoxy must be cardinal, not merely intellectual, to obtain admittance here," returned the angel. "Your mother believed *and loved.*"

"And do I not love?" asked the young parson. "I know I loved my mother."

"Yes," said the angel sorrowfully; "but Christ has said, 'He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother and sister and mother.' You do not love, as you do your mother, those fellow-pilgrims who belong not to your own sect, who pronounce not your shibboleth; while they, some of them at least, still bear Christian fruits in their lives."

"That is because I think they are wrong, and let down Christ."

"Do you suppose He that is meek and lowly in spirit is captious about his rank as compared with his Father? and do you imagine, if a right opinion on this subject were essential, so many texts would have been left on the Bible-record which give color to views of Christ different from yours? Those of meek, converted, Christian spirit, who do his will, shall know of the doctrine correctly in eternity, even if they err in time. It is very easy here to correct intellectual mistakes; but, if the heart is not right, its probation is closed."

"But the Unitarian system is a mere negation: it embraces every variety of opinion. It proves itself, too, a languid, dying cause. I have opposed it for its practical effects, in unnerving Christian energy, depopulating the conference meeting, and restraining prayer. Unitarianism will never evangelize the world."

"Admitting Unitarianism to be a defective system, and par-

ticularly inefficient as a Christian agency, yet will you induce people to abandon it by quarrelling with them? No: that is the very way these systems originate, — in theological feuds, and divisions selfishly fomented by spiritual teachers. Men wholly in sin you do not expect to win to Christ by making angry: why pursue a different course with those erring in doctrine?"

"Still, I must preach the whole counsel of God."

"But you do not rightly understand that counsel, when you forget that God is love. Souls are to be won, not driven, from intellectual and moral error."

"Yet that counsel embraces threatenings."

"What saith the Scripture? 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we *persuade* men.' Besides, you must remember that you are a fallible man in interpreting God's counsel. To err is human; and you are neither wholly right, nor the others wholly wrong."

"Am I to understand that Christians of my way of thinking should amalgamate with Unitarians?"

"When your heart is very full of the love of Christ," said the angel, "you will not decline to bow down before God with any who do him homage. You will not indeed compromise your religious opinions. To give up truth, which belongs to God, and not to man, is sometimes called liberality; but, inasmuch as it gives away what does not belong to the donor, it is more like robbery. But the truth is to be preached in love. What you need is more love. It will warm your soul, and make it go forth in sunshine to all about you, — those out of Christ and those in Christ of every name. While it will not lead you to sacrifice your convictions, it will cause you to seek for something good and true in the sincere religious views of others, and to seek to gain and impart light."

"But may I not now enter that pearly gate? Can it be that my name is not on your roll?" asked the young minister tremblingly.

"Your record is not made up yet," answered the angel in a kind tone. "This is but a dream: look you well to its interpretation."

With these words of the angel still ringing in his ears, the young parson awoke. Having sought for guidance in prayer, he went to his senior colleague, and related to him his dream.

"I believe it was a vision of reality," said he.

"I think not," said his colleague. "It was only the working of your own mind in sleep, when the imagination has singular power, and the thoughts are illustrated by moving figures. While awake, your determined will kept out of sight, and made you unconscious of, those reasonings which have obtained audience in your sleep, and incited the imagination to these pictures. The mind does more, at times, asleep than awake. It is said that Newton solved some problems in sleep, which overmatched his waking thought."

"At any rate," said the young parson, "I am going to seek for this love of Christ the angel spoke of, till I find it."

"Amen!" said his colleague.

And the young parson bent all his soul in prayer to obtain this boon of fulness of love; and, after days and nights of supplication, it came upon him in a flood of warm, genial light. He afterwards shunned vain disputations. He sought to get Christ into the hearts of men, that the truth might work up thence into the head. He had a ready, helping hand in all moral enterprises, and refused not to bow before God in supplication and thanksgiving with all who called upon him in the name of Christ.

When a man has done thee any wrong, immediately consider with what opinion about good or evil he has done wrong; for, when thou hast seen this, thou wilt pity him, and wilt neither wonder nor be angry. For either thou thyself thinkest the same thing to be good that he does, or another thing of the same kind. It is thy duty, then, to pardon him. But, if thou dost not think such things to be good or evil, thou wilt more readily be well-disposed to him who is in error.

Christ appeared under such obscurity (as the world esteems it), that historians, recording only important events of worldly policy, took scarcely any cognizance of him. — *Pascal.*

IN SICKNESS.

THE sabbath-bells ring out upon the air,
Calling God's children to his house of prayer:
Could I but rise, and go, and meet him there!

I hear the people pass along the street:
Their rustling garments and their church-ward feet
Make happy music, — murmurous, low, and sweet.

The breath of summer-flowers is in my room, —
The scent of lilies, and the faint perfume
Of crimson pinks, and roses all abloom;

And through my open window comes a rush
Of sudden music, — some melodious thrush
Pouring his heart out in one happy gush!

But lovelier far than any bird of Spring,
Sweeter than Summer's sweetest blossoming,
Thy sacred altars, O my God and King!

Better one day thy holy courts within
Than are a thousand spent in mirthful sin.
Open His gates, that I may enter in!

Nay: these preventing bonds; this lifted rod;
These long, long hours of anguish, leaden-shod!
Let me be still, and know that thou art God.

Oh! teach me — what so slow I am to learn —
That where true spirits for thy presence yearn,
There is thy temple, there thine altars burn.

Believing this, these narrow walls expand
Into cathedral glory, vast and grand,
With fretted dome, and arches overspanned.

Yet need I even these *fancied* signs of Thee?
Dear Lord! but enter in, and dwell with me;
Then shall my heart both shrine and temple be.

FITCHBURG, MASS. C. A. M.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.*

LUKE xix. 41, 42: "And, when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!"

OUR Saviour loved his native land. He personified nation and city. He had a heart for the community as well as for the individual. He cherished thoughts of good for Jerusalem. He would have saved the city from ruin, and the people from exile. Had it been possible, he would have raised dead Jerusalem as well as dead Lazarus. He wept as he foresaw the coming destroyer. What sweet human sadness in those words, "*Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!*" Glorious in his humanity as in his divinity, our Lord illustrates no narrow and recluse pietism, occupied with introspection or with retrospection, or with visions of mansions beyond the skies. He came to redeem our earth, as well as to open a way into the heavens; and he taught a religion which is "the best reason of state," and the best charter of the Jerusalem that now is, as well as the prophecy and pledge of the city of God above. And Christ was in the world to reveal to us the mind and heart of God. What Christ loved, that we may be sure God loves. Dear to the Father and Son are the cities and nations of the earth. "*Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain,*" was the confession of Hebrew piety. The Divine Providence watches over the destinies of races and tribes. The deeds, the character, the fortunes of the State cannot rightly be separated from the highest and the most religious ideas. The Son of God weeping over Jerusalem entitles us to rescue the word "patriot" from the selfish and contentious, and to speak of patriotism as one of the expressions of the new life in Christ, of

* A sermon preached in the First Church, Boston, on Sunday, the 11th of September, 1864, by the pastor of the church, in compliance with the request of the President of the United States for thanksgivings on account of the late national successes in the war against the Rebellion.

loving our country in and for God. There is no warrant in the gospel of Jesus for denouncing this affection as selfish, as a love which should be sacrificed to a universal humanity; for as there is a so-called patriotism which is blind, foolish, and immoral, so there is a loyal service of the State which is pure and undefiled, eminently religious, a work which God will bless.

I ask in this discourse, What can the Christian do for his country, for the land of his birth or of his adoption; his pleasant heritage, it may be, from fathers laborious and brave, consecrated by their tears and their blood, its very earth enriched with their precious dust; the land, as he would fain believe, of his children and his children's children?

I. I answer, first, The Christian can serve his country very effectually, even when a direct participation in public affairs is either undesirable or impossible. There are times when acquiescence in the existing order is wisdom and fidelity; when there is nothing to be hoped from any outward changes; when no political revolution will help forward the kingdom of God. There are persons also in the freest States to whom no political functions are intrusted; and yet Christian patriotism is for all times and for all persons. Our Saviour refused to commit himself to any of the parties in the Jewish commonwealth. They were at best only factions; and when, pointing to the Roman coin, he said, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," he simply accepted the facts of the State as he found them, implying doubtless that it was as well or better so. And yet he said that he would have saved the land. He meant that the new life would have been their salvation, — would have lifted them above their passions and their fanaticisms; so that, instead of sacrificing themselves to obsolete ideas, they would have been born again into a truer national existence. And it is ever the tendency of the Christian spirit in the minds and hearts of Christian men and women to redeem and uplift the State. Surely the first and the most important condition of genuine national prosperity is true manhood and womanhood. Honor and honesty, love and courtesy, aspiration and persistent endeavor, — these lie behind

any specific theories or methods; and, without these, there is nothing for your building save the wood, hay, and stubble, which the fire will not spare. Good men cannot be very bad citizens; and they serve the State who seek to quicken in themselves and in others that divine sense which compels us to make a conscience of all things. No matter how admirable your constitutions and your laws, no matter how triumphant your armies, no matter how well-balanced the different powers of the State: the day of prosperity shall be also the day of decline, if our young men and our maidens have lost their worship. Then all things go to decay; then patriotism is a pretence, and statesmanship is jugglery, and to be powerful is to be oppressive. The indirect service of a pure Christianity to good citizenship can hardly be overestimated. Indeed, that discipleship of which Christ is the life shall yet prove to be the fruitful germ of the true commonwealth. Besides the faithful and eloquent voices that urge upon us the especial duties and doctrines of the day and hour, there is always a Voice deeper and more commanding than all others, the same yesterday, to-day, for ever, proclaiming the everlasting verities, the Yea and the Nay of conscience; and that God over all for ever blessed, and our Father, who hath appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment. This is the voice of the Christian Church, speaking through so many various languages, slowly and surely educating the world for a true citizenship, and working a noiseless but mighty revolution.

II. But again: the Christian can serve his country by putting his Christianity into the institutions and laws and enterprises of the State, and this very directly through the formation and utterance of opinion, through his largest, highest, purest thought; his hopes, aspirations, affections; the struggles of his spirit in prayer to God to gain his blessing, in thankfulness to God for the wonders of his arm outstretched to deliver. I am a debtor to the world I live in. I owe to my country my very best: not my outward goods only, but my mind and heart and spirit; not what is earthy merely, but what is heavenly. What we most want is to

idealize the State and its deeds; to put conscience and piety into the nation's life; to make the kingdom of this world, so far as may be, a kingdom of God in Christ. We would not bring politics into religion; but we would put religion into politics, as much of it as we can. We would carry every thing up to God. If the young lions seek their meat from him, as the Psalmist says they do, shall we not take to him the conflict of our days?

Now, I am well aware that to speak of Christianity in connection with the struggles of the State will provoke not a few even to scornful mirth. They will say, "These are the dreams of a recluse, the visions of a crazed ideologist, who will soon be made use of by some party, and that, most probably, the most unprincipled of them all. You must not talk to us, who have been behind the scenes, of high public moralities. The kingdom of God may be true in the idea; but the more closely you keep to the idea, and the less you have to do with those who make loud professions of realizing it, the better. What is all this agitation into which you would bring your Christianity but party strife, selfish always, not seldom devilish? And who, that knows any thing of the causes and the processes and the chances of war, can think that it is a business with which the Holy God can have any concern one way or the other, save as a frightful sin and evil, out of which his marvellous providence shall bring good? Who will talk of a Lord of hosts, or regard victories and defeats save as the surging this way or that of the tide of battle, as accident, or the heavier battalion, or the more skilful general, or the more desperate soldiers, may determine?" It is easy to understand these doubts and discouragements, and why men lose their faith in the highest things and in the Divine Providence when they come down from the serene heights of the ideal life into our world of mingled good and evil; but to yield to these doubts and discouragements is to admit a practical atheism, and to consign the national life, in peace and in war, to men without God. It *is* hard to form and express honest and sound opinions; hard to choose one's party, and discharge one's duty in the choice of rulers: in these things

it is human to err. One may fall very far short of an ideal standard, and become the victim of the designing; and what can be more difficult than for one, whose conscience does not pronounce against an appeal to arms in all circumstances, to decide when the time has come for that dread arbitrament, and when it has gone by? Nevertheless, it is a part of our life-struggle and human discipline to discharge these difficult duties, and all the more because they are difficult to invoke the highest wisdom and love. And one of the lessons which we have to learn, in our effort to put our best wisdom into life, is the lesson of courtesy, and of that allowance of the sincerity of opponents which may be consistent with a proper and deep faith in our own convictions. Because men come to widely different results in practical matters, it does not follow either that there is no such reality as truth, or that the one or the other party is made up of those who are no true men.

In the history of Athenian decline, two names stand forth as illustrations of high political ability and integrity, — Demosthenes, the unsurpassed orator; and Phocion, the incorruptible. For most of their public lives, they advocated opposite political courses, — Demosthenes pleading for war; Phocion, for peace: Demosthenes believing that it was still possible, as it was needful, to rescue Hellas from the encroachments of Philip of Macedon; Phocion regarding any vigorous efforts in that direction as either hopeless or needless. I believe that they were both in earnest, — equally desirous of putting their best thought into the life of the State.* The result, indeed, proved that Demosthenes was by much the more far-sighted of the two; and yet Phocion was none the less sin-

* The preacher would not by any means be understood to imply that Demosthenes and Phocion stood upon a level in the matter of high-toned and enlightened statesmanship. Phocion was singularly narrow-minded, and deficient in pure Hellenic sentiment, as Mr. Grote, we think, has abundantly proved; and it is hard to show that he was not guilty of high treason, or unjustly put to death: nevertheless, we can scarcely credit the charge when brought against an old man of eighty years, whose political life had been singularly blameless; and we must, as it would seem, allow him the credit of sincerity in his opposition to Demosthenes and the war-party.

cere. What we want, especially in a popular government, is that all men shall make a conscience of their public deeds, and shall not turn their backs upon God when they go down into the arena and strive to translate truth into life. In the history of the last days of the Roman Commonwealth, I read of the correspondent and friend of Cicero, the Atticus, who is known chiefly from his association with that famous orator, but weak and vain man. This record is chiefly that he took no part whatever in the political conflicts of the day, but looked on calmly and blandly, — a mere spectator of most fearful scenes, polishing periods, and making successful investments. If there are ever days when such indifference is pardonable, that day was one of them; for the good were weak, and the strong were wicked: and yet what a contemptible record of a cultivated mind!

It is no part of my duty as a Christian teacher to sit in judgment upon the parties into which state or nation may from time to time be divided: but it is my duty to urge upon you, each one of you, to discharge the functions of the citizen as in the sight of God, and as a disciple of Christ; to have confidence in ideas; to ask always what is best, most just, most humane; what is the path upon which the light of the Divine Face will fall. And especially would I bring my Christianity into contact with that work of my country, which, to some good Christians, seems to be utterly irreconcilable with the peaceful doctrine of the Son of God. There are those to whom the phrase "Christian war" is simply a paralogism, an absurdity, a flat contradiction in terms. They are peace men in all conceivable circumstances. We may not be able to commend their judgment; but we must honor their spirit, and approve the provision which Christian governments have learned to make for their case. They have no difficulties as to this or the other war; but how serious the difficulty, and how solemn the responsibility, when as Christians, entertaining no such conscientious scruples, we are asked to fast because of defeats, or to give thanks because of victories! — defeats and victories equally weighed down with their unutterable burdens of mortal woe, alike carrying desolation into

countless households, and destroying the hopes of countless hearts. God's presence on a field of battle! Not there, you may say; not there, of all places on earth; not there, where passions become fiendish, and our world seems to be ablaze with the fires of hell! And yet, alas! if God is not there also; alas! if there is no God upon whom the soldier may call; alas! if men, even those whom for the time we call our enemies, can engage in such fearful work without appealing to God, without such confidence as erring man can have that the necessity is imperative, and the duty not to be declined; that the cause for which we are willing to suffer and to inflict suffering is a righteous cause; that the divine sympathies and succors shall be theirs who are engaged in it; that we are to accept defeats as needed chastenings, and victories as needed encouragement; and to believe that what we are struggling for shall be substantially and in due time secured.

I know how easy and natural it is to claim an interposition of Providence when the advantage is on our side, and how cautious we should be about interpreting events as in the light of the divine counsels. You remember what Jesus said to those who cried out, "A Providence!" when the tower in Siloam fell upon the eighteen; reminding them that the eighteen were as good men as they. I know that victors, no more than vanquished, will have any eminent Christianity to boast of in a land which, north and south, east and west, lieth in wickedness. Nevertheless, there are just wars and unjust; and the more earnestly and habitually we turn to God, mourning or rejoicing, the better able shall we be to discern between them. And this is a Christian's business. When the ruler asks for prayers, he is to decide whether he will pray to his God or no; whether he can pray such prayers as a believer. He cannot say, "It is my country; and, even in my most solemn exercises, I am for my country, right or wrong." Our country, I am sorry to say, has been engaged, since I have filled the office of a Christian preacher, in one war at least upon which I would in no wise have sought Heaven's blessing. The Church is not to be made the tool of

the State, or the mouth-piece of the majority. With the request which the head of our nation has made for this day I have gladly complied, according to my faith in a work, which, sad as it is, is needful; and, inhuman as it seems, is not only just, but merciful. God grant that the necessity may soon cease, because the justice and the mercy shall be in the way to be wrought out! I rejoice to believe in very special providences; and, when the highest human interests are at stake, I shall look for and pray for and confess the mighty hand of God. And let us not fear, but seek rather to bring our truth down to the world we live in. He that desires to be a faithful citizen, like Milton, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, Arnold, like Winthrop, Washington, Franklin, desires a good work. Completeness may not be attainable; but they who seek for little shall gain nothing. Give your Christianity to your country; count her worthy of that high treasure; and you shall presently find that the earthern vessel has become a priceless casket. Not that I speak in respect of want. These years have been adorned with a singular loyalty. Men and women, young men and maidens, have devoted their all and their very lives to the service of their country, and that throughout the land, east, west, yes, north and south; for whether in wisdom or in foolishness, in knowledge or in ignorance, the devotion of all sections has been high, and even holy: and, as it is our dear hope that we shall all again be one, we will claim the bravery of each as a part of the common heritage. May the tears and blood of a whole people be for the healing of the nation! And, as we have prayed in the day of victory, may the ends which we seek be always and altogether Christian; and the means to which, in our sinfulness and infirmity, we are unhappily left, be not without the sanction and blessing of Him whom we must call now the Lord of hosts, praying all the while for the coming of that glad time when we shall call him only our Father and our Peace!

"NOW, HOPE IS AN ANCHOR TO THE SOUL."

Weak hearts lie on the sands of Time, and cry,
"Undone, undone!
I see no hope on earth, on sea or sky;
No comfort, — none!

The light upon the rocky isle, once bright,
Has now grown dim:
So wavers day by day, and night by night,
My faith in Him."

Strong hearts stand firm upon a rock, through hope,
Defying fear;
In blackest night bethink them of the dawn:
Help *may* be near.

"That ship *may* bear the one I love so well
Back to my heart;
That wave *may* break, the truth at last to tell,
And take my part.

That lightning flash *may* be no doom of woe,
But break my chain;
That cloud *may* burst on my parched heart, to flow
In healing rain.

That thunder-peal, misnamed God's wrath, *may* be
An angel's word;
That wailing sound, if heard aright, *may* be
The song of bird."

They cast an anchor out like them of old,
And wish for day;
Knowing the voice that once His followers told, —
"Faint not, but pray."

And so, through tears and blood and death and war,
You'll hear them say,
"The cloud *may* lift, the ship *may* reach the shore;
It *may*, it *may*!"

STARR KING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

"THE Christian patriot of California" was so well known in New-England pulpits and lecture-rooms, that I should hardly dare to give the familiar picture of his presence in this vicinity; but, trusting that it may interest some of his countless friends to know how he appeared in distant scenes, let me recall the impression which he made in the region of lakes and prairies.

Of course, he was first invited to the West on account of his Eastern reputation; but the eagerness of expectation was much increased by his preliminary correspondence with the committees of lyceums. The ordinary letters of the lecturing tribe are not very attractive epistles. Some are curt, without being at all pithy; or long, and yet not explicit; while many betray the most melancholy concern for comfort, dignity, and profit. To men who had been worried or insulted or worn out by the demands of coming celebrities, it was a strange delight to get the gay, hearty, and generous notes of Mr. King. Almost invariably enriched with an apt story or a good-natured list of the stock in trade, from which they were invited to select such wares as might suit their markets, his letters were carried about in pockets, to be read at dinner-tables, boards of trade, corners of the streets, or wherever else lovers of "a good thing" chanced to meet each other. Thus many felt all the interest which belongs to intimate personal acquaintance in the stranger for whose approach they were looking impatiently. So thoroughly were they won in advance, that men went to greet him with the peculiar flutter of the soul with which trains and boats are searched for expected sweethearts. Sometimes the disappointment in his personal appearance was too great to be concealed. A Milwaukie committee rode part of the way to Chicago to meet the famous man to whom they hoped to listen in the evening. After staring in the faces of all the passengers in all the cars, they stood in an aisle considering the propriety of telegraphing that Mr. King was not on board; when up rose a slender

figure from the nearest seat, and a voice of marvellous depth and sweetness said, "My name is King." — "But not Starr King, the lecturer?" — "The very man." — "You don't say so! — why, we took you for some boy!"

His youthful face occasioned a buzz of surprise when it was first seen in a lecture-room; but a few moments were enough to assert the presence of a right manly vigor of thought and speech. There was no demand for even a third of the fifteen minutes of extra time claimed by J. P. Curran "to remove the impression made by his face." Before a sixth of an hour had passed, Mr. King was enthroned for the evening; and his sceptre never waved over more loyal hearts than the warm Western ones that delighted to honor him. He had something for every variety of taste, and stage of culture. Philosophers found occasional use for all their powers of attention; lovers of poetry were charmed with abundant imagery; and many a rude hall rang loud and long with the echoes of the laughter that followed his humorous sallies. Talking once of the rise and fall of lecturing reputations, he said, "A popular lecture requires a certain admixture of sense and nonsense. Too much sense makes it heavy and tedious: too much nonsense makes it trivial. It is nice work to adjust the proportions, and only about a dozen men in this country have got the receipt."

After the lecture, he usually attended some party invited to meet him; and it was the success of the season to be able to say that he had accepted your invitation. All sorts of efforts were made by rival circles. There could not have been more competition if he had been a lord, an archbishop, a member of the cabinet, or an oligarch with a thousand slaves at home. Exhilarated by public speaking, and still further stimulated by our admiring attention, he would captivate us for hours with his graceful and brilliant conversational talents. Memorable indeed are those happy nights when we listened to sketches of character, incidents of personal experience, and witticisms which grew so naturally out of the place and hour, that they must have been unstudied and off-hand.

He told us of a letter which he had received from a little

village in Vermont or New Hampshire, telling him of their purpose to have a course of lectures, paying ten dollars a night. They invited him for a certain evening, and added in the postcript, "We do not require you to write a new lecture expressly for this place, but grant you permission to repeat one which has been delivered somewhere else."

At a time when the currency was out of order, a committee-man in Western Illinois paid him in such dingy bills on such mild banks, that he feared that he should have to pay a large discount to get rid of them. Passing on to Davenport, Io., on his daughter's birthday, he bought a trinket, and, with many misgivings, produced his Illinois money for payment. The jeweller examined the bills very closely; and all Mr. King's fears were fully confirmed when he was astonished by the inquiry, "How much premium do you expect for this? It is not often that we get hold of such money."

He was at Rockford, Ill., during the trial of Ex-Gov. Babb for shooting one of a band who had persisted in giving a tin-horn serenade to the bride of Gov. Babb's son. Mr. Corwin was the lawyer of the accused; and, with the jury, he went to hear Mr. King preach and lecture. One night they met at Rev. Mr. Conant's, and Corwin told his eloquent young friend from the East the following story: —

In Ohio, there was a real-estate agent, named Felix, noted for his dishonesty. To mend his reputation, Mr. Felix offered to join a large Baptist church in his neighborhood. At a church-meeting called to consider the application, a brother, who had lost several hundred acres of land through the knavery of this agent, said, with rather damaging effect, "I have only one hint to give our minister, in the event of his baptizing Mr. Felix. He will do well to anchor him, and leave him in the river over-night; for there are a great many bad *land-stains* to be washed out of his character."

One night, Mr. King gave an account of meeting Thackeray at dinner in Boston; and then entertained us by acting out Father Taylor's description of preachers from manuscripts, who look up and down after the manner of drinking geese and ducks, with the flapping of wings to correspond with gestures. Another time he would serve up Dr. Chapin's

best hits in the White-Mountain talk of the previous summer. He gave an account of Dr. Chapin's ruling passion to have the best editions of his favorite authors, invariably exchanging an excellent copy for any new one of proved superiority. Dr. Chapin, seeing the president of a society paying Mr. King for a well-known lecture, amused both parties by remarking, "King takes the substance, and you take the show."

The story which Mr. King seemed to enjoy relating the most was one of Beecher; and, as he told it in the first person, he must have been present at the scene. There was a great public meeting in New York to protest against one of the many aggressions of the slave-power; and it had been arranged that no speaker offensive to the "conservative merchants" should be invited to speak: but as safe men are proverbially slow, and dignity is often next door to dulness, this unfortunate assembly soon found itself very weary. Somebody called for "Beecher," who was in one of the galleries; and he went down to the platform, where he was far from welcome. Of course, he had a pungent beginning; and then came a storm of hisses. In vain did he try to go on. Every time he opened his mouth, he was greeted with the same overwhelming opposition. Watching his opportunity, he let the indignant throng get fairly out of breath, and contrived to say, in his drollest fashion, "You remind me very much of my grandfather." What his grandfather had to do with that meeting awakened general curiosity; and so he was allowed to go on. "My grandfather was a blacksmith; and a very poor one too, I am sorry to say. Once he got a fine piece of steel, and said to himself, 'I will make a broad-axe out of this.' He put it in the fire, and heated it; and took it out, and hammered it" (Mr. King showed us how Mr. Beecher acted this), "and failed. Then he put it back in the fire, and heated it again, saying, 'Perhaps it will do for a hatchet:' and again he took it out, and hammered it" (here Mr. Beecher, rendered by Mr. King, became still more dramatic); "but again he failed." All this time, the audience listened, without seeing the faintest glimmer of a point; but one was coming. After going through the motions of mak-

ing a hammer also, but in vain, Mr. Beecher said, "At last, the old man took the hot steel in his tongs, and, walking to the water-barrel, said, 'Well, there is one thing I *can* do: I can make a plaguy good hiss." I need not add, that, after this, Mr. Beecher had the cheerful attention of his conciliated hearers. T. M.

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

WHAT a privilege it is to feel, that, wherever we go, we take, as it were, the spirit-world with us! From our dearest earthly friends we may be severed far and wide: but those whom we call the departed are to the eye of faith ever near; and we have only, as we may believe, to open the doors of our hearts, and the celestial guests will enter in, and make their abode with us. May it not be true, that they only are always within our call who seem to have wholly passed away? The event which we call death, is, in this view, the re-union of severed friends. Space is annihilated, and soul meets soul as never before.

The human affections, it is true, crave something more tangible, and long for the dear, familiar tokens of love. They reach forward with yearning desires toward the time when the evil shall be withdrawn, and the eye shall behold the loved form once more. Yet, when the soul ascends its "Mount of Vision," it can hold high converse with things unseen, and feel the invisible ones so near, that faith becomes almost sight. In this near companionship, loneliness is for the time abolished; and our seasons of deepest seclusion may draw us only the more intimately into the presence of the glorified.

If this be true of the finite ones, how much more is it so of the Infinite Father! How are we encircled and pervaded by that unfailing presence and love! What but our own blindness and sinfulness can make us insensible to the radiance of this holy light? With the blind man of old, let us cry, "Lord, that I might receive my sight! — that I might see by what a glory I am surrounded!" Let us accustom ourselves to dwell ever in the consciousness of this heavenly presence, that all events may be hallowed thereby, and that thus our daily walk may lie "quite on the verge of heaven."

†

RANDOM READINGS.

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE HUNDRED-DAYS' MEN.

CAMP CARRINGTON, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,
Sept. 15, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. E., — I received your kind note a few days since. Thank you for heeding, thus early, the hint conveyed through our mutual friend. Letters are among our greatest blessings here in camp. If there is any one thing better than others that people at home can do for their friends in the army, it is to send them frequently — it cannot be too frequently — the right kind of letters; letters full of even the homeliest of home news; letters full of good cheer and sound suggestion. The coming of the mail is always the great event of the day; and one of our sergeants, into whose hands fell at once six precious missives, was for some hours the envied man of the company.

It is a change, the like of which I never experienced before, — this sudden breaking-away from pulpit ministrations, and pastoral calls, and quiet home delights, and transferrence to a dreary camp, which is, in many respects, no better than a prison. I sometimes feel as if I had lost my identity. The corporal standing in soldier's clothes in the ranks appears to others a different man, and cannot but appear to himself a different man, from him who, do what he may, is always looked upon as *the minister* at home. Nor, I sometimes fear, is the change, for the time at least, outward and in appearance only. We are so much the creatures of surrounding and association, that the inward man cannot but feel the effect of the deadening influences of army life. The change from home to camp, in respect to many little outward things, is certainly very great, and very curious to witness. One who, at home, shudders if a speck of dirt appears within his glass goblet, and frowns if a spot of rust is formed upon his knife-blade, and finds great fault if the meat is a trifle over or under done, or the toast slightly blackened, or the tea a little weaker than usual; or, worse than all, if Madam appears in any but the most perfectly immaculate and well-arranged attire, no matter what hastiness of toilet the ceaseless care of children may have necessitated, — gets his little con-

ceits quick knocked out of him when he becomes a martial follower of his Uncle Sam; eating — with grumbling or not, as the case may be — but still eating with relish almost any thing that is set before him; drinking with joy marvellously weak tea that has been boiled in a big iron pot not over-clean, and sweetened with the most molassesy of sugar; cleaning his tin-plate with a bit of bread; using earth for Bristol brick; drinking out of anybody's canteen, without asking or caring to whose lips its mouth has last been applied; doubtless consuming, without the least compunction, his full measure of dirt every day that he serves.

It is not the life of a man made a little lower than the angels, not the life of a son of God, this military life; and after all the novelty and freshness of it are worn off, after all that from afar appears attractive has disappeared, one sees very plainly that it is a quite abnormal way of spending days and weeks and months and years, — a way to which a beast or a machine might with entire fitness be subjected, but not — except under such sad necessity as at present rules us with a rod of iron — a human being. Under divine ordering, and for sacred ends, many and many a citizen of the Great Republic — and why not a minister, who, if he be not servant of all, is nothing? — must live this miserable life for a season. God grant that it may be only for a season, — only for a little while! Never as at this time did the beauty of the prophet's promise shine so clearly before my soul, — the promise of the day of peace and universal jubilee, when nation shall no longer rise up against nation, and sounds of war shall be heard no more. Never more plainly and sweetly than amid these surroundings of drum and musket, and all the paraphernalia of war, has come to my inward ear the voice of the Prince of Peace.

Military duty, whether in camp or in the field, is something to which we must for our very lives submit; just as we yield our flesh to the sharp cutting of the surgeon's knife, that we may not die, but become strong and well again: but how any man can contract a real liking for this profession, be he private or lieutenant-general, it is hard for me to understand.

I do not think that I ever before so thoroughly perceived the marvellous influence of woman upon our civilization. The soldier is absolutely cut off from the hallowing companionship of the other sex, and, for this very reason, throws off many restraints in respect of speech and action, if not of thought, which, in other situations,

form his more or less effective barrier against the assaults of evil. You know — and perhaps, like me, have now and then been somewhat saddened by the knowing — how woman is the great source of strength in all the churches; so that it were to be feared that many of our ecclesiastical organizations would fall to pieces, were they to depend for their support — at any rate, for their interior life — upon men alone. My short experience here has helped to reconcile me to this condition of things. When I see, as I see here every day, how much man depends upon the presence of his gentler counterpart for his deliverance from sin, how many arrows of temptation her silver shield of purity averts from his undefended breast, how very cowardly and weak he grows when shorn of the support of her matchless moral strength, I can more easily understand how right and fit it is, that, in religious things, woman so commonly takes the place of leader, and man becomes the follower. Ah! I fear we have still somewhat of the old-time contempt for our wives and mothers and sisters; holding them merely as our acceptable assistants, whom, as far as the real work of the world is concerned, we could, without much difficulty, spare: but in how many things are they our forerunners and guides and chiefs!

But this is preaching; and I am covering paper without telling you what we are doing here, and why we came. We were transported hither, as I understand, for two purposes, — first, to assist in quelling any outbreak that might arise in the city at the time of the enforcement of the draft or at the elections; and, second, to help guard the six thousand rebel prisoners shut up in Camp Morton, about a mile to our north-west. The vigilance of Gov. Morton in ferreting out certain deep-laid plots of the Copperheads, and bringing to light several thousands of arms secretly prepared and sent hither from the East for the use of home traitors, will go far to prevent the necessity of any collision between ourselves and any citizen: and so I think it highly probable that the remainder of the hundred days will be consumed in the performance of our present duties; i.e., in guarding our own camp, which has become a sort of rendezvous for going and returning regiments of Indiana; and in furnishing a daily detail for Camp Morton. All this, of course, in addition to our company and regimental drills.

Camp Morton I will not attempt to describe to you in detail.

Let me, however, try to give you some idea of it. About thirty acres of uncultivated land, well stocked with black-walnut and butternut trees, is enclosed by a strong wooden fence some twelve feet high; all around on the outside of which, defended by a narrow railing, runs, about eight feet from the ground, a platform, upon which sixty sentries with loaded muskets stand, or pace at regular intervals. The interior is partially occupied with barracks and tents. Inside the fence, and parallel with it, extends all around a deep and broad ditch, intended to thwart any attempt on the part of the immured to mine their way out. The general appearance of the prisoners is dirty and ragged: but they are well provided with blankets, and have plenty to eat; and, if they please, can easily keep themselves clean. They manifest considerable ingenuity in constructing rough tables and chairs and benches and stools, and especially in the manufacture of pretty finger-rings out of black bone-buttons, inlaid sometimes with gold, but more frequently with silver, of which they somehow have no small supply. These, watching for every opportunity, they sell secretly to the sentinels for sums ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five cents apiece. In addition to the guard posted upon the fence, there are certain posts within; and, at night, regular patrols. The hospital is all that could be desired, — the same iron bedsteads and neat red-and-white quilts that I saw at Readville. All the work to be done in and about the camp is performed by the prisoners, who are glad enough to be regularly occupied. The happiest lot are the carpenters, distinguished by hatchets of silver foil pasted upon their hats. They go cheerfully to their labor every morning, and, I fancy, consider themselves distinguished above their companions in bondage. Well, it gives one an odd sensation as he stands upon the platform, and looks over upon the motley assemblage within, eating, sleeping, cooking, lounging, reading, writing, mending clothes, playing marbles, using all expedients to pass the time away. It is difficult to regard them as fellow-beings and possible associates.

But let me, before I close, turn from this unpleasant picture, and tell you something about a model Soldiers' Home that I saw at Pittsburg on my journey hither. I came, you know, after the regiment, in company with another "straggler;" and, as we got out of the cars at the city of smoke one Sunday morning, a man

came up, and said, "Come over to the Soldiers' Home." Over willingly we went just across the street to a warehouse, the second and third stories of which had been fitted up for the use especially of sick and wounded soldiers passing through; and, when they are not too numerous, of well ones too, like ourselves, whom chance may have called that way. In the second story are a kitchen, washing arrangements, and a dining-hall, where, on narrow tables, is set three times a day, not coarse army rations, but wholesome and enjoyable food; where attentive volunteer waiters answer all calls, and supply all wants. The third story is partially carpeted, and contains perhaps forty well-furnished beds, and a number of extra mattresses, a little library, a table with writing materials, and another supplied with every article necessary for the dressing of wounds. A surgeon is in occasional attendance, and there is preaching every Sunday; and all is the result of the volunteer contributions of citizens. I staid here from Sunday noon to Monday morning, and had full cause of gratitude to the generous supporters of the institution.

We have no chaplain: on account of the shortness of our term of service, none has been thought necessary. I have twice officiated, however, on Sunday, in that capacity; and we have in our own company, just after roll-call, every evening, a very brief service, which is well attended, and, so far as I can judge, well appreciated by my companions in arms. I read a few Scripture verses, and offer a short prayer; and then we join in singing a hymn from that excellent publication of the Unitarian Association, called the "Soldier's Companion," — the only improvements to be made in which are a greater number of tunes, and more Scripture selections for alternate reading. I have obtained also from the Association a lot of John Ware's excellent army tracts, which I shall try to distribute, not only in our own regiment, but, as far as possible, outside of it.

There are rough men among us; but I have never received from any man any but the kindest and most courteous treatment. In some instances at least, the inside of the cup and platter are cleaner than the outside.

The time flies. Not long hence, if God wills, I shall find myself again in the dear old State, which is the best of all the States.

Meanwhile believe me sincerely yours, CORPORAL.

BURIED ALIVE.

"Hark! — from the tombs a doleful sound!"

Not a great way from the city of Salem, Patrick, one of our adopted fellow-citizens from Ireland, was going homeward past the cemetery, his perceptive faculties overclouded by the fumes of whiskey. It happened that the sexton had opened the door of one of the tombs on some duty connected with his office, and had gone into the cemetery. Patrick, seeing the open door, thought he had got home; and, being weary, reeled through it, and threw himself upon the floor, and was soon wrapped by the drowsy god into that realm where all cares are forgotten. Meanwhile the sexton came along; and not knowing of the new inmate of his shadowy domains, shut the door, and locked it, and went home.

Twelve o'clock! — the hour of midnight, when the world is, or ought to be, wrapped in sleep. But the cool recess into which Patrick has deposited himself exerts a reviving influence. He awakes. Mr. Trask says, in his tracts, that smoking and drinking are inseparably connected; and here is a fact for him. Patrick found himself in total darkness, and took out his tobacco-pipe, and a match to light it. What was his terror and amazement as his match blazed up, and threw its lurid light over the three rows of coffins that went round the three sides of his apartment! He rubbed his eyes and his wits. "Where am I? and what have I passed through?" He came to the conclusion, — which, as a good Catholic, he could not avoid, — "I certainly have died, and waked up in Purgatory." Swedenborg says a great many people in the spiritual world don't know that they have died, and can't be convinced of it, — so very much that world resembles this. But Patrick's new world did *not* resemble any one he was ever in before; and what more natural than to suppose he had passed through the gate of death? This, however, did not relieve his terrors. Such a howling as he set up would have waked the dead in their coffins, if such a thing could be. He —

> "Raved round the walls of his clay tenement,
> And shrieked for help."

Not all in vain. A fellow-countryman of the same faith was passing by. It would be difficult to say which was the more terror-stricken, — Patrick in the tomb, or Michael outside hearing

the howl that came from it. Michael ran, with his eyes dilated, and knocked at the house of the sexton. "Git up, git up, yer honor! the Divil has broke loose in the cemetery!" The sexton went, and opened the gates of Purgatory; when Patrick emerged, much sooner doubtless than his creed had taught him to anticipate, from his penal sufferings. Whereupon we may read a lesson not only pertaining to premature burials, but also to such overclouding of our rational faculties as is sure to result in Purgatory in this world as well as the world to come.

Seriously and solemnly, Patrick's case is one of a thousand. How many are there sleeping under the stupefactions of this world, intoxicated with its pleasures, who if they could wake up, and see exactly where they are, — see their surroundings corresponding to their inward poverty and death, — would find themselves shut up in their own sepulchres, though long they had perceived it not! S.

A POLITE BOY.

Respect and reverence have not died out so long as we have such graceful manifestations of them in railroad cars as in the following incident. We take it from the "Universalist." Let the children all read it: —

"The other day, we were riding in a crowded railway carriage. At one of the stations, an old man entered, and was looking around for a seat; when a boy ten or twelve years of age rose up, and said, —

"'Take my seat, sir.'

"The offer was accepted, and the infirm old man sat down.

"'Why did you give me your seat?' he inquired of the boy.

"'Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy,' was the reply. The passengers were much pleased and gratified. For my part, I wanted to seize hold of the little fellow, and press him to my bosom."

The veil which covers the truths of Scripture from the Jews equally hides them from mere nominal Christians, and from all who do not see the evil of their own nature. But we are then inclined to listen to their dictates, and to acknowledge Christ in them, when we are brought truly to abhor ourselves. — *Pascal.*

THE MANHOOD DEVELOPED BY THE WAR.

One of our preachers,* discoursing during the last month from the text (Wisdom of Solomon, ix. 9), "Wisdom is the gray hair unto man, and an unspotted life is old age," illustrated his subject in these beautiful words, referring to the present needs of our country and the grand opportunities of our young men. We take the liberty of copying the paragraphs from the columns of the "Evening Transcript:" —

"They buried a young man yesterday at Cambridge, of whom it is said, that he has taken part in every battle in which our gallant Twentieth Regiment has been engaged during these three years; but he fell at last, like so many of them. I did not know him: but those who did, tell us of the fine promise of his youth; of the ardor of his patriotism, which made him utterly forgetful of self and every personal interest in perfect self-consecration to his country's righteous cause. It would be a hard heart indeed that could not spare a tear by the bier of such a one, or at the thought of the sorrow that fills the home that loved him. But, if we might rise to the highest point of Christian contemplation, *is that among the saddest scenes in this world?*

"Consider from the deepest places of your soul, from the level of your highest thought, and say which must be sadder in the sight of God and the angels, — such a life, so lived and so closed; or that of another young man, who, at his country's call, felt no bounding of the pulse, no kindling of enthusiasm, no promptings of self-sacrifice, but only thought how dangerous a battle must be, and how hard the life of camps, and how prudent and politic it would be to keep clear of the risks, and make money, and guard well his life and health, and live on long and prosperously; sneering at or mourning over the folly of a brave and ardent soul; coldly calculating the value of a national existence, and whether it is worth the cost of so much money, so much blood; and so managing to live on and thrive, and destined to live to eighty years, safe, healthy, thrifty, but with never a glimmer of the soul's true fire, never a flash of all-daring disinterestedness, never an aim in life but to live on, and never a thought of death without shrinking and dismay.

"These are the two contrasted styles of life that are constantly brought to our view of late. And which is the sadder, — the soul's death, or the body's? The flesh and the mere prudential understanding will answer one way, and is answering it every day with a thousand tongues; but

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* Rev. G. Putnam, D.D.

every living soul will answer the other way. Every *soul* will see more of real life, such as it can venerate, admire, bow to, and eagerly covet for itself, in that brief career of the high-hearted soldier, than in the longest life of selfish comfort and prudence and thrift, to end in decrepitude and death at last. The *soul* knows, and will confess, that early death makes no such dreadful ravages in the world's life as are made in the long years of selfishness and moral decline.

"We cannot and would not be insensible to the sufferings and sorrows and deaths incident to such a war as ours: we should be stocks and stones if we were. But there has been no such waste of life as mere figures would show. *I believe and declare, that notwithstanding the numerous graves with which war dots the land, and long as is the catalogue of the fallen, there was never so great an amount of real life in the country as during these three years, — never so much as there is now.* The awakening of tens and hundreds of thousands of souls from their dreams of safety and comfort, and their graves of selfishness and self-indulgence, has increased the amount of life in the nation more and faster than death has diminished it.

"Many who have died have lived more than if they had lived on a century in the apathy of peaceful times. More manhood has been developed by the war than has been extinguished on its bloody fields. Many a youth, who would have dragged on a frivolous and aimless life, has been aroused to an energy of effort and a loftiness of conception, that, but for these exigencies, would have slumbered on into dotage and death. Lives have shortened in years; but life itself has increased in vigor and quantity.

"I cannot doubt but there has been soul enough, life enough, developed in the nation, to save it, and to lead it on to far higher heights of true glory and prosperity than it ever would have reached but for this great trial and discipline. When God's providence makes war a duty and a necessity for any nation, and the duty and necessity are faithfully and perseveringly met, *there is more life than death in it;* higher blessings follow than are taken away; and benign and beautiful compensations attend it.

"In the light of immortality, the body's death is but a small circumstance, and it matters not whether it come a little sooner or a little later: but that true life which pertains to the soul is the life eternal; and, where that lives and is strong, there is no fear of death, and little thought of it. Live nobly and worthily, and you live for ever, come the visible death when or how it may.

'He liveth long who liveth well;
All other life is short and vain:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.'" E.

HERE is one of David Gray's sonnets, whose poems are noticed on another page: —

"Why are all fair things at their death the fairest,
Beauty the beautifullest in decay?
Why doth rich sunset clothe each closing day
With ever-new apparelling the rarest?
Why are the sweetest melodies all born
Of pain and sorrow? Mourneth not the dove
In the green forest gloom an absent love?
Leaning her breast againt the cruel thorn,
Doth not the nightingale, poor bird! complain
And integrate her incontrollable woe
To such perfection that to hear is pain?
Thus sorrow and death — alone realities —
Sweeten their ministration, and bestow
On troublous life a relish of the skies."

"My Epitaph," written by the young poet for himself, is very touching: —

"Below lies one whose name was traced in sand:
He died not knowing what it was to live;
Died while the first sweet consciousness of manhood
To maiden thought electrified his soul, —
Faint heatings in the calyx of the rose.
Bewildered reader, pass without a sigh,
In a proud sorrow. There is life with God
In other kingdom of a sweeter air.
In Eden, every flower is blown. — AMEN."

CARES OF OFFICE.

THE following, says Gibbon, was found in the closet of the deceased Caliph of Cordova, who ruled over the Saracen dominions in Spain in the eighth century: —

"I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call; nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation, I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to FOURTEEN. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world."

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

To a mind of any Christian philosophy, it is altogether unaccountable that the Presidency of the United States, especially in these times, should be the prize of selfish ambition. The next Presidency will lay upon the incumbent, whoever he may be, a burden of responsibility which will be sure to crush any small man under it, and disgrace him utterly; and even the wisest statesman is sure to find the sleep of the White House on a pillow of thorns. Mr. Lincoln says he does not expect to survive very long the cares of office; and, if he wishes them prolonged for any other reason than the great necessities of the State, he must be a very foolish man. A united North would now give us peace in six months on solid and enduring foundations, with the Union preserved in its glorious integrity. If split into factions, the career of Mexico and the South-American republics is before us. To proclaim a peace when there is no peace, as the demagogues at Chicago demand, in secret alliance with the Cabinet at Richmond, would be instantly to dissolve the Union into wretched and jarring fragments of empire, and, instead of "stopping the war," prolong it to where no mortal vision can see the end. But, as God never brings his people to a crisis without sending them ultimately the man of the hour, we may believe he is sure to come. Enough of little heroes who have personal piques to avenge. Oh for a Gasca, a Washington, a William of Orange, or a Jackson! S.

METHODISM.

METHODISM is to celebrate its centennial next year. We learn from its statistics that it is making steady progress, and numbers, in the Middle and Southern States, nearly as many as all the other denominations together. We are much gratified at this, for many reasons, — because Arminian theology, on which Methodism posits itself, is altogether more humane than the Augustinian of the Orthodox sects; because Methodism places life before doctrine, and makes the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart the prime condition of Christian fellowship, and thus opens a warmer and more catholic communion; and because it obeys more faithfully the behest of the Master in preaching the gospel to the poor. S.

A REQUIEM.*

SOFTLY the skies bent o'er our head
That day, that day;
Lightly the leaves beneath our feet
Crumbled away;
Slowly we bore him to his rest, —
That lovely clay.

Where is the clasp of that dear hand,
So free to all?
Where the young voice, so joyously
Answering each call?
The sweet south wind breathes round us still;
But man must fall.

Where is the eye that gladly dwelt
On each loved face?
Where is the form moulded so fair, —
Each movement, grace?
Where doth the mother go to find
His warm embrace?

Where is the living energy
That fired his breast?
His thought of others, ever fresh
E'en in his rest?
The hopes, the fruitage? — Lo! with Him
Who loveth best.

Earth cannot give him back, nor life
His presence bless.
Springs come, and roses bloom, and charms
Around us press,
Young things and beautiful to cheer:
Is he aught *less*?

Nay! the free spirit lives and glows
In sunnier climes:
Nought of pure love is dead, but blends
In music chimes,
Such as he loved and breathed in here,
In those sweet times.

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* In memory of JOHN QUINCY THAXTER, Esq., whose sudden death occurred the eve of Sept. 19.

Immortal, holy, quenchless love
Keepeth him ever:
Stronger than life these ties; for such
Death cannot sever.
Can He forget his suffering ones?
Never! ah, NEVER!

Richer is the soul's life within,
Now, evermore;
Holier the pathway we shall tread,
Loftier we soar;
Nearer to thee, dear Father, still,
Till time is o'er.

Grief — what a sacred gift art thou!
Blessed each tear,
While immortality doth beam
Through every fear!
Heaven folds itself around in peace,
And he is here.

SABBATH MORNING, Sept. 25, 1864.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Broken Lights: An Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

It is our purpose to set down in our next number, somewhat at length, our impressions of this very interesting work, the spirit and style of which are worthy of all praise, whatever we may be compelled to think of the conclusions into which the writer has been led. E.

The Cliff-climbers; or, The Lone Home in the Himalayas. A sequel to the Plant-hunters. By Capt. MAYNE REID, author of the "Desert Home." With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The children are always entertained, and their entertainment is not without instruction, when they get one of Capt. Reid's books into their hands. E.

Poems by David Gray; with Memoirs of his Life. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The story of Keats and Henry Kirke White over again. David Gray was a young Scotchman who came from the working-class, of undoubted poetical genius, ardent aspirations, very ambitious for a name in the world, and with great faith in his own powers. He was encouraged and helped by R. M. Milnes and other appreciative friends, who write his biography and edit his poems. He died of consumption at twenty-four. He writes under the consciousness of mortal disease and blighted hopes, which give a tinge of melancholy to his effusions. The longest poem, "The Suggie," — the name of the stream which flowed near his father's dwelling, — indicates less genius than the sonnets. These are wonderfully tender, and show that the worship of Nature had been a consuming passion. S.

Patriotism, and Other Papers. By THOMAS STARR KING, with a biographical sketch by Hon. RICHARD FROTHINGHAM. Boston: Tompkins & Company. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The biographical sketch will be read with interest; but the "papers" are no fair representation of the mind and genius of Starr King. Many of them are evidently put in to make up the book. "Patriotism," from which the book takes its title, was a discourse delivered thirteen years ago, before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and has no traces of the ability and eloquence of Mr. King. The Essay on Plato is the most valuable in the volume, as indicative of Mr. King's range of thought and varied scholarship. The minor pieces are very well; but the book, in our judgment, is prematurely got up. S.

The Western Sanitary Commission. A sketch of its origin, history, labors for the sick and wounded of the Western armies, and aid given to freedmen and Union refugees, with incidents of hospital life. St. Louis: Published for the Mississippi-Valley Sanitary Fair. R. P. Studley & Co. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The work of this great charity is well told by our brother, Rev. J. G. Forman, with interesting and touching incidents, showing the sufferings of the war, and the Christian love and mercy that assuage it.

Religious Training of Children in the School, the Family, and the Church. By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

This is the third of Miss Beecher's books on theology, in all of which she urges a most effective protest against Calvinism, as absurd in theory, and pernicious in its practical results. The three chapters in the present volume, entitled "Puritan Training," made up mainly of extracts from a book written by a daughter of the late Dr. Payson, giving her personal experience of the tortures of a Calvinistic conviction and conversion, are more conclusive than any abstract argument which could be shaped to show the essential inhumanity and bad influence of Calvinism. The childhood of a sensitive and conscientious child, from three years of age to thirteen, is filled with gloom and anguish under the most revolting representations of the divine character and purposes. Miss Beecher, in a former volume, describes her own early experience under the same harrowing doctrines of the divine government: she had seen their blighting influence on the spiritual nature of her pupils; and the result is, she rejects and deplores the Orthodox theories of human nature, adopts Pelagianism in their stead, and seeks refuge in the Episcopal Church.

The letters appended to the present treatise from Episcopal and Catholic clergymen, and Miss Beecher's replies, are not the least interesting portion of the book. Her criticisms of Puritan theology and culture are as destructive as any thing we have read; and, if one wishes to give the finishing blow to Calvinism, these are the books for him to circulate. They are more convincing than the scholarly discussions of Unitarians, because of Miss Beecher's long personal experience under Orthodox culture, and because of her plain way of appealing to the common sense of her readers.

We dissent from her Pelagianism, and believe she will recede from it herself as the religious experience grows deeper. That education and development are the whole work of Christian nurture, and all that is meant by the "new creation," or "being born again," cannot satisfy the deeper Christian consciousness of want, or of supply from the affluence of God. We venture to predict that it will not always satisfy the writer of this book, with her clear intuitions and fervid religious aspirations. S.

Captain Horace, by SOPHIA MAY, — published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, — is a charming story: so the children say. S.

THE

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MICHAEL SERVETUS.

THE 27th of October is marked with blood, in the religious calendar, as the anniversary of the martyrdom of one of the first victims of Protestant persecution. The story is one of the most affecting of any to be found in the dark annals of religious intolerance; and it ought to be recounted over and over, till time brings about its revenges.

Michael Servetus was born in 1509, at Villa Nuova in Aragon. His father was a notary; and he sent his son to Toulouse for the study of the civil law. But, in the general ferment of opinions, his inquisitive mind plunged with deepest interest into questions of theology. He acquired a competent knowledge of ancient languages, and was said to be "quite crammed with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." When only twenty-two years of age, he published a tract "Concerning the Errors of the Trinity;" and, in the year following, "Two Books of Dialogues concerning the Trinity;" in which the Orthodox doctrine was unsparingly assailed. At this time, his circumstances were depressed; and he lived an unsettled and wandering life.

In the city of Lyons, the traveller, even at this day, passes through a long, crooked, dark street, "overhung, on either side, with tall houses," which shut out the sun. On this street, in 1540, lived a bookseller by the name of Frellon, a

friend, or at least a correspondent, of John Calvin. He kept in a secret apartment heretical books, which he would not offer for sale to his fellow-citizens for fear of the inquisitor, but which he procured for strangers, from Germany and Switzerland. Hither came Michael Servetus, and for some time was employed by Frellon as a proof-reader. Having procured the means by his earnings, he went to Paris, and studied physic; and he carried into that science the same ardor which distinguished him in his theological studies. His skill and acquirements became conspicuous; and he made a near approach to the discovery of the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, which afterwards rendered famous the name of Hervey. He graduated at Paris, and repaired to Charlieu, near Lyons, where he practised as a physician three years. At this time, he fell in with the archbishop of Vienne, a noble Catholic prelate whom he had known at Paris, who was fond of patronizing the votaries of learning, whose heart had warmed towards Servetus, and whose purse had opened for his relief. The disposition of Servetus was gay and social: he made friends, who honored him for his learning, and loved him for his goodness of heart. The archbishop invites him to Vienne, and even offers him lodgings in his palace. He accepts the invitation, and goes. Bright prospects open before him; for, both at Lyons and at Vienne, he had won the ardent friendship of the people. "A man of the world, he knew how to please and to gain affection."

Beside the archiepiscopal palace at Vienne stood the printing-office of one Gaspard Treschel, who also had been drawn there by the liberal patronage of the Catholic prelate. Dreams of a literary and professional career, congenial to his tastes and habits, are dawning upon the "learned Spaniard." He had already published an edition of "Ptolemy," and he now meditates a second; and already, in his brain, he arranges a fine Latin inscription to his beloved Mæcenas, the good archbishop of Vienne: "Princes who command the world must be acquainted with the world." His "Ptolemy"

goes through a second edition under the patronage of the archbishop, and gains for him abundant applause.

Meanwhile, both at Paris and at Lyons, Servetus had been in correspondence with John Calvin at Geneva. They discussed the doctrine of the Trinity: the discussion became warm and insulting on both sides, and was in the virulent spirit of those times. Calvin became angry, and dropped the correspondence. Calvin hoarded his anger; but Servetus is incapable of malice, and wonders, with admirable simplicity, why Calvin has ceased to write to him. He even gets Frellon to write to Calvin for an explanation of the mystery. Calvin calls him a "Satan," and already thirsts for his blood. He writes to Viret, "If ever he come to Geneva, he shall not go thence alive: this is my fixed resolution." Servetus is full of banter, but has no gall in his nature. He makes himself merry over the system of predestination, and the logic of Calvin's "Institutes," laughs at the *free necessity* invented at Geneva to explain the sin of Adam, but is ready to shake hands with the reformer.

Servetus continues at Vienne in the practice of medicine; and what leisure he can get from his patients he devotes to learning and theology. After his second edition of "Ptolemy" has appeared, he devotes four years to a theological treatise, in which his system is carefully matured. In 1553 he published his "Christianity Restored," in which both the doctrine of the Trinity and the logic of Calvin are assaulted anew. "In the ninth book, he condenses in a few pages," says a Catholic writer, "the most graphic refutation ever made of the Calvinistic fatalism." He is less malignant in his abuse than Calvin, though he deals it out without mercy.

This book was printed at Vienne; but the name of neither author nor printer, nor of the city, was attached to it. It was a large octavo of seven hundred pages, eight hundred copies of which were struck off. Servetus sent some copies to Frellon. Frellon sent one to Calvin.

Calvin's hate becomes lurid. His thirst for blood blazes up anew, and he contrives a net for his prey.

There was a French refugee at Geneva by the name of Trie, under the protection and in the confidence of Calvin. Trie has a cousin at Lyons, a merchant and a good Catholic, by the name of Arneys. They keep up a loving correspondence: Arneys trying to bring back his dear cousin to the true church; Trie, however, keeping close under the wing of Calvin. Arneys tells Trie of the licentious tendencies of the doctrines of the Reformers. Whereupon Trie writes a long, pious letter, retorting upon Arneys, that they, the Catholics, are harboring a wicked heretic at Vienne; that his name is Michael Servetus, and that he ought to be burned. He exhorts with much holy horror that he be brought to justice. He sends with the letter four leaves of the "Christianity Restored," *which Frellon had sent to Calvin* as proof against the heretic.

Straightway the detached leaves and the letter of Trie are put into the hands of the inquisitor, — Matthew Ory. But what can be done? The four sheets sent by Trie are not evidence enough. Wait a while. Arneys writes again to Trie, and Trie goes to Calvin, and Calvin furnishes the complete volume for the inquisitor. Still the proof is not sufficient. The book has no name of author, place, or printer. Arneys writes again. Calvin mouses among his private letters, finds some from Servetus which assert the same heresies, and serve to identify the author of the volume; and he basely gives them up to the inquisitor. He also acts as informer, generally, to Master Matthew Ory. This is enough; and the toils are woven about the victim. Servetus is in the hands of Master Ory, and safely lodged in prison at Vienne.

To the prison there was a garden, and in the garden a platform, and from the platform was an easy leap into an outer yard, and from the outer yard, the door was left open. The Catholic inquisitors are more merciful than the Genevan. Probably the influence of the good archbishop can be traced here. At any rate, they put Servetus into prison with the doors left open. They allowed him a servant, and ordered that he should be treated "honestly, and according to his

station." Servetus walked into the garden, jumped from the platform into the yard, walked leisurely through the open door, and went, laughing and whistling, on his way.

Whither will he go? It is his plan to go to Naples, and there resume his practice of the healing art. He should have gone through Piedmont; but a strange fascination, like that of the serpent over the fluttering bird, drew him aside through Switzerland. Perhaps he feared to fall again into Catholic hands. Doubtless he was as yet ignorant of the fact, that Calvin was the fox who had started the hounds upon his trail. He appears at Geneva, stops at the tavern called the "Rose," and speaks for a barge to transport him across the lake. But the lake is in commotion, and his departure is delayed.

Calvin's hungry eye is upon him, and he feels malicious delight that the victim is in his power. "One of the Sidnics," writes Calvin, "*at my instigation (me auctore)*, ordered him to be led to prison." They find an accuser by the name of La Fontaine; and Calvin selects for the accuser's counsel one Colladon, a fiery, blood-thirsty man, who often discharged the double office of jurist, and hangman's valet. An accusation, containing thirty-nine articles, is prepared against him; and it is proof of the malignity of the prosecution that one of the charges is founded on an extract from his edition of "Ptolemy," in which the Holy Land is called sterile and unsightly. "An atheistical speech," said one of the judges. "I have done nothing but translate it," said Servetus: "It is Ptolemy who is the Atheist."—"I was very glad," says Calvin, "to stop the mouth of this miscreant, and I asked him why he had indorsed the labor of another; and so much was this vile dog confounded by such pressing reasons, that he could only snarl, and say there was no harm in this."

The heretic appeared from time to time before his judges: Calvin confronts him, and browbeats him, and mounts the pulpit, to inflame the passions against him. Personal hate and revenge are manifest through the whole trial. They try to find something against his private life, but in vain.

"Why have you declaimed so violently against Calvin?" This question reveals the *animus* of the trial.

"Calvin's language," replies Servetus, "has been greatly more violent than mine."

The judges hesitate, and fear to bring his blood upon their heads. They request Calvin to furnish a formal refutation of his errors. Calvin employed nearly fifteen days in this work. In the mean while, Servetus lay in his prison upon straw, devoured by vermin. He addressed the following letter to his judges, appealing to their justice and humanity: —

My very honored Seigniors, — I very humbly entreat you to be pleased to abridge these long delays, or liberate me from this prosecution. You perceive that Calvin is at the end of his devices. Not knowing what to say, he, for his own gratification, seeks to keep me in prison, that I may rot here. I am devoured alive by vermin. My garments are torn; and I have no change of doublet, and no shirt but a very mean one. I have presented to you another supplication, which was drawn up according to God; and, to defeat it, Calvin has alleged Justinian. Certainly he is unfortunate in citing against me what he does not himself believe. This is a great shame for him, and still greater, because now have elapsed five weeks that he has kept me here strongly imprisoned, and never has brought forward a single passage against me.

My lords, I had also demanded of you a lawyer or advocate, as you had allowed to my opponent, who did not need one so much as I do, since I am a stranger, and ignorant of the customs of the country. Nevertheless, you have allowed one to him, and not to me, and have liberated him from prison before the cause had been investigated. I request my case to be transferred to the Council of the Two Hundred, together with my supplications; and, if I can appeal there, I do appeal, protesting for all expenses, damages, and interests, and for the *pœna talionis* * (law of retaliation) against the first accuser, as against his master Calvin, who has made his cause his own.

Done in your prisons at Geneva, this 15th of September, 1553.

Michael Servetus,
In his own cause.

No answer was returned.

* This, at the time, was the legal right of the prisoner in the Genevan courts of justice.

Sept. 22, he makes another appeal from his prison, preferring heavy charges against Calvin as a false accuser, and as having degraded the office of a minister of Christ by turning informer, and furnishing private letters to procure his death.

No answer was returned.

Oct. 10, another piteous appeal comes from his prison: —

MAGNIFICENT SEIGNIORS, — For the last three weeks, I have been desiring and entreating you to give me a hearing, and have never been able to obtain one. I beg you, for the love of Jesus Christ, do not refuse me what you would not refuse to a Turk, who asked you for justice. I have some very important and necessary things to say to you.

As to what you had ordered, that something should be done to keep me clean, no attention has been paid to it; and I am in a worse condition than ever. And, besides, the cold torments me greatly, . . . which brings upon me other miseries which I should be ashamed to describe to you. It is extreme cruelty that the common decencies are denied me. For the love of God, my lords give orders for this, or else from pity or a sense of duty.

Done in your prisons of Geneva, October 10, 1553.

MICHAEL SERVETUS.

No answer was returned.

Oct. 21, the tribunal assembled. The deliberations lasted three days. At length nearly all decided for capital punishment. What kind of death was the next question to be determined; and death by fire obtained the majority. There was one man, Ami Perrin, who felt some throbs of compassion, who feigned sickness, and absented himself from the council. But he choked down his compassion, and finally came and gave his vote for blood. Calvin thus scoffs at this fit of humanity. "Our tragic comedian," he writes to Farel, "after having feigned to be sick for three days, came to the council, in order to save this wretch, and blushed not to demand that the case should be called before the Council of the Two Hundred; but the sentence was rendered without controversy."

On the morning of the 26th of October, they came to the

prison to announce the sentence of the judges. Servetus lost his fortitude, wept, and sued for mercy. Calvin had the heart to insult his tears and agonies, compared him to a beast, and stigmatized his cries as "roaring" and "howling." But Castalion found words of compassion, "And did not Christ from the tree of the cross exclaim, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'"

The tragedy hastens on. At the place de Champel, an open space without the city, they led forth the victim. A stake was fixed deeply in the ground, to which they bound him with an iron chain. He pleaded for a more merciful death. "The sword! the sword! in mercy, and not fire!" He spoke to deaf ears. Green fagots were placed around him, his head was covered with a crown of straw sprinkled with sulphur; and the heretical book was suspended at the stake. The fire ignited slowly; the death-agonies were prolonged; the head of the sufferer swam amid clouds of sulphur and smoke, through which his lips could be seen moving in prayer. Once, when the flames rose up to devour his face, he uttered a cry of anguish, which sent the silence of death among the spectators, and turned them pale. Some of them, moved with compassion, ran to put an end to his sufferings, and stifle him under blazing fagots. One more prayer, "Jesus, Eternal Son, have mercy on me!"—and he passed out of the hands of cruel men to the judgment-seat, towards which his blood, now three hundred years, has cried from the ground.

Calvin tried in vain to wash the gouts of blood from his mantle. He issued a book, which made its appearance in 1554, under the title "A Faithful Exposition of the Errors of Michael Servetus, and a Brief Refutation of the Same, wherein it is taught that Heretics are to be coerced by the Right of the Sword." Himself a heretic, liable to the same punishment from the Roman Inquisition, and with the same justice, he sends out this shameless pamphlet to the world to justify what, in every view of the case, was the most deliberate and diabolical murder on record, for the gratification of private hate and personal revenge.

There was a man who in the noon of the nineteenth century could write this sentence, "We do not see, if there must have been such a trial, how, in the circumstances, it could have been conducted more fairly and kindly, both on the part of Calvin and the council;"* and another challenges the opponents of Calvin "to name not merely in the annals of persecution, but even in the records of criminal justice, an instance of more *moderation* and *liberality* than was exercised by the magistrates of Geneva in the trial of Servetus."† It is something to know what *some* followers of Calvin understand by mildness, moderation, and liberality. None are responsible for the deeds of Calvin, merely for holding his theology, unless they choose to apologize for them and defend them. But, so long as they do, the ghost of the murdered man will come up to sear their eye-balls; and it ought to come up till the end of time, to make religious intolerance as hateful in the sight of men as it is abominable in the sight of God.

The religious opinions of Servetus cannot be judged of from his accusers. They charge him with Pantheism. He denies it. "God through his omnipresence is necessarily present in all things, yet these things themselves are not a part of God; but the prototype or idea or conception of all things is in God." Though he denied the tri-personality, he asserted a sort of Sabellian trinity, and ascribed even supreme divinity to Christ. His opinions are set forth with great discrimination and candor by Baur;‡ and though, probably, he was not always consistent with himself, it would be difficult to absolve his system from the charge of Pantheistic tendencies.§ S.

* Robbins's "Life of Calvin."

† Waterman's "Life of Calvin."

‡ Dreieinigkeit, vol. iii. pp. 46–103.

§ The main facts in the life of Servetus are summed up in the "Encyclopædia Americana;" but the best and most unimpeachable authority as regards Calvin are Calvin's own letters, extracts from which are given in the original Latin, in Audin's "Life of Calvin."

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XIV.

At Evening.

"WERDE MUNTER, MEIN GEMUTHE."

[Johann Rist, 1642. The translator has not only taken the usual liberty of leaving out some of the verses, but, in one instance, has combined two verses by taking a part from each.]

Be thou glad, my inmost being;
And, ye senses, lead before;
All the heavenly goodness seeing
Lavished on us more and more:
That He still, from day to day,
Through an all-imperilled way,
Has so helped me in my quailing,
That no foe has been prevailing.

Father of all tender mercies!
Praise and thanks to thee we bring,
Who hast saved us from reverses,
And from every evil thing;
And, from sins on many a side,
Faithfully hast kept me wide:
Yea, and foes far hence hast driven,
So that they no harm have given.

Skill of numbers cannot mete them, —
All the favors thou hast shown;
Nor the speaker's tongue repeat them, —
All the works thy grace makes known.
Wondrous is thy goodness found;
Without measure, without bound:
So has thy compassion guided,
That no mischief has betided.

Let this night, no outcry hearing,
  Sweet and gentle slumber bring;
Cover me, in solemn cheering,
  With the shadow of thy wing.
Be to me, O Father! nigh;
Throw thy light beyond my eye;
Let no blow or fright confound me,
When there's nought but darkness round me.

N. L. F.

BROKEN LIGHTS.*

THE book whose title we have here given stands almost unique, so far as we know, in religious literature. Its avowed doctrine is not Christianity, but Theism, the superior of Christianity. And yet it is full of tenderness, reverence, and piety; it breathes no contempt; it preaches no iconoclasm; it freely admits both the excellences of Christians, and the defects of Theists; it is just and candid almost beyond precedent. We sincerely pity the man who can fling it aside as only "the latest form of infidelity," and can think thus to escape the responsibility of examining anew the foundations of his faith. Were any thing to induce us to renounce the name of Christian, it would be a book like this, which comes so *near* to showing us "a more excellent way." More formidable than any batteries of biblical criticism, which attack but the outworks of our faith, this new presentation of Theism, with no hostile front or destructive purpose, almost persuades one to be *not* a Christian, by seeming to conserve all that is most precious in Christianity, while putting it on a more stable foundation than that. Is this, indeed, the fruit of the new religion, we are tempted to ask as we read? So far as a book can give evidence of its author's character, here is an almost unmatched combination of piety, without a particle of superstition; of the noblest devotion to truth, with

* Broken Lights: An Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith. By Frances Power Cobbe. J. E. Tilton, 1864.

forbearance towards error; of humility with boldness; of faith in the results of science, with faith in a living and personal God. Hers, we should say, must be a philanthropy without bitterness, an all-embracing charity which transcends not only the lines of social and political demarcation, but the boundaries of this earthly life. She will not have one soul to be lost, or even neglected, whether in time or in eternity. But in reality, as an argument against Christianity, or even as a suggestion of its insufficiency, it would amount to nothing to appeal to such a character. No man or woman brought up in Christendom can claim entire independence of Christian influences. An exhausted receiver is unfit for life; and such life as any of us have must inevitably be, in large measure, Christian. Should the time ever come, predicted by Miss Cobbe, when Christianity will have utterly "ceased to be" as a distinctive, "historical" religion, then we might have materials for judging what were the legitimate fruit of the Theism whose advent she hails. We have not such materials now. The problem is too complicated for any such simple solution. It is wiser to address ourselves more directly to the merits of the case. Let us not attempt to ask, What sort of a character would Theism produce? — but, Have we any good grounds for abandoning the Christian method of education in favor of the Theistic? Must we accept the conclusion, that the religion of Christ is on the decline, and, sooner or later, will perish from the face of the earth, like other systems which have "had their day"? For ourselves, we hasten to say, that Miss Cobbe's book has not shaken the conviction with which we answer such questions by a decided negative. We have listened, with all possible candor and impartiality, to her argument; but it leaves us with a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ not one whit impaired. Nay, more, — she has herself confirmed us in that faith by her own testimony to its power.

The motive of this book is one which every true Christian must respect, and sympathize with. 'Its author discerns among the movements of the age a deep and wide-spread scepticism, which reaches even to the ultimate grounds of religious

belief, and calls in question the vital doctrines of God and Virtue and Immortality. She believes, if we understand her, that this scepticism is mainly owing to the false basis on which Christian advocates have placed the belief in these fundamental doctrines; that false basis being the authority of the Bible as a supernatural revelation. It is her object, therefore, to show that all the various attempts to build a religious faith on this foundation have signally failed, and that the true foundation is "God's natural revelation through reason and conscience." Here, she firmly believes, may be found — and here only — a refuge from all the storms of doubt. "Science," she thinks, has inflicted such irreparable injury upon the Bible, that no rational and candid mind can very long continue to make it the reliance of his best hopes. She comes, therefore, to the rescue of that precious "triune faith," by making it impregnable to all attacks of scientific scepticism, and absolutely independent of all history or tradition. The world, in her opinion, is steadily advancing to that period, when men will no longer require to learn of *any book* concerning God and duty and immortal life, but will find it plainly and infallibly written in their own hearts what is true.

It is not our purpose to follow the author in her keen and generally impartial analysis of the Paleologians and Neologians. It chiefly concerns us to know, not whether this or that form of Christianity be the truer, but whether we have a right to any Christianity at all. Miss Cobbe challenges this right, on the ground that Christianity, in any distinctive sense, is an historical religion, and depends for its proof on historical records; and that these records, moreover, come to us in a character which enlightened criticism must reject. The Bible and science, to her view, are hopelessly irreconcilable. But as the avowed object of her book is not negative, but positive, we naturally inquire what is the substitute offered for our Christian faith. If the religion based upon the Bible be insecure and doubtful, how is the religion of natural reason and consciousness any better? Miss Cobbe has, indeed, intimated, in one or two places, that the voice of consciousness

is sometimes variable and obscure; but surely it behooved her, as one of the first conditions of an audience, to show that she had something *better* than historical religion to offer us, something free from its uncertainty. For the Horatian appeal is still valid: —

> "Si quid novisti *rectius* istis,
> Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

One who is not essentially destructive, — and Miss Cobbe certainly is not, — will find in this appeal no little weight. Now, the question between the Theist and the Christian is a question of fact. It is simply this: Does man — man in general — find in his natural reason and conscience such positive knowledge of God and duty and immortality, that his faith in these great truths needs no other confirmation? To simplify the inquiry yet more, let us take the last of the three-named doctrines. Is it a fact, that the instinctive belief in immortality is universal and sufficient? Why, then, are there so many who see nothing beyond the present life? We need not stop to prove how wide-spread is the unbelief on this point; for our author herself admits it. Her answer would probably be, not that man *does* always find this truth in his consciousness, but that he *may* find it there; and that he will do so, when "reverence for the sanctity of that consciousness" shall be enforced, and "every obstruction to its fullest and highest development" shall be removed. The meaning of this plainly is, that, when Theism shall have supplanted Christianity, the voice of consciousness will be far more clear and indisputable than it is now; for she holds that Christians, inasmuch as they are "traditionalists," must always, to be consistent, "depreciate consciousness," and make its evidence suspected. Now, here we distinctly take issue with our author. We deny that Christians, as such, throw any discredit upon the testimony of consciousness so far as it can have any thing to say. They only deny that man's natural reason is *sufficient* to guide him into all needed religious truth. What may be exactly meant by the "fullest and highest development" of consciousness, we may not perhaps

understand; but if we interpret the expression aright, as meaning the fullest development of all that is highest and purest in man's nature, we appeal to history for proof that this is just what Christianity has done. In the Epistle to the Romans, a doctrine of consciousness is laid down, which we have supposed was accepted by all, or nearly all, Christians; and yet here is no disparagement of consciousness, but the reverse. Paul says, that the Gentiles, having not "the Law," are a law unto themselves; and he affirms, that, from the beginning of the world, it has always been possible to know God, for his works declared him; and, moreover, "that which may be known of God is *manifest in*" men. But this original light of consciousness became darkened by sin: the primeval revelation had become so obscured through "vile affections," that the professedly wise were only fools. "They *did not like* to retain God in their knowledge," and so they were suffered to tread the downward road, which led away from him. And then, when the world, with all its wisdom, no longer knew the true God, it pleased him to try the "foolishness of preaching," — the preaching of "Christ crucified," "the power of God, and the wisdom of God." The apostolic and Christian doctrine, then, we hold to be, that man has by nature a capacity for *receiving* spiritual truth, but no power of *originating* it. This capacity may be indefinitely increased by spiritual faithfulness, and checked, if not destroyed, by unfaithfulness. Faith is spiritual perception. The objects of faith are revealed by the Divine Spirit to the human; and this revelation, we have reason to think, would have been always what our author calls "natural," had not the fact of man's depravity necessitated the supernatural mode. "The supernatural is the measure of our alienation from God."* To us, this statement of the Christian doctrine is a sufficient answer to Miss Cobbe's assertion, that one must consistently reject *either* tradition or consciousness as a ground of faith. We see no necessity of rejecting either, when the province of each is rightly understood. One does

* See Sampson Reed's "Observations on the Growth of the Mind." We quote from memory.

not deny that the eye is made for seeing, because he also asserts that we must be brought within the line of vision in order to see, and that our eyes must not be so diseased that the light cannot enter them. It is the more surprising that our author does not make allowance for the disturbing influence of sin, in estimating the power of the natural consciousness to discern the truth, because she, like Newman, and unlike Parker, lays great stress upon the importance of a "sense of sin," and has written upon this topic with a beauty and emphasis which show how deeply she felt it. What Christian writer could say more than this: "There seems no one fact more clearly revealed by the experience of religious men, than that on the depth and intensity of the sense of what has been called 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin' must depend also the depth and vigor of the whole religious life"? How could one, who saw this truth so plainly, fail to recognize the fact, that "sin clouds the mind's clear vision"? Had she not ignored that fact, she would not have claimed for "consciousness" *now* what might have been its original endowment. She would confess that man needs tradition, because, alone and unassisted, consciousness is no longer reliable. God has revealed himself through his Son, because his revelation in nature and the human soul had become comparatively ineffectual. And that which made it ineffectual was sin.

If we have given sufficient reason for believing that the substitute which our author proposes for an historical religion — viz., "God's natural revelation of himself through reason and conscience" — has not the advantages which she claims for it, let us now consider, on the other hand, her objections to this historical religion itself. There is religion in history, she affirms, but history is not religion; for, if it were, — such is her argument, — we should be led to the "monstrous conclusion," that "the intellect, not the soul, is the first authority in religion." For it is the intellect, the logical understanding, and not any moral or spiritual faculty, which determines the facts of history, and sifts its records and monuments; and, at best, this process will only give us

high degree of *probability* for the existence of historical facts and the integrity of historical records, while it is *certainty* that the soul needs as the groundwork of religious faith. This is substantially the argument that we have heard so much of, in recent years, from various quarters; and we are always amazed that one should *practically* find it to be of any weight. To take a familiar example: Can any one practically distinguish, in his own mind, the degree of conviction with which he believes that there is such a city as Constantinople, from that with which he apprehends the truth, that two and two make four? It may be proved that one has *no right* to feel the same certainty with regard to these two different things. But yet he does feel it; for that which is crossed by *no shadow of doubt* has for us all the force of certainty. All that Miss Cobbe says so beautifully concerning religious faith, as "a thing which God gives, not in answer to studies and researches, but to prayers and deeds," is just as true to the sincere Christian as to her; and, of course, she knows that it is, but would say that it is so, because Christians are logically inconsistent, because they believe ignorantly and blindly, because "they persist in believing the Bible in the teeth of science," and in defiance of criticism. Now, it would take us too far, for our present purpose, to defend the Bible against these formidable adversaries. We are concerned simply to show that there is no valid objection to accepting our religion through the medium of a book, and thus being dependent, in some measure, upon history for our faith. An illustration, which seems to us entirely pertinent, may clear the matter a little. When the astronomer confesses himself indebted to Kepler for the discovery of some of the most valuable laws on which his science is based, it does not weaken his confidence in those laws, that they had an historical origin. They have been transmitted to him through books, and have been exposed to all the risks of two centuries of tradition; but he is satisfied of their truth, because he *sees it now*. So Christ has spoken words which are "spirit and life;" and "every one that is of the truth heareth his voice" still across the ages, and never doubts that it is the voice of one who "spoke as

never man spoke." His words are received, because they are seen to be true by man's spiritual faculties, not because the book they are contained in has been critically examined, and pronounced reliable. It is difficult to conceive why one's faith in any doctrine of religion should be impaired, merely because the doctrine was first announced at some remote period of the world's history; and yet this would seem to be the conclusion to which Miss Cobbe's argument logically conducts us, inasmuch as she objects to our being "dependent" on history for our faith. But the character and life of Christ furnishes the most satisfactory reply to the objections of the Theist against "historical religion;" and upon that we must say a few words now.

Our author herself, in her notice of Rénan's "Life of Jesus," has, it seems to us, abundantly refuted her own objections. The tribute she has there rendered to the character, work, and influence of Christ, and the change which has come over the world since his advent, makes one wonder that she could stop short of the acknowledgment, "Truly, this was the Son of God!" When one, who uses words so carefully as she does, admits that Christ infused a "new life" into humanity, how can the conclusion be resisted, that this is because he was "the Life indeed"? The *work* of Christianity — its actual result in history to this day — has always been felt as a proof that its originator was divine, and that his religion was intended for eternal duration. The argument is valid still. In vain does our author say, that the question, Who is Christ? is a purely historical one. The life coursing in our veins to-day has something to do with telling us who he is. Even if it were possible "to stand outside of Christianity," it would be disloyal to the highest name to do so. We cannot, and we dare not, profess any strict critical "impartiality," in answering a question which touches our deepest religious experience as does this question, Who is Christ? We might as well be expected to inquire impartially into the character of the mother who bore us. And yet we are bold to say, this is no weak superstition or irrational confidence. The Theist also admits a

Providence in human affairs; and it is in the order of Providence, that we start in life with an inheritance of Christian ideas, sentiments, and beliefs, which we must not carelessly renounce. "By the grace of God," we are what we are, in respect to every better hope and aspiration of our souls; and, as that grace is indissolubly connected in our minds with the name of Christ, we could not cease to be Christians, until we had either exhausted Christianity, or found its influence leading us away from Him to whom Christ referred his origin. We are aware that what has now been said meets none of the special difficulties which Miss Cobbe and others feel concerning the Scriptures as the revelation of God's will, and the record of Christ's life. But it may perhaps stand as a general defence of the inspiration of the "holiest of all books." It gives us some right, at least, to infer that a time will come, when all essential difficulties, in the way of receiving the Scriptures as divine, will be removed; since to them we owe primarily our knowledge of that wonderful being, who, beyond all that have appeared in human shape, could claim to be, in the highest sense, the Son of God.

Our limits forbid us to take up some of the other very interesting topics which Miss Cobbe's book has suggested, or to criticise the manner in which she has treated them. We should be glad to notice especially her singular jealousy of the recognition of Christ as "Lord," and her objections to prayer through a mediator. While we gladly acknowledge the general accuracy of her statements, and the admirable fairness with which she writes, we are constrained to say, that there are a few instances of sheer dogmatism, of absurd exaggeration, and of unaccountable misinterpretation of Scripture, — of which last we hold her assertion, that Christ "gave no opinion" about the authority of the Old Testament, though he said that he came to fulfil the Law and the Prophets, and that "the Scripture cannot be broken." But, leaving these unfavorable criticisms, we have a word to say, in conclusion, on our author's view of the "Tradition of Prayer." The phrase is her own. She believes in prayer as a tradition, if she holds no other traditional belief.

"Every spiritual loss and error comes from giving up prayer, even as every spiritual grace and good comes from earnestly practising it." And she is evidently most sincere in saying this. It is plainly a matter of vital importance to her; and the neglect of prayer she holds to be one of the most deplorable defects of "practical Theism." Every Christian might read with profit what she has written here. We admire her beautiful piety, but we marvel greatly at her inconsistency. Why should man need tradition to persuade him to pray, any more than to teach him the fact of immortality? Nay, if, in either case, he could dispense with tradition, and trust to his "instincts," we should say it was the first, and not the second. It seems to us a purely arbitrary preference and distinction which Miss Cobbe draws here. "Our mothers," she beautifully says, "were our first prophets." Ah! why, then, are we to accept their doctrine, when it tells us to seek God in prayer, and reject it when it tells us of the love of God in "our Lord Jesus Christ"? "Our mothers" have always been distinctively *Christian* prophets. They have told us of no other name under heaven by which we must be saved but the name of our Divine Master. Will we not still go unto him before all others, that we may have life?

W. S.

It is no hinderance to us, because we are sinners, and Christ holy; for, if we had not been sinners, there would be no need that Christ should suffer for us. We see in his genealogy, that both good and evil are rehearsed, of whose posterity he should come; that weak and timorous consciences might be comforted, that they might confidently and cheerfully put their trust in him who has taken away our sins. That we may be certain of this, he has left us his word, which assuredly declares it to us. Among the kings and princes that Matthew rehearsed, some were exceedingly evil, as we may read in the books of the kings; yet God suffereth them to be rehearsed in his genealogy, as if they were worthy that he should come to them. — *Luther's Sermons.*

LINES

RECITED AT A RURAL FESTIVAL, NEWPORT, R.I.

Come out to the fields,
Out to the fields,
Children all, both great and small;
And taste the pleasure Nature yields.
Come out from the narrow and noisy street,
And let your feet
Press the green turf of this pleasant retreat.
Ye who are neither too busy nor wise,
Come out, and read in Nature's eyes
The lesson she *looks* from her radiant skies;
And here, in the tranquil autumn air,
Come forth, with grateful hearts, to share
The banquet her beauty and bounty prepare.
The summer *months* are over and past,
But summer *hours* and *days* yet last, —
Sweet after-summer hours and days,
When the Indian saw, in the tender haze
That hung in the skies of the far South-west,
The home of the spirit in fields of the blest.
The Indian is gone; but his God is near:
His voice and his look are around us here.
The Father of all, whose bounty fills
The cattle on a thousand hills
With food and gladness, who faithfully feeds
Each little insect on the meads
With his cup of morning and evening dew,
Has spread a table here for you.
And not this board alone, that stands
Provided and decked by human hands,
And loaded with pleasant and goodly cheer,
All brought by *visible* angels here, —
A broader table is in your sight,
Where sweets diviner your hearts invite.
Then feast your eyes
On the broad, blue skies,

LINES.

The beautiful fane
Of your heaven-like home;
On the bright, o'er-hanging firmament,
Transparent roof of the endless tent, —
The banquet-hall, which a Father's hand
Has stretched out over the quiet land.
Drink in the beauty of vale and hill,
Drink in the song of the little rill,
Day after day
On its winding way
In search of the sea,
The mother-sea,
Where all her children yearn to be;
Where once it was born
In a soft, warm morn,
Went up as a cloud, and descended again,
In the cleft of the hills, in drops of rain,
To beautify and enrich the plain
On its homeward way to the murmuring main.

Oh! list to the hymn of thanks and praise
All Nature sings in these autumn days;
That silently breathes from her grateful face;
That silently swells in her lines of grace;
That steals on the heart with a tender thrill
From placid meadow and sunny hill,
And clasps the earth and sky and sea
In the bond of a secret harmony.
On upland slope and on lowland plain,
What peace, contentment, and plenty reign!
No lurid battle-clouds here turn pale
The sun that looks down on this happy vale;
No deadly bullet shrieks by to scare
The innocent sprites from this peaceful air:
The whistling shot, the mangling shell,
The dying groan, the maddening yell,
All sounds and sights of murderous fray,
From this calm scene are far away.
Ah! who could dream in a scene like this,
Whispering only of love and bliss, —

Who could believe that beneath the sky
That bends o'er the world, like God's blue eye,
On all this earth's majestic round,
There could at this hour a spot be found,
Where the children of men were met to grasp,
Not hand in hand with fraternal clasp, —
Ah, no! but to grasp in deadly strife
The throat that shall redden the fatal knife?
But why should these dismal thoughts creep in,
To blot fair Nature with shadows of sin?
The Father Almighty still sits above,
And bends even war to his purpose of love.
And is there not war in Nature too,
When darkness struggles, and light breaks through?
To-day, in this valley, how silent all! —
So silent, a leaf might be heard to fall:
So still and picture-like, it might seem
As if the world were a long day-dream!
And yet e'en here 'tis not always so:
When winds the signal trumpets blow,
And clouds, that come with growl and glare,
Hang out black banners on the air,
Then comes the crash, the flash, the roar,
Of the great elemental war.
But this, too, passes: another morn,
The world stands there as if new-born,
So fresh and sparkling and pure and clean
That the tempest-demon now is seen
To have been a peace-angel in war's disguise,
An angel of healing to earth and skies.
But, oh! if the wrath of man can praise
The inscrutable Wisdom that guides our days,
Then how much more must his children's love
Give glory and gladness to God above!

Be this, then, children, *our* noble strife
To contend for the crown of love and life;
By patience, contentment, and gratitude,
To conquer evil and sin with good.

So shall the beauty, the peace, the bliss,
All Nature breathes at an hour like this,

In a scene like this, sink into the heart;
And the gentle influence shall not depart,
But with us and within us dwell,
Long after we have said farewell.
The milder sun that now shines above
Will shine within as an orb of Love;
The tender and temperate autumn air,
As the breath of a spirit, will touch us *there;*
The sky that bends over us *there* will be
A heaven of peace and purity! C. T. B.

THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED.

A SERMON BY C. A. BARTOL.*

LUKE xxiv. 14: "And they talked together of all these things which had happened."

WHAT could have been more natural? — "Where have you been? What have you been doing? You have not told me yet what sort of summer you have had." So we salute one another. Much has happened since I met you, asking the religious interpretation I should have been so glad to give. Let us, this morning, cast up our account with time, and bridge over this gap of absence.

First, how has our country — the mother that bore us — fared as the weeks have been slipping away? You will excuse me for going, beyond all personalities at the outset, to her case. She preceded us all; and she, we fondly trust, will survive us all on earth. Our little individualities rise and sink; "come like shadows, so depart." Society, the body-politic, remains. While, in peaceful life and under quiet roofs, many have gone with strokes as summary this season as the bullets on the battle-field, how has it been with the country whose existence also is at stake? Let Atlanta, the Bay of Mobile, the Shenandoah Valley, the price-current,

* Preached in the West Church, Oct. 2d.

the gold-thermometer, many a piece won on the board in this dreadful game of war we are forced to play, give answer.

Some years ago, England, Russia, and France watched as nurses to see when "the sick man," as they facetiously denominated the kingdom of Turkey, which they all coveted, would die; and so the nations of the earth have been long hovering at our bedside, as the phrase goes about poor invalids, *to get our last breath*. What shall we say to them? What do the things that have happened, the occurrences of the day, say to them posting swiftly across the sea? This, namely, that they are mistaking the nature of the occasion. It is not a nation dying that they gaze at, but a nation born again. The carcass is not here which those eagles thought they scented, and were whetting their beaks on either side the Channel to devour; but the Continent labors in travail for her new offspring of Justice and Freedom under the sun. God willing, we will be no cast-off carrion for them to peck at. "I shall live, and not die," said the old Hebrew to the waiters round his pillow. So says the Genius of America, and blows it abroad with her trumpet on all the winds, bidding the world witness these agonies are not throes of dissolution, but pains of birth. As I passed, a week or two ago, over the Common, close to the flash and roar of the jubilant guns over Sheridan's triumphs, was it a mistake, a fancy, an illusion of sense, that, in the quick blaze and sharp report, my eye and ear felt not congratulation only over achievements already secure, but *determination*, set and grim as the lips of the cannoneer, to continue the struggle till the flag under which the discharges were made shall float over all the territory belonging to it in the United States? "Sir, what is the firing for?" cried out to me a poor Irish immigrant woman on the way. "For victory over rebellion," was my reply. "O *Providence*, PROVIDENCE!" she shouted back, clapping her hands, and looking up with wet eyes and worshipful face. It *is* Providence, — not slow, as we charge it with being, but rapid enough at least to shame all our sloth, ingratitude, impatience, and unbelief. I charge you all, old men and maidens,

young men and children, all of either sex, be instruments in the hand of Providence to maintain that cause of country which shall prevail against this treason as surely as yonder storm hurtling through the air shall go down before the stars.

But, during my absence from the congregation, much has happened more privately to touch this church, and tone my public service. Two of our aged sisters have dropped into the hand of the reaper, Death, like shocks of corn fully ripe in their season; two little children have withered like unopened buds you see snapped on some tender bush exposed to the gust; two wives, flourishing in their prime, seeming to have other blossoms ready to unfold on their tree of life, have been cut down, — holy maternity, bountiful motherhood, the one thing under heaven that chiefly draws my tender reverence, as it brought new existence into the world, like a stem overburdened with its own fruitage falling away. What have I to say to you about such events? What can any of us say? This is, we feel, the supreme question. As we knock at the door of the grave, do we get no answer but the hollow reverberation of the sound we ourselves make? None whatever, some sadly aver. A traveller wrote, concerning a great author whom he visited, "It was not his fault that we talked of the immortality of the soul; for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken:" and I confess, unless you *feel* the immortality in yourself and your dear ones, I see not what any external argument, testimony, or authority can avail. Unless the immortal nature in communion with God and good spirits is awakened in you, no demonstration, no resurrection, real and glorious as we indeed believe it, can certify you.

Therefore I have never been able to confine myself to the reading or reciting of any precise burial-service prepared by other men, though I am often asked at funerals, "Do you want Bible or book?" No: in a book or out of it, I want only what the word of God whispers intimately to my very soul. Beautiful are the litanies of the formal Church. Thank

God for all the comfort and satisfaction they yield to their votaries! Sublime and touching are the sentences of Scripture about human mortality and immortality: but, with or beyond them, we want something suited to the fresh case, to meet the exact circumstances, and interpret the feeling of the hour; and I cannot abdicate my privilege and duty in favor of any conventional phrase, however ancient or venerated. I cannot consent to put my dear, dead brother or sister into any uniform description of all the dead, good or bad. If they have lived nobly, and sweetly submitted to die in my sight, I shall say, at least in my heart, something more than the prepared generalities, as I bend over the coffin, or stand with bare head on the brink of the grave, and hear the gravel rattle on the coffin-lid. I shall celebrate their virtues; I shall rejoice in their achievements and their resignation; I shall commend their particular spirits to God: and I affectionately suggest to all Christians the propriety of adding the immediate inspiration of the bosom to the familiar periods, as Jesus tells us every well-instructed scribe will bring out of his treasury things new as well as old.

For, my friends, suffer me to say it, we have a direct relation to God! He is *our* Father, and not Abraham's or David's only. We have the prerogative of children to speak to him for ourselves of our own matters. In nothing did our Master more show his truth than in teaching as transcending even his own authority this religion of the spirit. I adjure you, claim the right; establish the fact of such a divine impulse sufficient to your want! If God is our Father, *all* follows, — life, paradise, progress, love, beyond our boldest imagination, beyond our wildest wish. If he is not our father, and we have no angelic brothers or sisters, then shut the book, disperse the assembly, close the church, — all our preaching, hearing, singing, praying, is delusion, mockery, a form indeed, or a dream. But we do not build without a foundation. If there be any reality, it is our Christian trust. This earth that looks so solid — not the soul, which we cannot see — is the shadow. When, of that you loved, nothing but a cold corpse lies before you, then resort to your faith. Call

on your God with all the spirits of the good. Say, gazing on the clay, This is not my work: I did not make the living form: I did not reduce it to this lifeless lump. But yesterday animated with a spark of deity, mere ashes to-day, I contentedly commit it to the ground: but *the spark* in it that flashed out of it I leave to him that kindled it, to fan from these embers into glowing with brighter blaze for ever in an air feeding the fire of life over every blast to blow it out.

Of one thing that has happened in this way of human vanishing since I saw you together, I must make especial mention. There sat, perhaps scarce noticed by you, year after year, in these seats, a young man — Edward Washburn — who afterwards became one of the sixty-five — for it has mounted to that — connected with this church, who have gone to the war. Wounded, as it seemed fatally, in the fight at Port Hudson, in June, 1863, he was yet got home apparently restored, to live for a year and more, and talk about going back as soon as he could ride a horse without pain; when the old trouble in the mangled thigh broke out, and his life-blood ran away. Called, a month since, as his minister, to speak to God and men over his remains such words as his character might suggest, I owe, also, a passing tribute here to our fellow-worshipper. How well, in the beautiful town of Lancaster, I remember his diligent travelling about and scouring the county at large, to gather up the courage and patriotism of the region into a company he did not aspire, though he was unavoidably chosen, to command! In the terrible battle, he fell, variously hit under a shower of bullets, throwing his canteen to his also disabled and thirsty superior officer, while one of his own fallen soldiers behind, seeing him helpless on the ground, crept forward to put his limb into an easy position, and then crept back to die. Such are the generosities of the field! His captain can thank him in heaven! With a constitution whose ruddy vigor promised perfect health to threescore and ten, but twenty-eight was the number of his years. We read, with a shudder, of the times of human sacrifices. The times of human sacrifices, my friends, are not past: they are on us, and with us now, though they are made with no human supersti-

tion, but at the call of duty and God. Rationalists stumble at the word "vicarious." These precious lives are vicarious offerings for the country's salvation: they ebb into the sand, that she may stand on the earth. The exact measure of her atonement, God holds in his hand; not a drop of their blood shall run to waste; he catches every unregarded particle that the soil seems to drink, and holds it in his cup; as He pours, he watches the rising line, and the veins shall trickle no longer, the moment the just degree is attained.

But, while they complete our atonement, shall they, for their hardship and anguish and early death, have no atonement to themselves? Yes, indeed! full compensation for every loss and pang. They are already rewarded for their labor of love, for their heroic conflict, for their expiring sigh. As the car bore me to the funeral, I saw the leaves in the woods beginning to change and drop; and in the graveyard, near the house where the solemn words were said, some blood-red foliage I noticed hanging near the spot where the sexton's spade had just been digging, as if to betoken the cause and manner of the brave soldier's end: and I said to myself, No, this is not the *end!* God will not leave the voluntary conscripts for justice and liberty and mother-land weltering in their gore, or crumbling in the ground; but with his own strong, outstretched right hand rescue them from untimely decay. We express our gratitude to them many ways; but for this, perhaps, we have not yet thought to thank them, — the new conviction their early fate brings of the everlasting life. I feel surer of living, that they have so lived and died. I bless them for their defence of the nation; for their fearless self-exposure; for their devotion to the cause of humanity, imperilled on these shores, and everywhere at risk: but I bless them, moreover, and above all for the contribution they have made to the faith of man in another state of being: for such a state there must be, or the good and innocent, the disinterested and self-denying, in their youth and fresh manhood, the beauty of our Israel, with their fair cheeks and curling locks and mounting spirits, are dead, prematurely dead. No, it cannot be: forbid it justice! forbid

it the instinct of our heart! God forbid it! No: their name in heaven, as on earth, liveth evermore; and we are persuaded of a future existence for ourselves and all mankind from the strong confirmation of their example and destiny.

My friends, I have not finished, but just touched, my design. I had meant to speak of other events that have happened while we have been separated; but I must stop: I must postpone words that would take too much time now. Let us all own the great mercy in the events, recent or remote, of our life. Some of us have been healed in sickness; some of us comforted in sorrow; some of us have beheld fresh glories of God's creation by hill and shore; some of us been preserved amid the dangers of the deep; all of us have some memorial of the grace that holds us. In the dear old sanctuary of our fathers and of our children, — for we will leave it to them, — let us humbly and gratefully bend before the forgiving, preserving Father; and let us consecrate our strength, be it less or greater, our days below, be they more or fewer, to that service of him which is our service of his creatures.

O sceptic! whatever else be doubtful, one thing we know, — that we can love. In the strength of that love for one another which asserts its own unquenchableness and eternity, let us live, labor, suffer; and then, when the time comes to each one of us for that too to happen, let us die into the spirit's life.

If a man be so stricken of God in his heart, that he acknowledgeth himself such a one as ought for his sins to be condemned, he surely is that very man whom God by his word has stricken, and by this stroke hath fastened upon him the bond of his divine grace, whereby he draweth him, that he may provide for his soul, and take care of him. At first, he could find within himself no help nor support, neither did he desire any; but now he hath found the special consolation and promise of God, which is this: "He that asketh receiveth, he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it is opened." — *Luther's Sermons.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XV.

HERR, DER DU VORMALS HAST DEIN LAND.

Melody: "Aus tiefer Noth ruf' ich zu Dir."

(BY PAUL GERHARDT, FIRST PRINTED IN 1658.)

LORD, who aforetime hast thy land
With favoring power defended,
And, when it felt thy chastening hand,
A mercy still attended;
Thou, who hast ever gracious been
To pardon all thy people's sin,
And loosen all their burdens, —

Shall now thy chastisement severe
O Heavenly Lord, be endless?
Clean gone thy loving-kindness dear,
And we for ever friendless?
O God, our Healer! bear us through,
And cheer our fainting hearts anew,
That at thy wrath are troubled.

Oh, would were heard with trumpet sound
The eternal Word, proclaiming
That peace should o'er the earth abound,
Wherever Christ is naming!
That all who in that calling stand
Would cast their weapons from their hand,
And rest in peaceful dwellings!

Where Christians now in bloody press
Assail each man his brother,
In coming ages, Righteousness
And Peace shall kiss each other.
Where now the sword of maddened strife
Leaves ravaged fields and murdered life,
Shall Truth walk on with Mercy.

The fruitful rain and gentlest dew
  The wasted plains shall nourish;
And Nature, all created new,
  With all her crowns shall flourish.
Whate'er the gifts our God imparts,
Fail not the grace of thankful hearts,
  The highest of his giving!

XVI.

"O DURCHBRECHER ALLER BANDE!"

GOTTFRIED ARNOLD, 1697. *

Thou who breakest every fetter;
  Who art ever by my side;
Who canst make disgraces better
  Than all earthly joy and pride!
Let thy judgments, further, stronger,
  Smite upon my worldly sense,
Till the prison holds no longer,
  Till thine angel leads me thence.

Labors yet the whole creation;
  And we groan, and strive, and pray
That thy Word may bring salvation
  From brute Nature's iron sway;
From the service of things vainest,
  Which so rules and chains the heart,
Though thy Spirit points the plainest
  To the high and better part.

Are we slaves of wrong affection,
  Snared in joys that cannot bless?
Leave us not to that subjection,
  To that death, of selfishness.
That deliverance will not linger
  If ourselves no sluggards be;
Oh the rapture, when God's finger
  Turneth our captivity! N. L. F.

* Three verses out of ten. There is a wholly different hymn, though beginning with the same line, and running to the same measure, in the "Berliner Gesangbuch." The melody is the same with "O du Liebe meiner Liebe!"

THE JOURNAL OF ERNEST RAY.

(Concluded.)

May 6. — I have told Haven. The poor, lonely man's first thought was, joy that there was something living that belonged to him that he might love: then came the bitterness of it. How the struggle between shame and the sense of justice will end, I cannot tell. If he knew the utter desolation of such a lot, he would snatch his child from it at any cost; but it is unspeakably terrible to have his days of sin rise in judgment against him in the midst of his new life. I am haunted by the look of fear and horror and shame that came slowly into his face as he realized it all.

May 7. — Haven sent me word that he would come to see me in a few days. That is well. Such a crisis should not be hurried.

May 10. — Haven came, looking haggard, and spent some hours here. It is a hard struggle. He says he finds now that he was taking more comfort than he had supposed in the consciousness of the returning respect of good people, and was putting his sins as much out of sight as possible, and looking forward to the time when they should be forgotten by others; and had even been venturing to hope, that, if he lived on in this way long enough, his family might at last relent, and consent to let the past be buried: but of course, if he shall take this child and acknowledge it, shielding himself by no lie, all this hope will be gone. Still he sees the right, and his heart yearns over his son; and I think he is perfectly honest in saying, that one thing which holds him back is the thought it might be better for the child to pass as an orphan always, than to receive such a father in such a way. Perhaps some people would think so; but Muriel would tell him that it is hard to be always an orphan.

May 14. — Little Johnny seemed so far from well when I saw him to-day, that I got Ferguson to question Dr. Hill,

who attends at the Asylum, about him. Dr. Hill says that the child never has been strong, probably never will be, and that now he is in danger of serious illness; and ended by saying, "What he needs is just what he cannot have,—loving care, a quiet home, delicate food, and the sea-shore this summer." I told Haven this to-night; and I think Johnny will have what he needs. He only said, "Will you take me there to-morrow? I want to see—I mean, I want to get near my child, and hear his voice."

May 15.—We went to the Asylum this morning. When Johnny saw me, he stole into the room; for he is a warm-hearted boy, and returns any love he receives with double strength. His attention was soon caught by the stranger sitting there, a green band over his eyes, and his face fixed and white as a statue. Presently Johnny went nearer, and put his little hands on his knees, peering up at him, and asking, "You going to play blind-man's-buff?" Still Haven did not speak, but turned with a helpless look toward me, as if he wanted me to explain: I tried to, but Johnny had never encountered a blind person before, and was puzzled.

Just then, a troop of the children scampered into the room, and beset me with, "Tell us a story," "Let us *blow* your watch." Johnny came too; but soon I saw them all beginning to glance curiously toward Haven, and I feared that their inquisitiveness might annoy him: so I offered them a grand boon that would have made my nephews jealous. "My crutches for horses, if you'll all go into the entry to ride them." Away they all galloped; but Johnny lingered. Soon he sidled up to Haven again, and began stroking his arm, and touched his hand. Haven started, and asked, "Who is it?" "Only Johnny again," said the boy. "Why don't you play with the others?"—"I'm tired."—"Are you often tired?" "Most always, seems to me." Then Haven felt for the child, and began to measure his height with his hand, and pass his fingers over his face, telling him not to be frightened. He did not look frightened, only perplexed, and at last grieved, as he began to understand it; and he asked, in his gentle little voice, "Can't you see me, really?"—"No: I can't see

you."—"Are you trying to?"—"That I am."—"Couldn't you see if that ribbon was off?"—"No."—"I am sorry for the gentleman." At that I saw Haven's lips twitch; but he controlled himself a moment longer, till Johnny said wearily, "I'm so tired! won't you take me up?" and he was taken up into such an embrace as he never knew before.

Presently Haven set him down gently, and stood up, turning to me, and whispering, "Will you take me home now? I must get ready for him. How soon can he come?" I said, "To-morrow;" and he kissed Johnny again, who clung to his hand, and we came away.

The only questions now were about arrangements for the little one's reception. No one but he and I knew about it yet; but, at his request, I at once told Mrs. Field. The dear old lady! as soon as she had got over the first shock, she hurried up stairs, saying, as she entered the room, "Mr. Haven, you are doing right; and the Lord won't have a hard job to bring a blessing out of this trial: it'll come along natural. Where do you think we'd better put his bed?" I left them at work; Haven seeming almost happy in these preparations. He followed me to the door to put a bill into my hand, and whisper hesitatingly, "After Mr. and Mrs. Irving know, perhaps—they are so kind always!—perhaps she would get me some toys and pretty picture-books to have here to-morrow: she would know what he would like." I believe all the necessary arrangements are made, and to-morrow will see them together.

May 16.—When I went to the Asylum for Johnny, he ran to meet me; but looked past me toward the door, and asked, "Where's the other?"—"Who?" asked I. "The gentleman that kissed me;" and the child's lip quivered: "he said I'd see him again to-day." When I told him he was to go with me to see the gentleman, he lighted up, and ran eagerly to get ready. This intense sensitiveness to any tenderness has often shown itself in him; and it tends to confirm Dr. Hill's opinion, that he is not for a long life: it does not seem quite healthy.

When we got to Mrs. Field's, I sent Johnny up stairs by

himself; and I do not know in what manner Haven made himself known to his son. After half an hour's pleasant chat with Mrs. Field, I went up, and found Haven setting a sand-box in motion, an accomplishment acquired for the occasion, while Johnny sat on his knee absorbed in contemplation. When I spoke, he jumped as if to come to me; then suddenly hugged closer, drew both Haven's arms around him, nodded to me out of this nest, and said, with an indescribable exultation in his voice, "I've got a father now! Here's my father!"

Haven whispered something to him; and he slid down, and trotted toward me, holding up his face, and crying, "I want to kiss you." So he gave me two good ones, and then stood up straight, and repeated, glancing at his father to see if he had got it right, "That is to thank you for giving me a father;" and by that time Haven had reached me, and was holding my hand, and trying, through his emotion, to thank me for his son. I am grateful for their thanks; but they all belong up higher, whither I pass them.

May 28. — "Little Johnny Haven, who has been lost ever so long, and has just been found," is hailed with great delight by our children; and Ray patronizes him to an alarming extent, — calls him "my young friend." Of course, Haven's action is wholly approved by all the circle and by Dr. Ashton: but there is plenty of cruel talk in some quarters; and we hear that his family are indignant, as he foresaw they would be. He accepts the sharp pain of all this as his just punishment, and bears it both meekly and manfully. He will not let shame keep him back from any right thing; but Dr. Ashton says, that when Jones led him into church on Sunday, with his son holding his hand, there was a look of suppressed anguish in his face, which it took his breath away to see.

But at home, or among us, he grows happier hourly in the possession of something on which to pour out his love and care. The great danger is that Johnny will be utterly spoiled. He is master of the situation; for Haven devotes himself to him, and moreover feels it quite impossible ever to punish him for any thing. He says, "He is so much better

than I, how should I dare to do it?" Happily, Johnny's is a nature which is easily controlled by love; and he already clings to his precious father with all the strength of a loving little heart that has never found a home before. Haven's blindness draws them even closer together; for it is the height of Johnny's ambition to be "father's eyes." Jones pretends to be "dreffful jealous o' young master;" but, in truth, that faithful personage is likely to do his fair share of the spoiling.

June 12. — Word has just come of the death of old Mr. Haven. We are thankful that it was not until John had a son to comfort him. A townsman of the Haven Family tells me that it has been believed lately that the old man was relenting toward John; but that his other children tyrannized over him in this matter, as they were known to do in almost every thing. I wish this might be proved. He says John used to be his father's favorite; and it was the fear of being led away by his affections that caused him to treat the boy almost harshly in his youth. So it was a terrible wound to his love, as well as to his family pride, when John grew cold toward him, and entered on evil ways; and he has been immovable and stern toward all men since.

June 14. — Haven's oldest brother has sent him a little scrap of paper which was found folded up in his father's will. The old man wrote it himself, the day of his death, by the aid of a servant, and without the knowledge of his children, who have happily been honest enough to send it where it belongs. These are the words: "John, if you are really penitent, may God forgive you — and me! I have not meant to be harsh; but you were my idol once. God forgive us all!"

The brother writes to me, coldly, "It is evident my father was wandering when he wrote these confused lines. In the will, made some time before, when he was of sound mind, he expressly says, "I leave nothing to John Haven, who was my son; for his sins have disinherited him." I *will not* read that to John. He is intensely grateful for those words which he cannot see, and was not permitted to hear from the lips that should have spoken them. They are not "confused" to him:

he feels all their meaning, and says, "It is so much more than I deserved! I am much happier than I deserve."

Now, there ought to be a truce to the Havens in this Journal, until some other great event befall them. Indeed, I suppose, according to my original plan in writing it, they have hardly belonged here so long; but my scope varies at different times, and I do not know that it does any harm. This debilitating spring weather insures me wakeful nights, wherein I might as well be doing this as nothing: so I have slipped into the way of allowing this "eloquence for one" to be as diffuse as it pleases. However, here it ends for this night; for Harry steals in, scolding under his breath about it. A. M., threatening to put out my light, and looking over my shoulder to read. You're a domineering old —

June 15. — It grew dark suddenly last night.

Nov. 1. *Four years later.* — The many sicknesses of Johnny Haven are over this day. Dear little fellow! he has suffered much, but his poor father's pangs have been more pitiful. How often have I heard him groan, "O God, spare my child! Oh, let me suffer instead!" Never was there greater devotion than his: father and mother, playfellow and teacher and nurse, he has made himself every thing for the child, in spite of his own ill-health and blindness.

Johnny has shown himself a sincere little Christian, and has tried hard to be patient and considerate. He has been wonderfully so most of the time. Once or twice, when he and I have been sick at the same time, he has sent me funny, merry little notes, which have done me good, and are among my treasures. But weakness and pain, and want of sleep, are what older people than he do not always endure pleasantly; and sometimes he has been more fretful and unreasonable than any one but his father could bear. He has never faltered in his cheerful lovingness to the boy. If I had not known Harry, I should have thought what they tell me of Haven impossible. The child's weak, sometimes peevish, voice has never sounded, by day or night, but Haven has heard it, and been at his side to give him what he needed, or take him in

his arms, or tell him his wonderful stories. To those of us who know his history, those stories always have a vein of pathos in them; but Johnny and our children have rejoiced in them without feeling that. I mean to write down one favorite of Johnny's which I remember well, and which I think children will like to keep.

Now all this care is ended. Johnny's only trouble about dying was, "I am really afraid father'll miss me;" but as yet that father's heart is so full of thankfulness that his boy does not and cannot suffer any more, that he does not realize what a dark, lonely path lies before him. Humbly and patiently he will walk in it, I know, and seeking help where it may be found. Still, this earth must be dreary to him. May the merciful Father soon call him into the light and love of our eternal home!

SEPARATED.

We shall go forth again
On the bright hills, when summer winds blow free,
Or joyous harvests crowd the homeward wain;
But never more with thee.

Never again! when glowing sunsets burn
Their royal signet upon sky and wave;
When stars upon their silver course return,
Night's ebon shore to lave.

We ply accustomed tasks,
Walk the same round as when we knew thee here;
But, yearning ever, the soul dumbly asks
Of thy unsounded sphere.

At the grave's mouth we stand
Listening, perchance, if some dear voice may call:
Dead leaves are drifted to the out-stretched hand,
Silence, — and this is all!

Yet some celestial gleam
Tinges the mist of our slow-dropping tears,
As bright above these mortal changes beam
The calm, immortal years.

C. M. P.

September, 1864.

MISSION TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.*

THE book, the title of which is given below, does not belong to the class of ephemeral publications. It must long have a value for every inquirer into the missionary work of the Church of Christ, in these days; and it throws a great deal of light upon the relation of the gospel to the sheep that are not of this fold, — a world lying in darkness and sin and wretchedness. Dr. Anderson seems to us an eminently candid observer and writer. It is plain enough that he is a person who can be trusted: we do not mean not to tell known falsehoods, — it were an insult so to write about him, — but to find out and report the truth, as one who merely proposes to make out a case cannot. No man has had a better opportunity than he to learn "what God has been pleased to do on the Hawaiian Islands, through the gospel of his Son, and the labors of his missionary servants." Forty years of correspondence with the missionaries, and four months' residence on the Islands, during what we may call the latter harvest of their Gospel Year, are no inadequate preparation for one whose vision is so clear, and whose purpose is so honest. Much as we should have enjoyed the abundant details which the writer has left out of the volume, we are glad, for the sake of the general reader, that they were not put in; because the book is now manageable and readable by busy men and women.

We suppose that Christian people are widely familiar with that marvellous phenomenon in Gentile history, the rising-up, so to speak, of the Sandwich Islanders against their idol gods. We do not know that there is another instance in history, of a people becoming disgusted with their divinities; simultaneously, and, as it were, by the inspiration of God, pronouncing them a delusion and a mischief. So, however, did the Hawai-

* The Hawaiian Islands: their Progress and Condition under Missionary Labors. By RUFUS ANDERSON, D.D., Foreign Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. With illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington Street, 1864.

ians; and that before the Christians came amongst them. The house was swept and garnished; not, however, for the return of the unclean spirit with the seven worse companions, but for the entrance of the Spirit of the Lord. We see horrid pictures still of the poison-god and of the war-god; and the missionary house is made hideous by one and another ugly image: but idolatry has, for the most part, disappeared; not lingering, we should say, any more than the old Paganism survives in some of the popular customs of modern Europe. What would have been the fate of that people, had the missionaries failed to appear? Would they have lived on, pagan iconoclasts and rationalists, having not so much "changed their gods" as turned their gods out of doors altogether? But the ground was cleared, in the good providence of God, for a glorious planting. On the 12th of April, 1820, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, and Dr. and Mrs. Holman, took up their abode at Kailua, in a house "three feet and a half high at the foot of the rafters, and without floor or ceiling or windows or furniture, in the midst of a noisy, filthy, heathen village. The king dined with them on board the ship, going with only a *malo*, or narrow girdle, around his waist, a green silken scarf thrown over his shoulders, a string of beads around his neck, and a feather wreath on his head." Counting the cost, he objected to Christianity, at first, as likely to interfere with polygamy; and spite of the report which met the missionaries, of the turning-away from the idols, the sight of the naked chief must have been rather discouraging to these zealous laborers. The natives looked upon dress as merely ornamental, as indeed do some who ought to be wiser. "In one of the first years of the mission, a chief of Hawaii was reproved by a missionary for entering his house so nearly naked. Profiting by the rebuke, and aiming to give full satisfaction, next time he walked in with the addition of a pair of silk stockings and a hat!" If the reader would know what progress has been made in externals at least, let him take up Dr. Anderson's very interesting volume, and examine the portrait of Kamehameha III., which stands over against the titlepage, and let him learn that his Royal Highness has

even got so far, not only into Christianity, but into Ecclesiasticism, as to have a decided preference for what is called "The Reformed Catholic Church," which, from the description in this work, would seem to be a very ritualistic Anglicanism, not unsuited, we should judge, to these Islanders; though Dr. Anderson says that they find it too showy, and though it seems to have entered a little unceremoniously into the labors of the faithful congregational missionaries to whom under God the Sandwich Islands are indebted for the liberty of the gospel.

The work done in that region during the last forty years is a work in which the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions may well feel an honest pride; for which, they who have labored, and we who have not labored, may well thank God. Would that we had all been partakers in it! It is not pretended that the Sandwich Islanders have become Christians, even in the very qualified sense of that name with which a halting Christendom has made us all too familiar. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean thing in a day? Doubtless the Lord can; but so it does not please the Lord to work for the most part. The determination to pass from death to life may come through the Divine Grace in a moment; but the passage is, for the most part, a long one. When we think of pious John Newton suppressing a rising of slaves on board his slave-ship, and then gathering the ship's company in the cabin for prayers and thanksgivings to the God, not, we must suppose, of the slave, but of the slave-owner, — we can afford to be patient with naked savages, if they do not at once rise even to Christian decencies, but must be excommunicated, as they seem to have been most faithfully, at first one out of every five, and then one out of every three, — eight thousand backsliders in all, — in order to secure any thing like the purity which should mark the Christian life. Some persons have been left to sneer at such Christianity as this: without cause, we think, when it is remembered what sort of Christians have, in too many instances, gone to the Islands in our ships; and that, so it is written, a naval officer of the United States opened his ports,

or threatened to open them, upon one of the towns, because the authorities would not suffer women to go out to his ship, as their evil custom had been. Dr. Anderson very justly instances the Church at Corinth. We can easily learn from Paul's Epistles with how much difficulty and delay the believers passed from death to life in that city. There can be no doubt that, spite of every allowance which the most censorious may insist upon making, the Sandwich Islanders have been Christianized to a very good degree, and that we can instance, in what has been wrought there during the last two-score of years, one of those glorious miracles which will not cease so long as the Church lives its divine life in the world. The only serious question about the Islands is this: Was there enough vitality remaining to outlive the terrible effects of former sins; the sins which even the merciful God visits, as he warns us he must, upon the children of sinners, unto the third and fourth generation? As yet, the deaths exceed the births. Still it may not be so always. Christian reformation has at least checked the decline. It will be some consolation, that even a decaying race, if the race must decay, is to go out, not in darkness, but in light. Nothing but the mighty help of God in Christ could have saved these Islanders from ruin and death. The charge of narrowness so often brought against the missionary, especially by those who do nothing for missions, whether foreign or domestic, cannot be maintained against the laborers in the Sandwich Islands. They have all along sought to civilize the people, to instruct them in the arts and the proprieties of life, and yet, at the same time, they have shown, that, between Christianity and the most degraded and darkened souls, there is something in common, and that the deep sense of sin. The Heathen can be made to feel that they are sinners. The law comes, and sin revives, and they die; and they know that they are dead, and, unless deliverance shall be granted, sealed up to an eternal sorrow. The missionary, now as of old, can preach repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

We wish that we had space for many extracts; but we cannot refrain from setting down one in illustration of a faith

in prayer, from which even some Christian sermonizers might learn a good lesson.

"They expect," says Dr. Anderson, with not a little *naïveté*, "when they pray, to be heard, — in this resembling the primitive Christians. . . . Mr. Bond called my attention to one of his aged church-members, now a valued friend and colaborer. That man, said he, some years ago, was off the coast with two other natives in a canoe, fishing; and a monstrous shark came upon their canoe, which was merely a hollowed log, with the evident intent of upsetting it. They beat him away with their paddles. He went off to some distance, and came down upon them the second time. Again they drove him away, and he returned to renew the attack. Their courage then began to fail; and they said, 'The shark will have us.' But this man proposed to the others that he should pray to God, while they used the paddles. To this they agreed; and he fell on his knees in prayer, while they stood on the defensive. Down came the monster; but, when very near, he sheered off, and was soon out of sight. The natives regarded this as an answer to prayer; and my excellent missionary friend was of the same opinion." E.

A PERSON once said to me, that she was accustomed to feel great joy and confidence after confession. Another told me that she found her fears still continue. It struck me, that out of the experience of the two a wholesome state of feeling might be formed, and that each was wanting in what might be gained from the other. The same thing happens often in other cases. — *Pascal.*

THE hope which Christians entertain of eternal happiness, is mingled with joy as well as with fear. They are not like those who hope for a kingdom of which they have never been the subjects: but their aspirations are for holiness, and freedom from corruption; and of these things they have already had some experience. — *Pascal.*

WHAT IS A WORD?

WHAT is a word? A spirit-birth,
Born of the living soul,
Which, uttered by the voice of man,
Time's power cannot control.

A gift thou art to man alone,
To bird and beast denied;
To show that to the heavenly race
His nature is allied.

Mysterious Essence! Birth and death
Are in one instant thine;
Yet, born and dying with a breath,
Thy being is divine.

The outward world thou dost ally
To things by man unseen;
And, like an angel, ever pass
The heavens and earth between.

Thou dost to childhood's feeble powers
A help to knowledge lend;
And aid the race, from age to age,
Its wisdom to transcend.

Thou tellest of the distant Past,
And bid'st it live again;
And can, with mystic key, unlock
The Future's dim domain.

Still, lingering in our common tongue,
We hear the elder speech;
And words, which fell from Adam's lips,
His latest offspring reach.

The world and all it holds shall fade,
And man himself shall die;
But thou, unchanged, shalt live the same
Through God's eternity.

J. V.

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, AND UNITARIANISM IN ENGLAND.

In the early days of the Christian Church, while its advantages were supposed to be restricted within the narrow limits of the Jewish nation, a vision was sent to the most prominent among its teachers, and the words were heard within his soul, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." It was thus that the leader of the apostles received the impressive lesson of liberality. The vision that he beheld had a deeper meaning than to show him that the Jewish distinction of clean and unclean meats was done away. He gave its interpretation when he said, "God hath showed me that I should not call any *man* common or unclean." No longer was the Gentile to be considered unworthy to share the society and the privileges of the Jew. The Roman Cornelius, whose prayers and alms had been accepted before God, was to be recognized by God's servants as a brother.

That lesson, like the other holy teachings of the Bible, has not grown useless by the lapse of years. If we have little to do now with the distinctions of Jew and Gentile, we still need to remember the word that warns us against a spirit of exclusiveness. Sect raises the barrier against sect, proclaiming of him who is outside the fold, "He is common, he is unclean; he may not enter our pulpit; he may not come to our communion-table; he has not been properly ordained; he has not been properly baptized."

To such assumptions of superiority, an answer comes in the words of Peter's vision, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." The proof of God's cleansing the heart is in the holy life: as our Saviour said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Thus every instance of Christian holiness in any sect puts to shame the intolerance that would deny to that sect an equal position with others. Thus the exclusiveness of Romanism is answered by such lives as those of Luther and Cranmer and Lady Russell; the exclusive-

ness of Protestantism, by a life like Fénélon's; High-Church exclusiveness, by the purity, the faith, and the labors of Penn and Wesley and Howard; and the exclusiveness that would deny the equal claims of Unitarians, by the lives of Milton and of Priestley.

Joseph Priestley was born in 1733, at Fieldhead, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, the eldest of a large family. Of his early childhood he records enough to show that he was brought up with religious care; his mother teaching him the Assembly's Catechism, and inculcating honesty so strictly, that she once made him carry back a pin to his uncle's house, where he had found it.

His mother dying when he was seven years old, he was soon after taken charge of by his aunt, who, he says, was truly a parent to him, till her death in 1764. He speaks of her as a truly pious and excellent woman, who knew no other use of wealth or talents of any kind than to do good, and who never spared herself for this purpose. By her he was sent to several schools in succession, where he became acquainted with the Latin and Greek languages. The Hebrew he studied with the Dissenting minister of the place. The wish of his aunt, with which he readily acquiesced, was that he should prepare for the ministry; but, his health appearing delicate, this design was for a time abandoned, and a mercantile life was thought of. The way the boy prepared for this, however, showed his strong natural inclination to study. He learned without a master the modern languages, French, German, and Italian; translating and writing letters in the former two for his uncle, who was a merchant. Arrangements were in progress for his entering a counting-house at Lisbon; when, his health appearing better, his friends and himself resumed their preference for the ministry; and he was sent to a dissenting academy, or private divinity school, for further instruction.

His father and his aunt were Calvinists, though tolerant in their feelings to those of other opinions. Young Priestley, thus educated, was, at the period of his delicate health, in great distress of mind from fears that he had not experienced

the new birth. Having been taught the views then prevalent among Calvinists respecting the sin of Adam, he was troubled that he could not feel a proper repentance for that sin. His fears went so far, that he dreaded that God had forsaken him, and that his case was like that of Francis Spira, who had left an appalling instance of spiritual agony from the idea that repentance and salvation were denied to him. From this uneasiness, the active mind of Priestley found relief by questioning whether the doctrine which so troubled him could be true. At his examination, therefore, to be admitted to the communion, he was refused, as being not quite orthodox with regard to the consequences of Adam's sin. He found, however, in the minister of a neighboring congregation to his own, and in other friends, the sympathy and guidance he needed.

Having now embraced the Arminian view in preference to that of Calvin, the academy he chose was one in which Arminian sentiments prevailed. It was the same which had previously been under the care of the excellent Dr. Doddridge. The greatest freedom of inquiry was allowed, and the questions discussed in the religious controversies of the day were examined and re-examined by the students. The views now adopted by young Priestley on some subjects, and which he retained through life, were different from those held by Liberal Christians in this country; and they marked, for a time at least, a wide difference between the English and the American Unitarians. One of our dearest principles is the freedom of the will; another, the spiritual nature of man. Priestley, on the contrary, became early, and always continued, a believer in the doctrines of Materialism and Necessity: that is, he held that the soul is a material substance, or an arrangement of material substances; and that every act and word and thought of man is the result of an irresistible and unchangeable order of cause and effect. In regard to these views, we are wide apart from him; and even in England, it is believed, his opinions have generally given place to the more spiritual doctrines of which Channing is the great expositor. Still, we must admit, that, as held by

Priestley, these doctrines led to no results dishonorable to God or unworthy of man. He believed that the soul, though material, being sustained by Divine Power, would live for ever; and that the necessity of nature, which compelled the actions of all beings, would at length, after a period of corrective discipline to the bad, in the future world, result in the final happiness of all.

His life as a minister commenced as assistant in a small parish at Needham. His compensation was extremely small; and his prospects of a better settlement, or even of usefulness and permanence where he was, were checked by an impediment in his speech, and by his unconcealed disbelief of the supreme Divinity of Christ. The suggestion was made to him at this time of joining the Church of England; but it was at once repelled.

He now investigated more minutely than before the doctrine of the Atonement, and was induced to relinquish it entirely. He composed on the subject a treatise, which a friend submitted to the perusal of the celebrated Dr. Lardner. By his advice, a portion of it was published; being probably the first printed among the immense number of Priestley's works. Many years afterwards, when its writer, then an eminent man, requested of Dr. Lardner whatever help he could give him on the subject of the Atonement, the latter took down from a shelf a large bundle of pamphlets, and, selecting one from them, handed it to his guest as the best assistance he could give him; forgetting that Priestley was himself its author.

His next attempt at publication showed that clear and fearless uprightness which always marked his character. He had written a tract so bold in its speculation, that a friend to whom he showed it advised him to publish it under the character of an unbeliever, to draw the more attention to it. But he would wear no mask, and commenced the printing of his treatise; though afterwards his friend Dr. Kippis dissuaded him from proceeding with it, until he should be more known, and his character better established.

His unpopular opinions rendering his residence at Needham

unpleasant, and his efforts to relieve his poverty by teaching being disappointed from the same cause, he obtained at length another and more productive settlement, at Nantwich, in a different part of the kingdom. Here, besides preaching to a congregation of about sixty persons, he taught a school, devoted some attention to experiments in natural philosophy, and composed his treatise on English Grammar.

After three years at Nantwich, he was appointed to a tutorship in the academy at Warrington. He now married happily; but the enjoyments of home did not arrest the labors of the indefatigable student. He composed courses of lectures on language, on oratory and criticism, on history and general policy, on the laws and constitution of England, and on English history. Some of these were printed for the use of his students, and others at a later period of his life.

He published now his "Chart of Biography," followed some time after by the "Chart of History." The method introduced by him, of exhibiting in a connected view the dates of great events, has not yet passed out of use.

Becoming now acquainted with Dr. Franklin, he proposed to that great man to write the history of discoveries in electricity. This was well received, and added much to the reputation of the author. He had already received from the University of Edinburgh the title of Doctor of Laws, and was now admitted a member of the Royal Society.

After six years' residence at Warrington, Dr. Priestley became the pastor of a congregation at Leeds. Here his theological opinions assumed that form of the most decided Unitarianism which they thenceforward bore. At Leeds he commenced, and carried on for three volumes, a periodical religious work, "The Theological Repository," and published several tracts and controversial treatises. Among these were some writings in vindication of religious liberty, and "An Address to Dissenters on the Subject of the Difference with America." This was written at the request of Dr. Franklin and Dr. Fothergill.

Besides these literary labors, he pursued his researches in natural philosophy. From electricity, he passed to the investi-

gation of the nature of air. The experiments on this subject, which led to his great discoveries in pneumatic chemistry, were suggested by the seeming accident of his living near a brewery, from whose processes he could obtain the "fixed air," or carbonic acid gas, on which he was thus led to experiment.

His first publication on this subject was in 1772, in a small pamphlet which excited much attention, and was translated into French. A fuller account of his observations, soon after published, procured for its author the gold medal of the Royal Society.

He was now applied to, to accompany Capt. Cook's voyage of discovery as scientific observer; and had consented, when the objections of some clergymen to his religious opinions broke off the engagement.

It was while at Leeds that Dr. Priestley formed the acquaintance of two gentlemen, whose names are intimately connected with his own in the history of English Unitarianism. These were Theophilus Lindsey and Richard Price.

Before this time, Unitarians in England could hardly be said to have constituted a sect. In the distant reign of Edward VI., Joan Bocher and George van Paris were burnt to death for opinions, which the denial of the Trinity formed a part. Similar opinions were entertained by Milton, and expressed at least in the earlier writings of William Penn. With these may be classed John Biddle (who died in prison in the reign of Charles II.), the benevolent merchant Thomas Firmin, the learned Lardner, and the still more eminent names of Locke and Newton. Some ministers and congregations among the Dissenters had gradually ceased to preach and to believe as their predecessors had done with respect to the Divinity of Christ; but it was at the period now before us that the growth of Unitarianism in England may most distinctly be dated.

Perhaps not even the writings of Dr. Priestley contributed to that growth more than the magnanimous avowal of the unpopular faith by the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, a clergyman of the Church of England, and his resignation, in conse-

quence, of his living of Catterick. Many of the clergy of that church, it was known, entertained similar sentiments; but, as it was generally understood that the Church required only a general assent to her doctrines, they continued to retain their places. Mr. Lindsey viewed the subject differently; and, after allowing ample time for the consideration of his duty, voluntarily relinquished his position of affluence, to encounter poverty and contempt for what he held to be the truth. His example was followed by Dr. Disney and some others.

Dr. Richard Price, whose acquaintance Dr. Priestley formed about the same time with that of Lindsey, was the pastor of a Dissenting congregation; and the opinions he held, while we class them under the general name of "Unitarian," were very different from those held by Priestley himself. He disagreed with his friend's views of Materialism and Necessity. He held, with the Arians, that Christ existed, as a being second only to the Supreme, before he was born into this world; and he believed also that the death of the Saviour had a mysterious efficacy, apart from any influence it exerts directly on mankind. The talents, the amiable temper, and unblemished character of Dr. Price obtained him the highest esteem even from those who regarded his opinions as heretical. He had the singular honor, for a Dissenting clergyman, of acting as commissioner for the British Government, in its negotiations with France, at an early period in the wars of the French Revolution.

After a residence of six years at Leeds, Dr. Priestley accepted a liberal offer from the Earl of Shelburne to take the office of his librarian and companion. This position he held for seven years. It afforded him leisure for his philosophical experiments and his numerous literary occupations. He travelled on the Continent in company with Lord Shelburne, and was received with much respect on account of his philosophical researches by the men of science whose presence then adorned the capital of France. One thing, however, surprised them. Priestley was a Christian. In France, the intolerance which forbade any form of Protestantism had pro-

duced its natural effect. Intelligent minds, revolting against the doctrines of the Church of Rome, had seen no medium between the belief they discarded and utter infidelity. The learned men of France were, with scarce a known exception, deists, if not atheists; and, through the whole nation, a thin covering of formal respect for the solemnities of the Church was spread over the unbelief and the corruption that soon burst forth, volcano-like, in the horrors of the Revolution.

To the brilliant circles of Paris, the fact that Priestley retained his faith in the gospel was a theme of wonder; to him, their infidelity was a source of sadness. He came forth as the defender of religion in his "Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever." He tried also to remove the disbelief in revelation from the mind of his illustrious friend Franklin. That great man, who at least always treated religion with respect, promised to read the books which Priestley placed in his hands; but public events now advanced with such rapidity, that it is probable they engrossed his attention too much to permit him to pursue his researches.

While with Lord Shelburne, our indefatigable author published also his "Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion," his "Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit," and his "Harmony of the Gospels." The second of these works brought him into an amicable controversy with Dr. Price; and the third into one, also friendly, with the Bishop of Waterford. Among such men as these, it was shown that discussions on the loftiest subjects could be carried on without interrupting their mutual respect and courtesy.

But it was not possible that opinions like Priestley's, and so boldly expressed, should fail of awakening opposition; and whether from this cause, or from any other, he found at length that it would be best to withdraw from his place in Lord Shelburne's family. The change was, however, effected in a manner honorable to both parties; and, as had been previously agreed, a pension from that nobleman was thenceforth paid to him. He now accepted again a ministerial charge, being settled with a congregation at Birmingham; with the understanding, however, that his services in the pulpit only

were required; the duties of a parish minister devolving on his colleague. He was thus left to pursue his theological studies, and those by which he had already contributed so much to the extension of philosophical, and particularly of chemical knowledge. He now wrote his "History of the Corruptions of Christianity," and defended his views in his famous controversy with Bishop Horsley.

His ministry in Birmingham continued for about eleven years. It is touching to read in his memoir of himself, written before that ministry was closed, his expressions of unalloyed happiness in that pleasant home and those beloved employments, soon to be rudely broken up, and the warm utterance of his gratitude to that Divine Being who had guided him step by step through his course thus far, making even seeming adversity contribute to his real good. His health, after its temporary interruption in very early life, had been uniformly good, sustained by his habits of active exercise, and by that variety in his pursuits which made change with him supply the place which mere rest does with others. His disposition was naturally cheerful, and this tendency he considered to be promoted by his religious views. Rather perhaps should we say, that his views of religious philosophy were themselves modified by his cheerful piety. To believe that every event was predetermined by an inexorable fate, would, to most men, be a source of discouragement and sadness. To Priestley it was not so; for, in that supposed fate, he still recognized the wisdom of the Supreme Disposer, and the love of the Universal Father. B.

[To be continued.]

MEMORY OF FRIENDS.

It is a beautiful arrangement of the world, that we commonly forget the failings and wrong-doings of those near to us, soon after they are gone; while their excellences come out like the stars at night, and show us a whole heaven of beauty we had not been conscious of before. — *Theodore Parker.*

RANDOM READINGS.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES, — A LESSON FOR THE HOUR.

We have made a "raid" into the study of a friend in a neighboring city, and carried off a portion of one of his manuscripts. The author and owner resisted most stoutly, as his manner is: but we got the victory; and our readers will rejoice in the fruit thereof, and gain new courage and hope in this trying hour. E.

We may observe the operation of this same restoring, rebeautifying principle, on a broader scale, in the life and experience of nations. There are periods in every nation's history, of convulsion and strife and threatening destruction, that are the farthest possible from being beautiful, but which yet serve as the basis, the body, over which time and Providence weave their new fabrics to clothe them with an exceeding loveliness, and the charming graces of a new and higher life. All histories furnish illustrations of this; but we need not go away from home or beyond the present hour to find one. The condition of our own nation is just now the farthest possible removed from that happy adjustment and harmonious operation of the social forces, which awaken a sense of the beautiful. There is no beauty in this deadly strife that rends us; no beauty in the havoc of the battlefield, and the ploughing-up of fair regions for the harvest of death, instead of the life-giving fruits of the earth; none in the hospitals thronged with the sick and wounded, and vocal with their groans; none in burning towns or burning ships, or ports closed against the benign access of commerce; none in the wasting of the resources of a people, and the fruits of their industry, for mutual destruction; none in the anxieties that weigh down the cheerfulness, and disturb the slumbers, of thousands of households waiting for the tidings of life or death from their beloved; none in the multitudes flying in terror and destitution from their ravaged homes, and the chase of the marauder; none in the civil strife that accompanies the military strife with an almost equal rancor and peril. There is the opposite of all pleasantness and all loveliness in every immediate aspect of this dire and hideous conflict, — death, pain and grief, ugliness and ashes. And can any beauty ever grow out of all this, and take the place of it? Certainly there can and ought and

will. If this people continue true to themselves, their traditions, and their principles, and worthy of the mighty trust of liberty and nationality that has been transmitted to them; if there is in them the strength and persistency that becomes the sons of noble sires; if they faint not, nor grow weary, under the burdens and toils and sacrifices that come to test them, as they come, once in a while, to test every people, and prove whether they have a right to be, and are fit to be, a nation, or not; if they carry out to its rightful result the work laid upon them by the dread exigencies of the time, counting not the cost, and unseduced by the blandishments of a false, premature, and precarious peace; if they stand immovable on the rock of their duty and the right, till the storm is overpast, and the peace of honor and of righteousness shall have come; if it shall be so with this people, — and the contrary supposition is too humiliating to be entertained, and the prediction too insulting, that one should dare to put it into words, — then, I say, beauty *shall* be given for all this ashes; and all these shocking spectacles that affright the land shall be changed by spiritual transmutation into sights of a thrilling grandeur and loveliness. Garments rolled in blood shall become very beautiful as the symbols of a nation's rehabilitation. The scenes of havoc shall clothe themselves, in coming years, with glorious memories, such as make a nation's history its high inspiration and its vital breath. The sacrifices that have been made will become precious to contemplate, for the nobleness which they bring forth, and which survives them for ever; making them the wisest and the happiest things in the experience of a man and of a people. Thrilling remembrances, and traditions of heroic deeds performed, and sufferings heroically borne, shall make the households of the land beautiful with honor, thanks, and joy, in place of the griefs and anxieties of the present time. There will be beauty in the nation's fair fame restored in the eyes of the world, and commanding the reverence of mankind. There will be a supreme beauty for all men to rejoice in, in that day's sunlight, when the banners of war shall be furled, and its weapons laid aside, not in abject fear and shameful submission, but in a warfare accomplished, and the thing done, which, under the compulsions of Providence, we had set our hands to do. There will be beauty in the fair robes of freedom taking the place of the fetters of bondage. There will be beauty in the sight of a great empire omnipotent under God for its

own maintenance, and strong for all the benign functions of instruction and power and humane influence among the nations.

Such is the beauty that is waiting to clothe all these horrible scenes and events, and make them worth to our posterity, in coming generations, infinitely more than they have cost us of this generation. Great names and noble characters will shine out of all this smoke and death and ashes, to be a treasure and an inspiration to all after-ages, — stars in the national firmament, lights along the shores of time, and spells wherewith to arouse the heroisms and patriotic ardors of souls yet unborn, and nations yet to be. So it shall be beauty for ashes, if we are found faithful; so planting and watering that God may give the increase as he would, and bring forth the beauty that he loves.

Such is the law and intent of the good God throughout all his works. In the scenes of nature, in the experiences of the individual soul, in the career of nations, everywhere, he knows how to give beauty for ashes. Let us contemplate these blessed doings with adoring awe, with devout thanksgivings, with unfaltering hope, and a firm and cheerful co-operation.

PONS SUSPIRIORUM.

(FRAGMENT OF A LATIN VERSION OF THE "BRIDGE OF SIGHS.")

A FRIEND sends us the accompanying poem. We have not become perverted, as the word is, to Romanism that we should abandon the vernacular, and print our magazine in Latin; but we have promised to supply something occasionally for our younger readers, and, we fear, have hardly made the promise good. Now, let them betake themselves to their dictionaries; and whilst they translate and read, not without the help of the English, if they will, let them ask, "Could this tender poem, so pervaded by the spirit of love and pity and forgiveness, have been written by any Roman Horace? Is it not itself a most eloquent witness to the new life which has come into our world through Him who made the old commandment a new commandment, and taught us to love?" What an amazement it would have been to the literati of Rome, had such verses as these been laid before them at the banquet of some Mæcenas! E.

En! cui miserrimæ
Tæduit sortis!
Exit temerrime,
Avida mortis.

Tollite molliter,
Religiose,
Formam exilem,
Tam juvenilem,
Parvæ formosæ!

Heu! quam hærente
(Quasi funebre)
Peplo madente
Labitur crebre
Fluctus instanter!
Tollas amanter,
Non indiganter!

Ne aspernare
Sæve, profane,
De ea rere
Mite, humane,
Fœdum quod nuper est
Nesciens superest
Femina mere.

De contumacia
Ne judicetur,
Ejus audacia
Ne condemnetur!
Omne quod secus
Mittere præstat;
Nil nisi decus
Mortuæ restat.

Quodvis sit turpe
Quo maculata,
Evæ de stirpe
Tamen est nata.
Labia tergite
Ista de gurgite
Squale fœdata!

Pectine lapsos
Collige crines,
Cum ubi domus
Mirans divines.
An ei pater?
An ei mater?
Fraterve, sororve?
Omni cariorve
Propinquo amator?

Hei! quam exigua,
Orbe terrarum,
Vera clementia
Christicolarum!
Urbe contigua,
Tanta frequentia
Ædium millium,
Hæc domicilium
Reperit nullum.

Fratrum, sororum,
Parentum amborum,
Cor est mutatum
Propter peccatum;
Numen ipsum iratum
Jam aversatum
Visum est ei.

Tollite molliter,
Religiose,
Formam exilem,
Tam juvenilem,
Parvæ formosæ! F. H. H.

The indulgence of self-will never yields us peace, even if it procures us the full measure of our desires; but we have peace the instant we renounce it. Denying it, we can never be unhappy; indulging it, never happy. — *Pascal.*

HOW TO BURN COAL.

PITY it is, not to learn something through the spur of high prices. It is said that most persons who attempt to burn coal waste full one-half of it: so, for the benefit of all such, we transcribe the following rules from a book which bears the title, "Things not generally known:" —

First, To make a coal-fire. On the wood and shavings beneath place just only a dozen lumps of egg-coal. In ten minutes add twenty more. As soon as the wood has burned out, fill the cavity half or two-thirds full.

Second, Never fill a stove more than half or two-thirds full of coal, even in the coldest weather.

Third, When the fire is low, never shake the grate nor disturb the ashes, but add from ten to fifteen small lumps of coal, and let the draught be open. When these are heated through, and somewhat ignited, add the amount necessary for a new fire; but do not disturb the ashes yet. Let the draught be open half an hour. Now shake out the ashes. The coal will be thoroughly ignited, and will keep the stove at high heat from six to twelve hours, according to the coldness of the weather.

Fourth, For very cold weather. After the fire is made, according to rule first and third, add every hour about fifteen or twenty lumps of egg-coal. You will find that the ashes made each hour will be about in that ratio. S.

TEST OF INSANITY.

PERHAPS no question has more often perplexed juries than the question of insanity; and on no fact is the testimony more variant or contradictory. It is said, however, that there is one invariable test: insane persons never tell a story twice alike. Dr. Wigan says, "I cannot remember to have seen a single instance of insanity, however slight, and however incognizable by any but an experienced medical man, where the patient, after relating a short history of his complaints, physical, moral, and social, could, on being requested to repeat the narrative, follow the same series. To repeat the same words, even with the limited correctness of a sane person, is, I believe, always impossible in the very mildest case of insanity." Shakspeare knew of this; for he makes Hamlet say, whose sanity was called in question, —

> "Bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will reword which madness
> Would gambol from." S.

"UTTERANCE" is the title of a volume of poems published twelve years ago by Caroline A. Briggs, now Mrs. Mason, and which is not now to be bought. We copy below one of its gems such as we think ought not to be "out of print:" —

"A STRANGE PULPIT."

[A fact which occurred somewhat recently in India on the occasion of the great festival of Juggernaut.]

Onward like some mighty demon rolls the huge colossal car;
While the jaded crowd, slow-yielding, shrink before its iron jar.

Shrined in its unholy bosom, stands the idol grim and bold,
Juggernaut, — the worshipped monster, — tricked with silk and burnished gold.

Shouts and cries and wild responses vex the blessed tropic air,
Where the golden sunset, pausing, calls instead to praise and prayer.

Thou dear God, in all this mockery, this unhallowed strife and din, —
Hast thou not one faithful witness, strong to unmask the frightful sin?

So from 'mongst the maddened concourse springs one firm and stalwart form,
With his broad brow raised and brightening, rainbow-like above the storm.

Courage! — he has gained the terrace, and with lifted eyes he stands
In the idol-car, confronting its grim god with folded hands.

From his lips no fiery outburst like a fierce sirocco rolls;
But his calm, persuasive accents sway that tide of living souls: —

"Come to Jesus, O ye weary, toiling on, yet still unblest!
Jesus is the sinner's refuge; Jesus is the sinner's rest."

How the rapt crowd gather round him, hanging on his lips of flame,
As they kindle with the utterance of that well-beloved name!

Oh auspicious, happy omen! Christ's dear banner is unfurled
From the very gates of Satan to the wide gaze of the world!

Glorious deed! — no nation's plaudit crowns it with immortal bays:
But the God of nations heeds it, and its meed shall be his praise;

And its savor, wide diffusing, yet shall reach the farthest shore,
Till the whole earth swells the chorus, "God is Lord for evermore!"

THE CENTURY-FLOWER.

BY REV. E. A. WASHBURN, D.D.

[A friend sends us the following beautiful effusion credited to the "United-States-Service Magazine."]

'Tis noon of night! in slumber pale
The dreaming soul of Nature lies:
Now lifts the flower its mystic veil,
And flashes morning from its eyes.
A hundred years of waning earth,
Of frost and sunbeams, blight and bloom;
And man that saw its infant birth —
A frailer flower — has sought the tomb.

A hundred years! what empires sped
As eddies on the whirling tide!
Lands reeled beneath Napoleon's tread,
And greater Goethe sang and died;
Yet dumb in shadowy stillness strange,
Those fringèd eyelids wait the hour,
Till, ripening through each mighty change,
It blooms, — Time's rich full-opened flower.

A hundred years! the soul of Truth
Fettered has lain in death-like rest;
Yet lives a thought, its budding youth
Wrapped in some holy prophet's breast.
It dawns! the spell of ages breaks!
Stately it towers o'er barren men,
A world of perfumed beauty wakes,
Then drops its seed to rise again.

A hundred years! our fathers lie
Calm-sleeping in the field of toil:
We build; we drive the ploughshare by,
Heedless of aught beneath the soil.
Silent through day, through lingering night,
Still grew the bud: but see! the morn!
See! burst the glorious petals white,
And FREEDOM'S CENTURY-FLOWER IS BORN!

STATES RESEMBLING DEATH.

When the laws of life are better understood, we shall see how shockingly it has been wasted. The author of "Man and his Relations" says, in his chapter entitled "States resembling Death," that an association was formed in Holland, whose special object was to restore drowned persons to consciousness. The best means and appliances were studied; and, in the course of a few years, one hundred and fifty persons were restored: in some instances, those who had been a whole hour in the water were brought back to life. When we consider, that, with us, *fifteen minutes*, and, for the most part, *ten minutes*, is the limit beyond which there is no hope of restoration, and certain death is supposed to have ensued, — what numbers are lost every year from sheer ignorance of the means of resuscitation! A beautiful boy, for instance, was drowned in a neighboring river. The body was recovered within ten minutes, — and there it lay with parted locks and ruddy cheeks, more beautiful than ever, in death; the organism all perfect and unimpaired, the machinery of life all ready to be set going again. But there was no knowledge or skill available to do it. And this is one case of a thousand where the mysterious springs of life needed only to be slightly touched to resume their motion. The same writer says, on the authority of a French author, that ninety-four cases of providential rescue from premature burial occurred in France within a short time; cases where death was apparent, but not real. In some instances, after ten days of suspended animation, life has come back, and all its healthful functions been restored. What wonder that the lamented Prescott, whose imagination was haunted by these cases, left such directions to his friends as to make doubly sure the extinguishment of consciousness before burial! S.

Fancies, with me, depend not upon weather. I have my storms and my sunshine within: the success or reverses of my affairs, even, affect me little. I like to set myself against Fortune; the very glory of overcoming her elates me: and, on the other hand, I sometimes feel depressed in the midst of prosperity. — *Pascal.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Works of John Stuart Mill. — The heart of every loyal American warms towards JOHN STUART MILL as one of the ablest and stanchest friends and defenders of the cause of the Federal Union, and the leader of liberal thought, in England. It is with unusual pleasure, then, that we welcome an edition of his writings originally selected by himself. William V. Spencer republishes, in three handsome large duodecimo volumes, "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical," embodying Mr. Mill's best and maturest thoughts on a wide range of subjects. They are printed in clear type, on tinted paper, which offers a page very refreshing to the eye, and furnished at a price highly considerate in times like these.

The first volume opens with "The Contest in America," which was published in "Fraser's Magazine" during the first year of our present struggle; and it is surprising, on reading it over, what a clear discernment he had of the elements of the strife at its future stages of development, and its probable issue, and this at a time when British statesmen were only prophesying for us evil and disaster. The article on "The Slave Power," published in the "Westminster Review," in October, 1862, being a review of Professor Cairnes's work, is contained in the third volume of Mr. Spencer's edition. It is a clear and admirable summary of the essential facts of Professor Cairnes's volume, and embodies more truth than we ever saw before in the same space, touching the blight of slavery upon the soil of the country, and the character of a people. This article did much to enlighten and at least mitigate English sentiment in relation to our affairs. Neither of these articles is found in the English edition.

There are two articles on Grote's "Greece," evincing profound scholarship, and helping to a just appreciation of one whom we regard as the most accomplished historian of the modern age.

The author's theories of moral philosophy are embodied in two elaborate articles, — one upon Coleridge, and one upon Jeremy Bentham; in a review of Whewell's "Moral Philosophy;" and in the paper on "Utilitarianism," which is a treatise complete in

itself. The historical articles are rich in matter; among the more extended of which is a review of Michelet's "History of France."

The vast range of research and varied scholarship is the first impression of the reader as he opens these fresh and beautiful volumes. The method of treatment commends them still more. Mr. Mill is a reformer, his mind ever open to catch the first gleams of the coming light. But his mind is the most evenly balanced of any with which it is our privilege to commune. He has none of the one-sidedness of Macaulay, never giving the least tinge of prejudice and passion, never sacrificing truth to a fine period or a striking antithesis, but giving it back from his mind in pure uncolored rays; and yet he has more insight and more political wisdom than Macaulay. His great candor and comprehension win our respect and admiration; and his ever-living sympathy in the cause of human liberty and progress wins our love. In style he is concise, but always clear; never extravagant, but always blood-warm; and, even through his philosophical discussions, there are the throbbings of his broad and gentle humanity. His publisher has done an excellent service, and deserves ample encouragement in his effort to extend the influence of a mind whose powers have been excited with distinguished ability on the side of liberal principles. S.

Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter. Compiled from various sources, preceded by his autobiography. By ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE. Third edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. — There is not much incident in the life of Jean Paul; but there have been few men whose spiritual life was more intense. He woke the enthusiasm of all Germany; and by his grotesque and all-pervading humor, transfused through his voluminous writings, his genius perhaps poured sunshine into as many hearts as did the genius of Walter Scott. This volume of Miss Lee is made up of selections from his letters and history, and criticisms of his works, with incidents of domestic and social life. The selections are made with excellent taste and judgment from material, which, as a whole, would swell to nearly twenty volumes. The autobiography prefixed has the charm of Jean Paul's more quiet, humorous moods. To enjoy and fully appreciate this biography, you should read simultaneously Jean Paul's works, especially those two masterpieces of his genius, which Ticknor & Fields have put within the reach of English readers; viz., "Titan" and "Hesperus." S.

A New Philosophical Work. — Walker, Wise, & Company have issued a volume of 453 pages entitled "Philosophy as Absolute Science founded on the Universal Laws of Being, and including Ontology, Theology, and Psychology made one as Spirit, Soul, and Body." By E. L. and A. L. FROTHINGHAM. The present volume is only the first of a series: it treats only of ontology, and is complete in itself.

A work like this, so elaborate and exhaustive, rising into the realm of pure thought and absolute science, marks an era in our literature. Nothing like it has been attempted since Jonathan Edwards; and he attempted nothing so complete as the present work. It promises to explain all the hard problems, and reconcile the differences and inconsistencies which beset philosophy, theology, and anthropology, and have perplexed mankind, and split them into sects and parties, from the beginning of time. The promise certainly is very large; the writers evince great metaphysical acumen, and power of analysis; they give the result of long years of close study and intense thought; they are perfectly sure that they have the clew that unravels the mysteries of the universe, and they are fairly entitled to an attentive hearing, and, what is more, to patient study, from all thoughtful minds.

We only give now the fundamental principle of their system, on the truth or falsity of which their whole metaphysical structure must stand or fall. They start with denying the fundamental postulate of the emanation theories of the oriental religions, prominent especially in the system of Zoroaster, and revived by Swedenborg, that God created all things out of himself; and they deny with equal emphasis the cosmogony of the Christian Church, whose prime article is, that God created all things out of nothing, which is impossible and supremely absurd. These theories lead alike and inevitably to Pantheism and Atheism. In opposition to them both, they posit as the ground of all existence, —

First, The Sphere of Infinite Law subsisting as LIFE ITSELF, individualized as Absolute Life, or the Infinite Laws of Spirit; Absolute Substance, or the Infinite Laws of Substance; and Phenomenal Substance, or the Infinite Laws of Matter.

Secondly, Finite Law subsisting as DEATH ITSELF, individualized as Absolute Death, or the Finite Laws of Spirit; Absolute Substance, or the Finite Laws of Substance; Phenomenal Substance, or the Finite Laws of Matter.

These two absolute spheres, one Life itself and the other Death itself, are placed over against each other as opposite poles. The old doctrine of an original, eternally subsisting chaos, the hylic realm of the Gnostics of darkness and death, over against the infinite life and light, is here asserted in a different form. Hereby the gulf of Pantheism is securely avoided, and also the hideous doctrine that evil is a creation of God, or an emanation from his nature.

By marriage between these two spheres of Infinite Life and Absolute Death, Messrs. Frothingham evolve their doctrine of a tri-personal God, the creation of the universe, and the universal laws of being, — to know with what success, the reader must study their books. We have only read as yet, for the first time, about two hundred pages, protesting and rejecting all the way; seeing no proof but simple assumption in the two absolute spheres of Life and Death; never understanding how two spheres internally in opposition are brought into marriage by "external attraction;" protesting against the introduction of evil and regenerative processes into the nature of God; seeing nothing in the tri-personality but confusion worse confounded; seeing nothing in this eternal dualism better than the old Gnosticism, nor so good as Parseeism, in which the dualism was finally reconciled; protesting against making truth, or the masculine principle, internal and good, the feminine principle external and destructive, as turning things upside down and inside out; holding ourselves ready to be converted, however, if, when we get to the four hundred and fifty-third page, we can find our darkness relieved, and the mysteries of the universe resolved. But we do not presume to pass judgment upon the system here set forth, till we have read the book thoroughly through. We rejoice that such a book has been written, as showing that the love of abstract truth and pure metaphysical science has not died out in our wide-spread and enervating naturalism, and that there are profound thinkers and reasoners that reject the sheer sensualism of Kant, who never finds the way out of phenomenal existence, and takes from us the keys of knowledge; and of Sir William Hamilton, who only finds the way by miracle, and, even at that, leaves the gulf between the finite and the infinite as yawning and impassable as ever. Whatever conclusions the readers of this book may come to in regard to its theories, they will find it a powerful tonic to their intellectual powers. S.

Essays on Social Subjects, from the "Saturday Review." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. — A volume of essays will hardly get justice from the reader, unless the papers are read at intervals, as indeed they, in most cases, have appeared, before the scattered leaves were gathered into a book. The essayist may be very lively or a little prosy, it matters not: you must take breath between the readings, or the effect will be akin to that of "Familiar Quotations" or "Elegant Extracts," or even, shall we say it? of that very valuable, but not specially entertaining volume, — "Worcester" unabridged, though not in these days of progress unadorned. These essays are far above the average in good thinking and good writing. Read at many sittings, they will edify and entertain. The writer not seldom penetrates beneath the surface, and gives token of a discerning and an honest mind. Take as a very small specimen the following: "In fact, a man never makes a poorer figure than in thus unscrupulously discarding as prejudices what he had impressed upon others as convictions. While he parades his emancipation with the airy elation which belongs to this attitude of mind, we think him shallow and trivial. He has, after all, seen no deeper into things than we have: his confidence has been but a knack, a trick of the tongue. It does not happen to the stronger class of minds — minds privileged to influence others — thus to turn round upon their own congenial prejudices. There is too much truth in them as they see them." Think of that, my friend, before you turn round and assail your own companions in any faith or practice. Be sure at least that you understand yourself this time. E.

Fireside Travels. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Professor Lowell has brought together into this volume some prose writings which had become or were becoming fugitive, and needed to be restrained of their liberty. The reader will neither nod over them, nor look towards the end to see how much still remains to be read. Lowell is never dull; nor yet is he for ever smart. Writing out of a well-furnished mind, and with the aid of a poet's imagination, he never lacks illustration or image. He has not the gift of drynèss. He has an eye which can see, and a tongue which can tell the vision, whether of our common day or of mere ideal hours. The book is pleasant and instructive, and it ought to have been a bigger book. E.

The Poems of Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. — "The Blue and Gold" have not succumbed to the pressure of the times; and there comes to us, in this bright attire, a charming little volume of Bayard Taylor's Poems. We extract a part of the modest dedication "To my Friends," because it will bring to the reader, better than any words of ours, the sweet spirit of the book.

"You also, Friends, that wear the Artist's crown
Or, wearing not, the crown to others bring,
You do not ask my measure of renown,
But wait, content to hear, as I to sing.

Your love upholds me in the silent days,
And in the tuneful nights I give to art:
These leaves are yours, to whom their speech betrays
The changeful fancy and the changeless heart." E.

Life, Times, and Correspondence of James Manning, and the early History of Brown University. By REUBEN ALDRIDGE GUILD. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

No extended history of Brown University has ever been published, though it was founded a century ago. This volume is a near approach to such a history, and will be of special value to all graduates of that University, and to all members of the Baptist denomination, who take any interest in the progress of their own sect, and its distinguishing principles as illustrated in the lives of its most eminent worthies. This volume is illustrated by the portraits of Manning the founder, and of Hon. Nicholas Brown the liberal benefactor, of the University, and by two wood-cuts, — one of the college buildings, and the other of the First Baptist church in Providence. S.

Ruth: A Song in the Desert. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, Washington Street. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

A simple and touching story of human sorrow and divine consolation; well fitted to uphold the steps of those — and in these days they are many — whose path is thickly overgrown with thorns. E.

Poems of the War. By GEORGE H. BOKER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

These poems are patriotic and full of fire. "The Ballad of New Orleans" paints the scene of the battle, which gave the city into the hands of Farragut, with the vivid pencil of Walter Scott.

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THE NATION'S BALLOT AND ITS DECISION.

THERE is a striking contrast between two scenes presented to us in Gospel history, in the record of both of which we read of the casting-of-lots. There is all possible difference between the two applications or meanings of that same phrase in the two incidents. In the one case, an issue was staked on what is called "blind chance;" in the other, on a deliberately solemn expression of a devoutly guided will in forming a judgment. The Roman soldiers, the mechanical officials at the Saviour's cross, when that tragedy was over, "cast lots" for his garment. The eleven apostles, purposing to fill one vacancy in their former fellowship, to preserve the national, traditional sanctity and associations with the number "twelve," gave forth their lots.

In both cases, so far as was visible to the eye, the method of decision was the same. The word "lot" is suggestive to us of an appeal to chance. To cast a lot, to throw, to toss, to stake a venture on the die, are all tokens that men commit to the decision of hap what they will not dispose by intelligence or choice, or the decision of the higher Will. Any tool or implement or test will serve for that use. But when, instead of the word "lot," we use the word "ballot," we begin to discern a difference; and the difference mounts and strengthens, till all thought of an appeal to chance leaves our minds, the more we interpose of human preference, purpose, or will. The rude soldiers on Calvary were entitled to the spoils of

their victim. Some of the lesser ones they could distribute. The seamless robe, the most coveted, could not be divided, They put to trial in their own way a familiar hazard in their own game of life, when they tossed the sticks or the dice to decide which of them should gain the prize. It would ill-become the winner, if he should wear it. All chance prizes are apt to suggest incongruity in their use.

We can hardly call the other scene a trial by lot. There were no dice there. Chance was excluded from the appeal; and a wise, discerning, and guiding Power above was asked to overrule the decision, not on a throw or by a count, but in the hearts of human arbiters. The eleven apostles selected by name two men standing nearest their own special fellowship, and both alike fulfilling the specific requirements of the case, both alike qualified, both unobjectionable, for exactly the same work and service. They bowed in prayer for God's best guidance in rebuking private partialities, and suggesting any ground, were it but the slightest, for preference. And then, after bowing before God, they signified their choice. For any thing we know, the result of the ballot was perfect unanimity. Such may be the difference between the lot and the ballot. The intervention of the human choice and will is one element of the difference; the recognition of the divine oversight is another.

What is the significance of that trial and decision by the ballot which has just been made by our citizens counted by millions? Would that we could pronounce it to be a complete and infallible decision, on the part of every individual on either side in it, between absolute right and wrong; between full wisdom and blind folly; between sure good and the sum of evils! It would be a convenience, if, in any human controversy or contest, a dividing line were manifestly drawn so straight and sharp and deep, between the conflicting elements which are ever warring in this world with their respective champions. But common experience, to say nothing of charity, forbids us to look in human affairs for such an anticipation of the judgment. Honest and high-souled patriots and Christian men were found on both sides of this

party-issue. Its own complications, and the known qualities of human nature, not only prove, but account for, the fact, that the individual men of the gaining and the losing side are not to be classified by the distinction of righteous or unrighteous, wise or foolish, in their characters and aims. One who sincerely so believes, however, may modestly venture the avowal of his belief, that the result of the great balloting would not have been different, if some shadowy warden of the polls had overmastered the voting so that all the wise and good and righteous had actually voted on one side. But again: we discard the imputation and the claim which would go with such a pretence as a matter of fact. Let there be not only magnanimity, but fair, right admission in the case. Let not the driving-out of what we call one evil spirit bring in seven others. Let us soothe the irritations of the strife among ourselves, and give over opprobrious names, and prevent the suppuration of wounds which may all heal with an unimpaired vigor for the whole body. The honored Chief Magistrate, to whom accrues so high a tribute from the decision, has set a beautiful example of graceful and kindly recognition of right purposes and honest aims in those who did not vote for him. So effective has been that token of a right spirit in him, that not a few who are the subjects of it would be glad now to give him the votes which they cast against him.

But though a balloting among men on great political or party issues does not sharply and completely divide between the champions of wisdom and folly, of good and evil, it does engage and put to trial all the mixed and conflicting measures of those warring elements which are found in each individual man who takes part in it. To one who can read human nature thoroughly and deeply, how easy the solution of marvels and proclivities and variances which to most of us are so baffling! Men make up their minds, they say: they form their opinions: they mature their judgments: and then they pronounce, and act accordingly. There are but few citizen voters who would not resent a denial of this claim on their part. And yet to how many

abatements and qualifications is it justly subject! The most that it can be made to mean is, that a voter, through force of some overbalancing influence, motive, or reason, decides on which of two sides he will dispose himself. The character of the reason, bias, or purpose which controls his decision, may range over the whole scale of good and evil. You only multiply units when you count a million. A ballot on a party-issue, whether cast by tens or millions of men, is but a larger testing and exhibition of all the complicated elements of human nature in each single man. A party, however large, however exalted its professions, must regard itself as falling, proportionately, just so far short of absolute freedom from bias or error, and of absolute infallibility of judgment and principle, as would the best man composing it in his own private capacity. Our whole race has not a vice or a virtue, a passion or an infirmity, a quality of wisdom or of folly, of which each man has not in himself the germ in some stage of its growth and fruitage. Still we understand better the mixed elements and biasses of will and judgment, and the abatements and excesses of the good and the evil of human nature, when brought out in the crowd, than when manifested in an individual.

Yet there is a significance, a moral of an intelligible character, in the result of that huge ballot. Whatever there was at stake in the trial transfers all its import to measure that meaning of the decision as on one side, rather than the other, of the alternative at issue. The voice of the nation, expressing its will and purpose, approves, and therefore proposes to pursue resolutely and at all costs, the military policy which it has already tried for four years. The people must be understood as ratifying, not repenting of, not even murmuring over, or asking to reconsider, a course of which it has had fair experience. The majority is a decisive one; and under its expressive verdict, if the question were tried again this week, it would doubtless be yet larger: so re-assuring is the influence of such a decision on those who make it, while it also has a converting power on many of those who withstood it!

If ever we ascribe to the verdict of men, counted one by one to millions, a significance bearing, if not on the absolute right, yet at least on their convictions of what is right, we can scarce deny or depreciate the weight of that decision now. Those who, after experience of war, resolve to continue it, must, at least, be regarded as more resolute than those who begin a war. All means and efforts were engaged to make the decision an intelligent one, and to bring the elements which entered into it within the comprehension of ordinary minds. The burden which the nation is bearing, and that which it would need to assume, with the sure ratio of its increase and severity, with the consequent vexations and risks, were candidly disclosed. The resources, also, of the nation were deliberately estimated on the basis of its reserved energies, as in part a matter of statistics, and, for the rest, of reasonable hypothesis. Deference was paid to the high standard of common intelligence among the native-born voters, by laying before them, in carefully prepared documents, the materials for unbiassed judgment. The usual artifices of a political campaign were subjected to all the restraints and cautionary measures which are consistent with liberty for both parties. Even the popular harangues were, in general, of a high tone; and only a very few of the public speakers were so far misled by their own ill temper or their selfish aims as to leave recorded against them legitimate reasons, if not for political, at least for social, proscription. The opposition did good service towards insuring the same intelligence of decision, by presenting all the cogent reasons, all the actual obstacles, as well as all the bugbear and fictitious apprehensions, which might warrant its own measures, or qualify the convictions, the purposes, or the zeal of the party in power. There was less than ever before of that inconsistency between our professed reliance upon the intelligence of the masses, and the tricks and cajoleries, the trumpery catch-words and silly devices which address themselves to those who help to fill the net, without being conscious that their destined use is that of bait. If, as is affirmed by those who should know, some hundreds of hired

torch-bearers appeared, for the same fee, in the city processions of both parties, they will have occasion only to remember which party happened to have the pleasanter weather for its night-tramp, and the more rallying creature-comforts for protection against a cold. Those who, in reviewing the struggle, are curious to pursue it into its private and personal partisanships, may employ their ingenuity, with or without their charity, in accounting for the position of this man or that, by a smouldering animosity, or a laid-up grudge from former antagonisms. Nor will individual instances be lacking, to be discussed between the generous and the suspicious, of conversions and avowed convictions and new positions attached to the names of public men.

Such of us as are happily exempted by profession or principle or temperament from the more exciting and passionate experiences connected with such a struggle, may find in it rich materials for quiet thoughtfulness and for profound speculation. On the whole, the occasion was one which we all feel and know is burdened with momentous and near consequences. As it will enter into history, who of us would not be glad, if, in the calm and security of some other scene or age, he might read the matured issues of the nation's balloting and its decision?

From the clustering homes of our northern and western lands, in crowded cities, snug towns, and scattered rural dwellings, have come those whose ballots have wrought this decision. Many of them were cast after prayers as sincere as those which preceded the choice of an apostle. Those ballots were dropped by hands which have been wrung in woe over the desolations of the war made in those thousand homes. The populous metropolis of the land, the centre of all disturbing and dangerous influences, cast a ballot in which some forty thousand majority were counted by the opposition, — coming from foreigners by birth, — as yet unskilled in our highest patriotism, and from exiles, and sympathizers with sedition, resident there. But that local majority was more than neutralized outside the capital, in the rural regions of the State, by its native-born and educated inhabitants. The

voice of the people is *not* the voice of God; but only the voice of God can silence it. And only his will in manifest demonstration can thwart its purpose. Such is the significance of this ballot. It is not the triumph of a divine decree, but it is the ratifying of an intelligent resolution of man.

There was an alternative for choice, — a positive two-sided issue submitted to the people for their ballot. That alternative on the one side was simple; on the other, vague and complicated. On the one side it was this: Shall we pursue our military policy unchanged in method or design or leadership, with the one sole purpose of crushing rebellion, and saving and vindicating the nation? On the other side, the alternative, as presented by a party composed of heterogeneous and discordant elements, was not simple, but compound, confusing, not definable, except by many distinctions and qualifications. To some who espoused the opposition, its aim was hardly distinguishable, except as to leadership, from that which the Government was pursuing, and the people have ratified. But a leading motive or purpose scarcely consists with joint or distracting motives or even wishes not approving its own direct and sole design. And so an opposition which professed only a desire for some change in the conduct of the war entered into fellowship with those who pronounced the war a crime and a failure, hopeless, and therefore to be given over by other efforts for peace.

So incongruous and discordant were the elements of the party in opposition, that, in the event of its political success, it would have found within its own ranks and councils, under some modifications indeed, though essentially the same irreconcilable aims and purposes, and the same differences of opinion as to methods and means which constituted the grounds of its antagonism to the party in power, —now no longer a party. Precisely the same strife which has been convulsing the politics of the nation would have been transferred in a more condensed, but by no means a more tractable, or a less distracting or alarming form, into the sharper

discords of a cabinet and an Administration dictated to by those who might claim to have given them the power. There was really no issue between the two parties, the substance of which was not manifest in the incorporated, but not assimilated, elements of the party in opposition. Of what sort the precipitate from such a combination would have been, even those who compounded it could not reasonably predict. The decision of the nation has adopted the simpler alternative of the issue.

And yet, though the resolve to pursue the war unchanged in councils and in leadership sounds and is simple in its statement, it is one to which many discordant elements contribute, and which is full of perplexities and anxieties in its details. It avows what we purpose to do, and then it throws us back on our ways and means. Its purpose is to put the maintenance of our American National unity foremost in resolve, and in political and military measures and enterprises. The whole soil of the United States of North America is regarded as held in fee by the nation; and all who live on its territory are held in allegiance to its laws and edicts. Under certain just restrictions of right policy and humanity, the question of territorial integrity and unity takes precedence of all others. The purpose is, that the law of the nation shall extend over the whole of it, whatever may befall the inhabitants or the peculiar institutions of any rebellious portion of it, — town or state, individual or confederacy. If people abroad find it difficult to comprehend the idea which underlies this resolution, it may be because it is an American idea nationalized by the American people. We have all learned how dull and slow even our English kinsfolk have been to apprehend this idea of ours. They are beginning, however, to take it in; and their learning it now may save them trouble for the future.

It claims special notice, that, in this stern trial of purely American principles on so broad a field and with such momentous national issues, we should have had a purely American Chief Magistrate. Our President is an indigenous man, the product of our own soil and circumstances, in a

region where the peculiarities of place, of influences, and products are most distinctively characteristic. He is no courtier, no scholar, no trained expert in the manners of academies or drawing-rooms. His features would baffle the moulding skill of classic Grecian art, and perplex the chisel of genius, in fashioning their marble counterpart. Marble would not be the suitable material for their presentment. In vain would the Roman toga attempt to round into easy grace of shape and attitude the angularities of his limbs. The canvas which is to be animate with his portrait must be content to be excluded from all galleries of beauty. Talleyrand would be impressed with the waste rather than with the lack of direct self-committal in his plain-spoken words. He is, indeed, home-born, home-bred, the product of our own soil, and of that, too, beyond the mountain-ridge of the primary deposit. The wits and triflers of the press, and many silly story-tellers, have shown a poor ingenuity in fabricating reports of him and his sayings, designed to heap ridicule on him. His lack of the graces and of the polish of artificial manners, his plain-spoken ways, and his shrewd aptness in blunting impertinent or obtrusive approaches by facetious indifference, make him an easy victim for those skilled in the little arts of malice and slander. But he has already made the mark of character, and won the homage rendered to straight-forward, high-toned integrity. The statesmen and diplomatists of the old world, after taking time to place him and to analyze him, have now discerned the specific cast and genus of the man; and they accord to him an honor which State craft and official dignity by no means imply, even if they consist with it. History is ransacked in vain for a parallel to him, though, in its revolutionary annals, it gives us, in its representative characters, many striking contrasts to him. Destined, we may well believe him to be, to a wide and an exalted fame! A man of a godly and revering frame of heart, ruling his own spirit, unselfish and faithful towards his fellow-men, pure and devoted in ministering the most conspicuous office of government on the whole earth, — such he seems thus far to

have proved himself. And his trial has been sharp and stern. If such as he has been he still shall be, — and there is a pledge of prolonged identity in the man, and of perseverance in the style of his virtues, — then, when he becomes a character of history, to say nothing of the attractions of the picturesque in personal history, or the diagnosis of a marked individuality, — will he not stand among the world's very greatest and very best? How men among us with human hearts can turn him into a jeer, call him a tyrant, malign him as a trimmer or a demagogue, — is not indeed a wonder; for folly in all its shapes is naturalized among us: but it is a sad token of the lack of all manly nobleness and generous sympathy. What cares and burdens, what responsibilities and anxieties, what days and nights are his!

But the choice of a leader is not the disposal of the conflict, nor the solution of the dread perplexities of our future. There is a dim and difficult way before us. The thronging, deepening anxieties of the national struggle appal the hearts of many; and only those of lightest hope and weakest judgment would presume to indicate any near result, or to shape its conditions. The future can be cheered or forecast by us only through the positive assurances and facts which the present gives as encouragement.

In looking on into the future, and conceiving and laboring for any prospect or plan for the solution of the mighty result, there are two sources or grounds of our wise reliance: first, a confident hopefulness of a desirable and a rewarding issue for the conflict; and, second, an intelligent and bold acknowledgement of the many practical difficulties, embarrassments, complications, and tangled conditions of the struggle.

We need first and most the strength and leading of an unwavering, full-freighted hope, true confidence, humble, thoughtful, chastened, as may be, held under allowances for all divine overrulings of our ignorance or our wishes; but still a confident hope, a conviction, that the dread struggle will repay its cost, and be crowned with a triumphant success. Let that hope be seated in our hearts! It will be to us

strength, cheerfulness, solace, and provision under all that lies between us and its full fruition. And the past and the present will furnish warrants for that hope. We have retraced no step, yielded no resolution, depreciated or distrusted no motive, which has thus far guided us. The will and purpose of the people have been declared by ballot. In face of all the known and apprehended exactions of the struggle projected into the undefined future, under the burden of an increasing drain of men and money, of taxation and personal sacrifice, the voice of the people is, that the strife against rebellion should be vigorously pursued, and that the same mind and will and lead which have thus far directed it shall retain the power, skilled by practice, and approved in resolve and aim. A strong and reasonable hope in any enterprise which engages the energies of men centres in the consciousness of ability and purpose within themselves. Have not most of us thought and felt, all along the course of this awful fraternal strife, that, if we have so great a cause to be saved, it must have in itself some self-saving power; a vitality and vigor which will re-enforce us while we are serving it? There must be a virtue, an energy, in our national cause, which has a potency in itself, using us as instruments for its success, for its triumph. This prompting of patriotism as a spirit lying behind and within the inspiration of men and women, not only of armies, but of those who fill them and feed them and pay them, and minister to their wounded, and honor their dead, — this spirit of patriotism is the mightiest weapon of war. Like the sun, it feeds its own flames; and men do not see or know how its unwasted supplies are secretly renewed. We are often reminded in these peaceful, thriving regions, that we do not realize the war. No; nor do we know the resources within us on which we have not yet drawn. Our hope has power and grace behind it.

The question of cost in money, the enormous outlay, the heaping debt, will not impair or chill that hope. Putting all thought of repudiation or national bankruptcy out of view, we can contemplate the possibility, if stern necessity should require, that the great majority of those who hold the pecu-

niary national obligations should, by voluntary proffer and petition to the Government, propose to surrender every money-claim for the sake of the country, for the sake of posterity. And as to men, — men for the camp and field and for the ships, — the men stand behind the ballots which represent the people's purpose one way, to secure its fulfilment in another.

The second ground of our wise reliance is found in a bold and intelligent facing of all the practical difficulties before us. They are many and huge ones. It requires courage to face them in their dim, bewildering vastness and terror. But it would not be wise to attempt to shape them, for they are misty at best; and some of them will never become solid, and others of them will vanish. But we must face many of them as realities, stern and perilous; and we must say to ourselves, as one by one they take shape, this is to be mastered and disposed of. Of one thing we may be certain, as illustrated by personal and universal experience of the relations between foreboded and actual evils, that no more dismal realities can be visited upon us than those which have been made familiar to our apprehensions by the dark predictions of some among us who have opposed the national purpose, or the conduct of the war. Many of us, in the exercise of our best intelligence, settled in our minds the irrevocable decision, that, as failure would be total and permanent ruin to us, all inflictions and calamities short of that were to be regarded as conditions for averting it, and therefore to be submitted to, without halting or even protest. The object which we have in view has steadily become more definite, more dear, and more sacred, as effort and sacrifice have carried us deeper into its vitalities. Our cause has won an element of inexpressible potency for appeal and resolution in the precious and endeared offerings made to it. Its youngest victims stand as our sagest councillors, the purest priests at the nation's altar, the most hopeful prophets of sure triumph. The Christian conscience of the people, without the help of cunning casuistry, but with the full, calm, earnest conviction of a heart-purpose, assures us that a grand

and holy inspiration of humanity overrules all other motives and aims of the war. The majority of our soldiers in field and camp, with heads bared, and faces turned heavenward, may affirm that they are fighting for a cause in which their present foes are to have a full share of good with themselves, and that the sum of blessing to each depends upon our success.

Whether this war shall prove, on the nation's part, to have been a crime or a righteous enterprise, depends upon what is yet to transpire as the way and the terms of peace, and not upon mere reference to its origin, nor upon its method up to this stage of it. If we shall feel bound conscientiously, not from necessity, to close it, yielding the point and the prize of the Rebellion to those who stirred it, then it is now a crime. Our refusal at the first, our delay, our resistance to grant what we shall ever be induced to own was a rightful demand, have been and are unjustifiable. Measured by the scale of loss and woe for which we shall thus be proved culpable, our crime will be marked as of daring and awful heinousness.

So far the conscience of the nation is not pricked by reproach or misgiving. Realizing more profoundly and intensely, as, to our own amazement, we measure the course of the war by years, what horrors of scourge and misery it brings with it, the moment has not been known when the nation's second judgment has doubted whether it were wise or right to have entered upon it.

The whole issue at stake, as it showed its balanced alternative to us, when the match burned down to the powder, has remained unchanged. It was then, and is now, the alternative of a wrecked and ruined nationality, embracing the world's noblest experiment and hope, or of a country saddened, lacerated, humiliated, but purified and re-instated in its lofty distinction, by a struggle which develops and assures its true life. The great Teacher spoke one of his truths of largest compass and of most profound import in the words: "No man can serve two masters." No man can divide the allegiance of his heart. Nor can a nation do that. We have

tried to do it; and we failed. The snakes of discord were hatched in the very cradle of the nation; and they were not strangled there. Whether the human or the reptile antagonist shall retain its life, is the issue which waits decision in our civil war.

It is the greatest of wars, because for the greatest stake that was ever at issue in war. It is, in its conduct on this nation's part, the most humane war that was ever waged on the earth, engaging in us the least of ferocity, of barbarity, of reckless and fiendish cruelty, and the most relieved and chastened by forbearing mercy and thoughtfulness as to every needful measure of severity. Traitors and spies and deserters are leniently dealt with. The first and the most unpitied victims of all other convulsions and wars, they are all but tolerated, not to say, unmolested, among us. Editors of newspapers, and public plotters and declaimers against Government, are allowed a license of free speech and writing; the exceptions to which, in a very few and those not the worst cases, are, by the same tolerance of utterance, represented as instances of the most tyrannical oppression. The prisoners caught from the ranks of the nation's foe are housed and fatted, not for the slaughter, but to offset, when the time shall come to show them, the cadaverous victims from our own households who have been rotting and starving in Southern pest-houses. The angels of mercy, laden with alleviating and luxurious gifts gathered from all the household cupboards of the land, attend, with equal zeal, upon the sufferings of friend and foe. Our people have wrought and adorned the largest and richest frame in which the picture of the Good Samaritan has been or ever can be set.

Meanwhile, it is not in human nature to be satisfied under such circumstances as are now before us and around us, without asking questions, and shaping wishes into anticipations, about the future. What can we reasonably look for as the solution, the method for disposing of the terrible conflict? Our efforts and hopes, taken together, ought to fashion out something like expectations. We read the edicts of the military leaders, the editorial columns of the newspaper-

writers, and the official documents of the political schemers in the region of rebellion. They are full of resolution, of defiance, of boastful assurance, of sworn determination never to yield the ground on which they have planted themselves. Of course, these utterances will be in tone and purport such as we find them to be. For from whom do they come? Many superficial or dismayed readers among us peruse these utterances of the instigators and master-spirits of the Rebellion; and, hastily inferring that they speak the mind and will of a whole people, sadly say, "These tokens do not intimate any repentance, any sense of failure or discouragement, any readiness for conciliation on the part of our foe." Such persons have merely to put the simple question, From whom come these sturdy and defiant boasts and pledges? They can all be traced, as can the first plottings and the dragooning initiatives of the Rebellion, to a fellowship of men not exceeding in number a single score. Of course, they must remain committed to a cause, whose disaster is to them absolute wreck of all earthly aims, with the blot of eternal infamy on their names. So far as human retribution or vengeful penalty awaits them, the councils and courts of the nation will, in all probability, be spared its infliction. It will come upon them, in all the severity of which they will be able to bear it, from the dupes and victims of their own pitiless ambition and misleading falsehoods. There are those among us who say they are waiting for the days of peace, to read what they feel most interest in, — the internal secret history of the war, in the councils and privacies of the rebels. There will, indeed, be startling and confounding disclosures from those sources. But beyond all the woes and tragedies which have been opened to our knowledge as they transpired, will be the harrowing revelations of private, household griefs, of dark atrocities, of outrages and brutal inhumanities incident to the iron-heeled despotism and barbarous passion by which the plotters of the Rebellion have overawed and tyrannized over the people whose glorious heritage and birthright they have sought to sacrifice. It requires no help from the imagination to draw the scenes of agony which have crushed the

hearts, and overborne the patriotism, of hundreds of thousands in Southern homes.

Therefore, the hope of Northern Christian patriots is, that the war will find its end in the protest and rising of the people in the region of the Rebellion against their own leaders. To bring about that righteous result, is the sole purpose of the discomfiture, the sufferings, and the defeat which we expect our army and navy to inflict on the organized forces of the Rebellion. We have assured the Southern people that we are their true friends. They will believe it when they have stricken their own real enemies. That there is, in the heart of our Chief Magistrate, a purpose of magnanimous dealing which he evidently finds it hard to reserve in announcement till the fit moment for it has come, but which will meet the demands of the opportune time, and reconcile the strife, who of us doubts? Shall we not all be satisfied at least to have extended the time for the maturing of the opportunity for such a peace? G. E. E.

THE LIBEL. — "The Libel" is little more than an amusing story; and it is so humorous in itself that one almost forgets to seek for its application. A Brahmin on a fast day ("it is only among the Brahmins," says Kriloff, "that there are such hypocrites") feels inclined to eat something nourishing. In great fear of his superior, he waits till night, lights a candle, and roasts an egg over it. He is gloating, by anticipation, over the feast, and flattering himself that his superior will never hear of his peccadillo, when suddenly the latter enters the cell. "What is the meaning of this?" he cries, "deny it not: I find the egg in your hand."— "Pardon me! holy father," exclaims the Brahmin, through his tears, "I do not know how I fell into such a sin; but I was tempted by the Devil." Upon this the Devil himself appears from behind the stove. "Are you not ashamed," he says to the Brahmin, "to calumniate me so? I have just taken a lesson from you; for never, until this moment, did I know how to roast an egg over a candle." — *The Russians at Home, by Sutherland Edwards.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XVII.

"JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT."

[Written by the Electress Luise Henriette von Brandenburg, after her great bereavement, in 1649. First printed in the "Berliner Gesangbuch" of 1653, it has ever since been a great favorite throughout Germany, and especially in Prussia. It was sung over the grave of Alexander von Humboldt, in May, 1859. Schubert says of it: "This song was the funeral-song of my father, my mother, and my sainted wife, and is therefore peculiarly dear to me; so that I have often repeated it with tears and longing." Only six of the ten verses are here presented.]

JESUS is my confidence,
Not by man's conceit invented;
Living Saviour! that defence
Still must keep my heart contented,
Whatsoever thoughts of fright
Startle at the long death-night.

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;
I shall live at his appearing,
With the life his presence gives;
Why, then, now be grieving, fearing?
Does the head the members quit,
And not draw them after it?

I am, through the covenant band,
All securely with him plighted;
Holding him with Faith's strong hand,
When life's ties are disunited;
So that no severe death-ban
Part me from his presence can.

I am dust; and 'tis in vain
Dust would keep from being scattered;
But I know he will again
Shape anew what death has shattered;
That within the upper sky
I may dwell eternally.

Body, such as God shall please,
Will the new world throw around me;

Which the Lord in glory sees,
When he with his grace has crowned me.
Then shall my transfigured frame
View his face and bless his name.

Griefs that weep, and pains that groan,
Vanish at his kind effacing:
Earthy was I darkly sown,
Heavenly grow I at the raising.
Let the flesh decay, while I
Spring to immortality.

XVIII.

"HERR, ICH HABE MISSGEHANDELT."

Lord, how oft I have offended!
Weights of sin have kept me low:
Thither have my steps not tended,
Where thy law would have me go.
Fain my sad soul I would cover
From the judgments hanging over.

Ah! but where is safety lying?
Lo, thy presence everywhere!
Should I o'er the sea go flying,
Should I to earth's deeps repair,
Would the wind's swift wings infold me,
Even there thy hand would hold me.

I must own my guilt has mounted
Up to heaven, and in thy sight:
Can I still thy child be counted?
Ah, do not forsake me quite!
Not according to thy terrors,
Judge, O Lord! thy servant's errors.

Be thy Spirit my assistance,
With its conquering sign unfurled;
Help me make a firm resistance
To the evil in the world.
Let me no more stray or falter,
As I compass, Lord, thine altar.

N. L. F.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

"WHAT knowledge is of most worth?" To answer this question, Mr. Herbert Spencer devotes an article to the "Westminster Review," which, re-appearing in this country as the opening chapter of a book entitled "Education," revised by himself for the press of Messrs. Appleton & Co., has been, we may hope, generally read; and his emphatic decision now as generally known, that, "whether for intellectual, moral, or religious training, the most efficacious study is science;" that, "for discipline as well as for guidance, science is of chiefest value." We accept Mr. Spencer's dictum in the true sense and meaning of science, that it is the process of discovery, the unfolding of "what is" in every department of all creation, in physics and metaphysics, in soul and body of all the universe. Its statements are the nomenclature of facts, as the human mind, from time to time, reaches them. Fallible its work is, and to be proven. What region is there, then, not included in scientific observation? And why are science and religion, as spoken of in the world, held as antagonistic? We say, simply, because of the irreligion of many scientific men who are outside of the Church, not so much because they are scientific, as because they are irreligious; and of the irreligion of religionists who are inside the Church, not so much because they are religious, as because they are ignorant of their irreligion.

The questions these considerations suggest, involve broadly and deeply the life of the Church; and, inasmuch as she holds the soul in and to religion, include all human progress and welfare. In what value and use the Church holds the Bible, needs not be told. Of what value and use it is to the individual soul, each may know, though scarcely could each tell. But the Bible is one thing, and the knowledge of it another. Truly, he who runs may read of its spirit, just as the sweet influences of nature cannot be escaped; but there needs no witness to testify to how much higher knowledge of

God, of his works and ways and will, we may attain by a wiser and truer understanding of nature and the Bible. In the knowledge, then, that is of worth, is the knowledge of the Bible to be included? Is the study of it to be encouraged or discouraged? Is the Bible of interest enough to warrant research, and a scientific treatment, in the high sense of seeking out facts and deducing truths? Shall the results of its study be confined to the clergy, as good for them only; or given to the laity, those within the nominal Church, as good for them also? Or shall its studies be made by, and confined to, those outside the Church's pale, as only fit for them? We suppose the Protestant Church has fully indorsed and supported the view, that the Bible is not dangerous, but is good to be put into the hands of the masses. Witness the sorrow and holy horror of the home and foreign missionary, who finds a district or a house without a Bible; and the painstaking to translate and distribute it to every tongue and nation, for every palace and hut! Is the Romish Church right or wrong to withhold it from the people? Or is it meant by Protestants, that the Bible is good only as it is not understood? "Suppose," says Mr. Spencer, "a writer were daily saluted with praises couched in superlative language; suppose the wisdom, the grandeur, the beauty of his works, were the constant topics of the eulogies addressed to him; suppose those who unceasingly attend these eulogies on his works were content with looking at the outsides of them, and had never opened them, much less tried to understand them, — what value should we put upon their praises? What should we think of their sincerity?" Will the Bible, the Book of books, have less power to sway the moral and spiritual nature, if it be as fully and fairly understood as it may? To *comprehend* that sway we do not expect. To us now, it is the supernatural, the unknowable. Should we the less, if we were fully acquainted with that wonderful, God-preserved history of God's inspirations in men, searched out under the strictest scientific scrutiny, scrutiny of its material form and immaterial force, — should we any the less, standing at the limits of our human intelligence, bow down before the solemn, awful mystery of the

veiled Sheckinah, the Presence there, felt but not seen, shining, piercing, streaming through the narrow wickets of human intuitions?

Why, then, is biblical criticism so churlishly received by the Church at large? The world outside is more hospitable, more just; and it is in the house of its friends, that religion, through its God-given ally and interpreter, the Bible, is wounded. Why are the results of its study so arrogantly and empirically treated as to make the criticisms upon the critics almost unworthy of philosophical and religious consideration? It is true there are errors: false theories, false deductions from right theories, "offensive crudities," there may and must be; but are there not the same in any and all departments of human research? Dogmatic assertions also; but they are not the growth of the nineteenth century alone. Nor could it be otherwise in the face of Christian theology, since the third century, that the biblical criticism of the present time should be, as one of the first and best scholars among the clergy confesses and somewhat deplores, "disproportionately negative." Yet he is not disgusted with it, and says, "I cannot regret the critical labors of the most radical theologian." Radical or conservative, liberal or evangelical in theology, the work upon the Bible, of the man, who, in his day and generation, does it in the fear of God, should not come up as "stench in the nostrils" to any of its friends. And we may repeat what the liberal theologian and generous man above referred to has said: "it may be questioned, whether our Lord regards with greater complacency the zeal which would limit truth and mercy, or the thoughtful inquiry which seeks the truth by aid of the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

We have no wish to disguise that our remarks have been immediately suggested by what seemed to us an ungenerous notice in the "Religious Magazine" of September, of Mr. Sawyer's "Gospel of Mark," lately published by Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co., who have thus proved an enlightened view of duty in their position. The pope and Louis Napoléon may wield an "Index Expurgatorius;" but we, in this coun-

try, may safely leave its making to general convictions. The eleven thousand clergy of England, protesting against the enlightenment that *could* not persecute for opinion's sake, do not undermine the "Court of Arches," nor sink the "Essays and Reviews." The Bishop of Cape-Town and all the clergy of his African diocese, though it secede from the English Church, cannot, by escaping the ministry of Bishop Colenso, escape his mathematics. Is the question, indeed, the mathematics or their Bible? Then we say, better mathematics that cannot lie than any thing of which we cannot say, "it does not lie."

It is fair that Bishop Colenso, and Monsieur Renan, with Mr. Sawyer and other scholars, great or small should be criticised. We are disposed to do that with severity. But it is not fair, is not Christian, that an honest historian or critic should be assailed with the vituperative abuse which Dr. Mahan, in this country, pours out on Bishop Colenso; with which the Romish and Evangelical clergy meet Monsieur Renan, as the countless French pamphlets testify; or as the writer in the "Religious Magazine" treats Mr. Sawyer, his book, and his publishers.

In closing, we may well ask, Do the clergy realize the wide-spread ignorance, the entire wrong understanding, of the Bible among the people at large? Do they know how it is presented in their Sunday schools, and how little their teachers are taught concerning it? How many teachers, in our "liberal" denomination, and in the narrow sphere of our own contributions to biblical criticism, accept the aid of the valuable, or rather invaluable, books of Dr. Noyes; of Mr. Norton's studies in Christianity and its Records; of Dr. Palfrey's researches in Hebrew History and Archæology; of Dr. Furness's tracings of the Life of Jesus, — all of which, doubtless, would now receive from their authors great change and modification, if republished.

Certainly the spiritual power and influence of the Bible is to be sought, and we cannot doubt intended by God to be found, in a true and not a false understanding of it. It has been said that "religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis." If we would have

the Bible a help and support to our religious nature, — to the souls within us, we must hold it no longer under the old, blind, empirical treatment. It rests with the Church. The upheaval of the religious thought, of the whole thought, of the world, shows that the old bonds of the Church, as of all other institutions, must break, and she must fall asunder, unless she cohere by inherent force, be girt about and supported by the perfect law of liberty; unless she will let live in her that pure theism *with* Jesus Christ its revealer, and not *without him* and *outside* of the Church, where only, Miss Cobbe, in her "Broken Lights" of such sad, sweet, tender shining, tells us, she has been able to find and place it. *In* the Church of his Son, God meant pure religion should be, and that there our souls should find him, more surely and nearly than in all creation beside. The Church is the historical, human expression and body of religion, changing and growing with the generations of men. Will she accept her place in the God-directed procession of events, through the infinite spaces of creation? Will she move, with this small planet, a speck on its surface, receiving equally with earth and sky, with all the races of immortal men and the brutes that perish, the great organic changes and growths of time's vast cycles? Will she bear earth's little years of winter cold and summer heat, rising and falling in vernal or autumnal equinox, as obediently these move on the eternal, loving will and purpose of God in his physical and spiritual universe?

THE Jews, in putting Christ to death to declare their rejection of him as Messiah, furnished the most complete proofs of his Messiahship.

And, in continuing to disavow him, they have rendered themselves unimpeachable witnesses.

In killing him, in fact, and in persisting in denying him, they have fulfilled the prophecies. — *Pascal.*

I HAVE no toleration for those whom I see living so negligently in the faith, and so greatly abusing a privilege of which I think I should make a use so different. — *Pascal.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

A SERMON BY A. P. PEABODY.*

JOHN xxi. 18: "When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not."

THE contrast here drawn by our Saviour, between Peter's then intensely active life and the imprisonment and bonds from which in his latter years he was released only by death, always exists between the moral condition of youth and that of age. Youth forges chains for its own aged limbs. Youth forms habits; age is governed by them. Youth marks out courses; age pursues them. Youth gets a headway, under which age is hurried on, with little ability, and generally less desire, to check it. The choice of youth is the necessity of age. The work of youth determines the destiny of age. The rewarding or avenging angel follows the youth, overtakes the old man.

There is in life a period after which essential change in character is not to be expected, while there is still a tendency to growth in the traits already developed. After that period vices seem irreclaimable, passions incorrigible, prejudices indelible. Even grief loses its remedial power, and sins abjured to-day may be renewed to-morrow.

After that period, too, virtue is impregnable. Temptation has worn itself out. The good man's habits of body, mind, and heart, have become inseparable elements of his nature, are mutually assimilated, and are built up into a well-compacted fabric, with the rock-foundation of steadfast principle. The energy of the will may indeed decline; but its direction is fixed by the precedents of a lifetime. The force of self-control may be diminished; but the accumulated forces of the past, like a strong breeze setting heavenward, bear the spirit rapidly on. The nervous oar-arm that breasted with vigorous stroke the current of temptation may be enfeebled;

* Preached in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, on the 3d of July, 1864; being the Sunday after the decease of Hon. Josiah Quincy.

but the sail replaces the oar, and wind and current now conspire to speed the life-voyage toward its chosen port.

If what I have said be true, it is to the young especially that we ought to preach about old age. Few of you, my young friends, may have long life upon the earth; but all of you hope and expect it, and those of you who are to realize this expectation are now determining the complexion and destiny of your latter years. Half a century hence, those of you who shall then be living will verify, in happy or sad experience, the words that I utter to-day.

Let me ask you, therefore, to consider seriously with me some of the early habits which will insure to you such an old age as you would crave and welcome.

1. Among the traits of early character that have the richest promise for the latter years is filial piety. A right position in the native home, constancy and fidelity there, loyalty in that first relation in which Providence places the human being, engenders a conscientious and dutiful habit in all subsequent relations, whether to individuals or to the community. Moreover, submission and obedience are our life-work. "When father and mother forsake us," as we approach years of maturity, and are no longer amenable to domestic discipline, "the Lord takes us up;" and it is precisely the early home-virtues that we need to make us loving and obedient as His children. These same virtues are, also, what the State, standing toward us in many aspects in the place of a parent, demands and needs of us.

2. A more comprehensive habit, including this and much beside, which has a most momentous bearing on the happiness of old age, is that of conscientious living. This must be acquired in youth, if at all. In saying this, I measure my words, and mean all that I say. I forget not the undoubted instances of late repentance and reformation. But in such cases the life comes up very slowly, and at best but imperfectly, to its ideal. There remains an obtuseness of perception as to many matters of duty, and there is almost never a keen moral sensitiveness as to the minute details of the daily conduct. The habit of acting under the dictates

of convenience, interest, or transient impulse, is liable to be early formed; and if it be, it will more or less cling to us through life, — if fought against on great emergencies, resuming its sway in little things, — if resisted when we are on our guard, surprising us into wrong-doing, or the omission of right-doing, the moment we are off our guard. On the other hand, the habit of asking and answering the question of duty on all occasions, of bringing the transactions of daily life to the test of principle, may be so formed in early youth, that in coming years it shall be as natural and spontaneous to ask what is right as it is to exercise the power of choice.

Now, what is there that can be of such worth to the aged as the remembrance of a conscientious life? The thoughts, in declining years, are inevitably forced back. If there have been wrong and evil, their spectres haunt the repose and distract the joy of the most prosperous condition, and barb with venom every arrow of adversity. But he who can look back on a long life of duty has a source of happiness which the necessity of his years keeps always open to him. As, whether he so will or not, past scenes recur to his recollection, he recalls them, not with shame and self-reproach, but as successive stages on the path which has been brightening as he has advanced, till now it draws near its consummation in the perfect day of heaven.

3. Early devotional habits are, also, an essential part of the provision for old age. By *devotional habits*, I mean, not only enough of religious principle to be the guide of life, but enough of religious feeling to be the joy of life. The remembrance of a virtuous course will, indeed, ward off misery from the latter years; but it may not of itself revive the languor of inactivity, or people and gladden the felt solitude of one whose coevals have almost all passed away. To a certain degree, the most favored old age is solitary. New friends, younger kindred, however dear, revolve as in an outer orbit; and, of the old and familiar faces, many more are among the dead than among the living. Then, too, in the withdrawal from active life, and the contraction of the horizon of earthly hope, one needs to have before him the

limitless expanse opened by the hope that is full of immortality. Devotion peoples the loneliness, imparts a felt companionship with heaven, brings back the departed within the sphere of conscious communion, keeps hope vivid and active, and merges all thought of the waning of earthly joy in the assurance of life incorruptible and eternal.

My subject has been suggested by the recent decease of our oldest graduate and ex-President, whose honorable age has been but the ripened fruitage of his youth and prime. His example may well be cited, to add weight to the counsels which I have now given.

His father, who held a prominent place among the patriots of our Revolutionary epoch, died in his infancy; but his relation to his surviving parent was that, not only of tender reverence, but of deferential regard to her opinions and preferences, even when he had already become a recognized leader of thought and action among men; while loyalty to the memory and emulation of the spotless fame of the father so early taken from him, were lifelong motives to honorable endeavor, as fresh and vivid in his latter years as when he started on his career.

Few men can have sustained so various and arduous trusts as he, and in them all have been so rigidly conscientious, so entirely free from the charge of self-seeking or of interested motives.

For the many years of his service in the National and State Legislatures he was oftener in the opposition than with the majority, and always firm and persistent in maintaining his convictions of right, frequently under a storm of abuse and obloquy, sometimes almost alone in the profession of principles or the advocacy of measures repudiated by all who had the remotest view to the popular favor, never more strenuous than when the tide set the most vehemently against him.

In a brief term of judicial office, he distinguished himself by ruling, in contradiction of all precedents, that the publication of the truth, with a good intention and for a justifiable purpose, is not libellous, — a principle which, because it was

opposed to the traditional doctrines of the courts, no previous judge had possessed the courage to maintain, but which is now distinctly recognized as a maxim of English and American law.

As the chief magistrate of his native city, by his vigorous and independent administration, he laid the foundation of many of the most beneficent public works and institutions, swept away nuisances to the public morals with which a less intrepid man would not have dared to meddle, and left memorials of his reformatory and executive ability which will keep his memory green for centuries to come. He failed of re-election for the fifth time, in consequence of his stringency and persistency in certain needed measures of reform, in which he was sustained by the intelligent friends of good order, but not by the majority of voters.

The University availed itself at once of the city's bereavement. The defeated ex-mayor was elected to the presidency of Harvard College, after the genial and paternal administration of that man of the beatitudes, Dr. Kirkland, — at a time when the material interests of the institution needed in its presiding officer peculiar financial and executive ability. To his organizing capacity, unyielding resolution, and indefatigable industry, we are indebted — to a larger degree than any but those who were conversant with the college under his predecessor can easily imagine — for the introduction of a rigidly systematic administration into all departments. A looser and less stringent method was, indeed, attended by few evils, and perhaps by some benefits, when the number of academic students was comparatively small, and there were hardly a score of resident graduates in the two infant and skeleton professional schools, while the professors were men of long experience and of great weight of personal character; but it would have become anarchical and intolerable as the college, while nearly doubling its list of undergraduates, expanded into the full proportions of a university. Such labors as Mr. Quincy's alone have made it possible for his successors at once to superintend the now thoroughly matured system of administration, and to enter with patient assiduity into the

numerous details in which personal intercourse and influence are the student's need and the President's privilege.

Nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Quincy retired from official and public life, — yet not from public duty; for, in all important crises in the affairs of the city, state, and nation, his voice has been heard, and his influence profoundly felt, especially in every question and interest involving, or involved in, the great issue between slavery and freedom. Ardently patriotic, hopeful when few have had the heart to hope, he has watched the present conflict with unwavering confidence in the result, and with the often uttered belief, that only by straitness, sacrifice, and suffering, could our people learn how blessed had been their lot, and know, in time to come, how to prize and use the institutions redeemed, and the universal freedom purchased, at such a fearful cost.

Meanwhile, he has not relaxed his industry. His pen has never been laid aside, nor has its stroke lost, either physically or mentally, aught of its clearness, precision, and vigor. His latest letters show the "wonted fires," not living in their ashes, but glowing with unabated fervor. On the verge of fourscore and ten, he wrote his Life of John Quincy Adams, in a style which bears not a single trait of senility, and which leaves the author's age to be inferred only from a vividness of delineation and narrative which could not be expected but from a coeval of the venerable statesman and a participator in the events recorded. To the last year, and, I suppose, to the very last day of his life, he has continued to be a worker, devoting to books that needed close attention, and to the still unremitted labor of the pen, more hours a day than the majority of young men think it safe to give to intellectual labor.

Nor has his power of social communication and influence been essentially impaired by his advanced age. Indeed, there seemed to be an enhanced capacity of free and unimpeded utterance, both on public occasions and in private intercourse. Here, perhaps, we might discern the only emphatic symptom of diminished vigor. In his earlier days there was a frequent hesitancy, sometimes an entire loss of

the power of speech, from the very intensity and tumult of thought and emotion, as wreathen torrents from opposite directions choke each other, and by the fierceness of their embrace are paralyzed on their passage seaward; while, when sentiment and feeling moved more languidly, they found an unimpeded expression.

His old age, surrounded by loving kindred, devoted friends, and all the comforts of an affluent condition, could not have been what it has been both in vigor and in beauty, had it not been pervaded by religious faith and principle, early formed and of lifelong growth. He felt his loneliness, though no old man ever had less cause to feel it. He often referred to his position as sole survivor of those who had entered life at his side. But he felt, too, his affinity to the family in heaven, and looked forward with unflickering confidence to the family meeting there. He deemed himself the happiest of men; and from no other lips have I ever heard so fervent expressions of thankfulness to a benignant Providence as he was wont to utter. I can never forget the deep emotion with which I heard him repeat, one day, as he walked in his grounds, leaning on my arm, with tears of gratitude absolutely raining down his cheeks, those stanzas of Addison, commencing, —

> "When all thy mercies, O my God!
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love, and praise."

He neither desired nor feared death. He said that it seemed to him like going from one room of his house to another, or like leaving one circle of dear friends to join another. He was happy here, and he knew that he should be happy wherever God might appoint him a dwelling-place.

His decline was gentle, and by almost imperceptible degrees. The silver cord was softly loosed, not cut; the golden bowl crumbled, not rudely broken, at the fountain. We are thankful that he lived so long, — thankful that so rich a life-record has been closed without a sad appendix of dotage and decay.

While the venerable forms that have connected us with earlier generations pass from our sight, may all that was excellent in the fathers be embalmed in the reverent memory, and reproduced in the lives, of the children!

HARPS OF THE HEART.

A DREAM of sweet music I had:
An angel, with fingers of fire,
Made slumber deliciously glad
By sweeping the strings of his lyre.
"What harp is so sweet, sir?" I cried:
"My harp is the heart," he replied.

"I would that my heart-strings were such,
To render responses like these,
Awakened by tenderest touch,
Or fanned by a fluttering breeze!"
"They shall be," he said; and he pressed
His hand on the keys of my breast.

Oh! joyous the music, I found,
While heavenly influence played,
Evoking a beauty of sound;
And thought in me melody made.
But, ah! the rude world on the key
Smote music of anguish in me!

My soul was so sensitive grown,
And keen to the quick, every smart
Sad minors of tenderest tone
Wrung out from the strings of my heart!
"Alas!" said the angel, "wilt thou
Choose rather the callous heart now?"

"Not so!" I responded; "for then
The beautiful music were lost!
I'll bear, but, to hear it again,
The pain I must pay as the cost,—
Till joining the heavenly choir,
Where sin never jangles the lyre!" R. F. F.

A DAY AMONG THE STATUES.

(Concluded.)

No man fails to observe the statue of Diogenes, representing him as naked, with a long staff in one hand, and a cup in the other, and having a dog at his side. The head stuck down between the shoulders, the brain indicative of nothing noble, the face stamped with shrewdness, cunning, obstinacy, and conceit, are all quite in keeping with what history says of this snarling philosopher. How fitly Raphael has disposed of him in the school of Athens! for, while Plato and Aristotle are walking in majesty beneath the grand arches, Diogenes lies sprawling on the steps, with no one near him, or giving him the notice of a look; an intimation of the just fate of those whose mission it is to berate.

His master, Antisthenes, with his shaggy beard, and uncombed hair, and pinched-up face, and wrinkled eyebrows, and sharp-pointed nose, and misanthropic expression, looks worthy to be the founder of the Cynic or Dog school; which word Visconti thinks was at first given from the spot in Athens where Antisthenes usually taught. It was near the Temple of Hercules, at a place called the *White Dog*. The biting and barking temper of his followers perpetuated, if it did not suggest, the term.

These men were the habitual scolders of Athens. We must not think that we are the first to reap the advantages of such a class. The ancient world was not so benighted as we sometimes imagine. The order of Διαβολοι then existed; nor is it strange that we see on their faces that same contemptuous malignity which is still clearly discerned in conventicles of this sort of persons.

The statues of the two rival orators, Demosthenes and Æschines, offer a most interesting study. The features of the former are well known from many statues inscribed with his name; as also from a fine metallic bust, likewise bearing his name, found at Herculaneum. Demosthenes was not a

handsome man; and one would infer from his looks that he was fussy and irritable. Nature gave him a pinched-up look, such as is oftentimes accompanied with a sharp, whining voice.

In all this, Æschines was a contrast. To a full-rounded, pleasing muscular development, seen at once in his statue, was added, as Grote says, a magnificent voice; and an air of easy self-possession, of equanimity and dignity, is at once perceived. No one can doubt on which party the bitter invectives which these two rivals hurled against each other would produce the greater effect; and equally evident is it that this physical contrast must have formed no small part of the interest of their encounter.

Of scarcely less value is the statue of Isocrates, whose finely shaped head, open face, speaking eye, and gracious smile, well represent our modern idea of manly beauty. History tells us that he was the son of a flute-maker; that he inherited a large fortune, applied himself to philosophy and oratory, wrote elegant orations, and had an ambition to excel in public speaking; and, when it adds that he never had the courage to face an audience, how credible the fact seems, as we observe the extreme delicacy of his features, and the timid sensibility apparent in his face! His voice was weak; and one would suspect that it must have been almost feminine in a man of his make.

In one of the private palaces of Rome, there is a small marble statue, with the curly hair and thick lips of the African. It has the name of Epaphroditus upon it. He was a black man, a slave, — the property of a Roman prefect. He had an inextinguishable thirst for learning; and his master encouraged his studies, made him tutor of his son, and finally gave him his freedom. He lived in Rome in an honored position, and gathered a library of thirty thousand select works, — a most extraordinary collection for that day, — which reflected great honor upon his judgment and taste, and of which he gave proof of good use by commentaries on Homer and Pindar, and by other works of good letters.

Nothing from his pen has come down to us; but Visconti

says, that writers, contemporary and subsequent, give us to understand in what high esteem he was held. There is nothing to be noted in the statue except the unmistakable features of the negro; but, in view of the public events of our day, the above-named facts are recalled with much interest as we look upon this bust.

Of the statues of distinguished Romans, there are not many that awaken more interest than that of Julius Cæsar. But, unfortunately, statues of him are few in number, and are quite unlike each other in looks. Indeed, it seems generally admitted that the statue in the Capitol is the only one which gives us a correct idea of his person. This is far from having the open and frank expression which one would expect to find. But one thing is very noticeable, — the absence of that coarse animalism which marked the faces and heads of most of the emperors.

In comparing this statue with a highly prized bust of Cæsar at Florence, one sees, in both, the long face, the high forehead, slightly wrinkled over the eyebrows, the lengthened and expressive mouth, and the marks of character and thoughtful refinement. It is a matter of regret, that, while we have the likenesses of so many of whom we care but little, the features and looks of the great conqueror of the world are no better known.

The transition is natural to the statue of Pompey, at the base of which "great Cæsar fell." Some have doubted whether the statue now shown as such be entitled to this distinction. But Visconti believes that its identity is well established. It is of Parian marble, nine feet high; has a beardless, stern, but tranquil face, much more beautiful in profile than in front. It grasps in the hollow of its left hand a globe; and the right originally upheld a spear. Found beneath the partition-wall of two houses, the head on one side and the feet on the other, the proprietors disputed who should have it, and went to law. The judge was puzzled; and while meditating some compromise, after the famous decision of Solomon, the pope, Julius III., heard of the case, and fortunately purchased the object of their strife.

One of the handsomest Roman heads is that of Scipio Africanus. He is always represented with his head completely shaven; and the honorable scar over the left eye, from a wound received in saving the life of his father, is uniformly indicated. The bronze image of him found at Herculaneum also shows the cicatrix in the form of a letter X.

The bust of Brutus represents him as a young man twenty-five or thirty years of age. Fifteen years younger than Cæsar, who fell at the age of fifty-two, Brutus, of course, was then but thirty-seven. His thin flesh, his beardless face, his low forehead covered with hair, are at once noticed: he had a finely formed mouth and chin; and there is much in the expression of the face to remind one of what Cæsar said of him, — "Quidquid vult, valde vult."

As for Nero, Vespasian, Caligula, Caracalla, their histories may be read in their statues. In the series of emperors, one head always receives prolonged attention: it is that of Antoninus Pius. No one can pass it without being impressed by the marks of culture and refinement, of gentle and reflective wisdom, in that "amiable prince," as Gibbon calls him, "who, for twenty-three years, directed the affairs of Italy." It is one of those heads which make us feel that deep and divine thoughts must have moulded the man.

When we meet spiritual and refined features, we sometimes fancy that they belong to those who had a more fortunate lot than ours: perhaps we wish we had those better outward circumstances which have formed so much purity and beauty. But it is not the outward condition that has formed these. Perhaps their path has been more rough and rugged than ours; and what but a sweet and gentle *motive* running through life has stamped such attraction on the person?

We should be glad to notice others of the eighty or ninety statues of those whose features are as authentically known as are those of any celebrated living contemporary. The immense wealth of Rome in these statues is in striking contrast with the poverty of her common people; and often must one have a feeling like that which once suggested a well-known pasquinade. In a time of famine, some of the most valuable

statues were found, one morning, bearing papers addressed to the pope, and quoting, in Italian, a part of the third verse of the fourth chapter of Matthew, *Di' che queste pietre divengano pani*, — "Command that these stones be made bread."

The moral effect of statuary is too great a subject to be even alluded to in these closing lines. The present debasement of the people where statuary abounds would of course be just as good an argument against Christianity as against statuary. They are debased in spite of their best helps; and no one can know how much lower they might have fallen but for remembrance of those renowned ancestors whose spirits still "rule from their sceptred urns."

We live so near the discovery of printing, that we have not yet recovered from exaggerated impressions of the importance of a book, and consequently overlook the education that comes directly from objects that speak to the eye. This was the sole education in ancient times; and no one can read of the feelings with which Athenian youth went up by the Propylæ to the Parthenon, or passed through the Ceramicus to the Academy, without a conviction that there is a source of impression to which we have unwisely made but little appeal.

Of the statue of Jupiter Olympus, by Phidias, Quintilian said that it seemed to have added something to the public religion; and probably it produced this effect more quickly and powerfully than would now, with us, the publication of the most eloquent theological treatise. To lift up the aspirations and aims of our people, how many more of those objects we need which directly impress the soul through the eye! Who can measure the influence they would exert in our gardens, squares, and seats of learning? What benefactor of Harvard College could do a better thing than to commission a good artist to give to that institution copies of the busts of the grand philosophers, statesmen, and heroes of antiquity?

M.

BY THE SEA.

O THOU blue Ocean! on thy breast
  Yon bark at anchor lies,
By the soft, summer winds caressed,
  And arched by cloudless skies.

But, far away, beyond this tide
  Slow beating on the shore,
Where the great ships untrammelled ride,
  And the long billows roar, —

Out on the great, wild, heaving deep,
  There riots many a storm;
And the fierce waters swell and sweep
  O'er hearts once beating warm.

O thou blue Ocean! who might guess,
  Watching, as I do now,
Each sunny wave whose light caress
  Floats round that graceful prow, —

That such dark secrets slept beneath
  These ripples flecked with gold;
That such wild tales of wreck and death
  Thy surges might unfold?

So once, a happy little child,
  On Life's calm brink I lay,
Caressed and mocked and hope-beguiled
  By ripples light as they.

Alas! how little then I thought
  Of stormy seas afar,
Where the wild skies are tempest-fraught,
  And the wild billows war!

O wrecks of Hope and Trust and Love!
  That sleep Life's waves below,
Where the dark seas have closed above,
  And left no trace of woe, —

Come from the caverns where ye lie,
For Faith itself grows wild;
Bring back to me the sunny sky
That spanned me when a child!

Bring back the faith, the hope, the glee,
That blessed those days of yore;
Bring back the heart of youth to me;
Make me a child once more!

In vain! thou blue insensate Sea!
Thy dead shall rise at last;
But what loud trump shall wake for me
The hopes of that dear Past?

In vain? — my faithless heart! not so;
For, surely as the sea
Must yield its treasures from below,
Shall youth come back to thee!

And every trust and every hope,
Long buried, shall arise,
And greet me 'neath the boundless cope
Of heaven's unshadowed skies!

C. A. N.

FITCHBURG, Mass.

IT is self that kills the spirit within. Alike upon the least occasions and the greatest, it is fatal to the effective and graceful action of our nature. It darkens the eye, impedes our speech, and palsies the hand. It puts all power and dignity beyond our reach. When a man forgets himself, the appearance he is making, all things are at his command; and the highest regains possession of him. Self it is that chains us heavily. When we forget that, the wings of the soul expand instantly; and we rise, and join the morning stars, and sing with all the sons of God for joy. — *Furness's Veil partly lifted.*

"THIS dog is *mine*," you hear poor children say. "That is *my* place in the sunshine:" there is the commencement and type of usurpation throughout the world. — *Pascal.*

CATHOLICITY.

THE phrase which we have chosen to denominate our subject has been appropriated by an ancient church-organization; and, if we believed that Church to have made their own the reality as well as the name, we would not infringe their right. But there is a larceny of words, by which the name is wrongfully taken, and, forged to some reality of an opposite character, thus made to falsely simulate what is good. Such a trespass upon language confers no monopoly of privilege that ought to be recognized, however chronic the abuse; and no subject should thus be deprived of its proper name.

Religion ought to be catholic,—pervasive as the atmosphere, or all-permeating ether. To secure this result, Rome, with the keys of St. Peter, locks up heresy, which, in its etymology, signifies division or distraction of opinion; Protestantism breaks from the keep, and defies the beast upon the seven hills. But this liberty will not avail, unless by it we attain true catholicity.

We do not direct attention, in this connection, to that oneness of sentiment which unites Christians to the Master and to each other. We have in view, at this time, the leavening of the whole human nature by Christian principles.

Nothing is so remarkable, and at the same time so common, as the habitual insulation of religion. It is shut up to times or days, or portions of character. Its expansive and growing nature is cramped and constrained.

We have every sort of specimen of this insulation in its different varieties.

Here is a religious man in times and seasons. He is religious on the sabbath, and in the hour of conference or prayer; that is to say, at these periods he wears an aspect of solemnity, and sometimes, perhaps usually, turns his thoughts into religious channels. He manifests fervor; and in some cases, no doubt, he really feels it. But, if you do not see him at such a time, you take no knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus: there is nothing in his demeanor or conduct or

tone or temper or practice to show that he is not of the world. His religion is not catholic in respect of time. Nor is he in his secular walk merely anointing his head with Christian cheerfulness, that he appear not unto men to fast. That precept requires us, indeed, to veil in holy retirement the secret communion with God whence well up the Christian charities in life; but it is to be construed with the other scripture which requires us to let our light shine before men to evidence our Christian profession.

A very common insulation of religion restricts it to the incipient stage. There is great anxiety that men should start right, and very little that they should go on after they have crossed the boundary between Christ and the world. While most of the world are in the way to death, conversion must be the chief burden of prayer, and end of Christian labor. But this insulation which we complain of restricts the work of grace to its very first-fruits. Conversion is the ultimate of this religion; and, when there is no revival interest, there is no interest at all. No wonder, then, that Christians backslide, that they become cold, and shiver in the absence of their first love. The morning alone is to them the day; and, as the sun travels west, they go east in pursuit of the first love; or they stand with their backs to the face of day, and turn their souls to shadow. Their religion is good so far as it seeks the all-important end of gathering into the fold of Christ; but it is incomplete, inasmuch as it neglects the food needful for those in the fold. Not only are they not themselves growing Christians, but they are disqualified, by their stunted Christianity, from effectually extending the invitations of the gospel to those who are without. The very vocabulary of these Christians, in their religious exercises and exhortations, is rather a remembrance of past experience than an exhibition of growth in grace.

Religion sometimes has no control over the moral character, or only an intermittent influence. Preachers are at great pains to prove that morality does not save a man. Perfect morality covering the whole life would save a man under the first covenant. But, as all have forfeited that covenant, there

cannot be salvation, except by the dispensation of grace under the second covenant. Here faith in Christ, that is, belief coupled with love, saves from sin, without reference to works, except as the outflow manifesting the inward motive. Yet the state of the heart made pure by Christ is the inward morality or virtue which saves the Christian; and we think the apparent depreciation of works by the preacher may lead to undervaluing morality. The Christian is saved by being made righteous; and, if he continue unrighteous, his salvation is incomplete if not entirely frustrated. Religion ought to leaven the moral character. How can it be other than most questionable, if it fail to do so? And yet there are Christians whose business dealings do not square with the requirements of even Heathen morality, to say nothing of the purer and higher standard of Christ. We find them to perform actions of a character so questionable as to raise a painful doubt whether the agent have any Christianity at all. This want of catholicity, too, has a most pernicious influence upon the world about us. "What! he a Christian! his word cannot be trusted; he overreached me in a bargain; he has not been so neighborly and kind to me in sickness as my non-professing neighbor." The inference the world draws is against the religion which fails to exercise an ennobling influence upon the life. Vain is it for the preacher's tongue to recommend religion, when the hands of church-members scandalize it.

In the intellect, the want of religious catholicity is equally marked. Often it moulds only a portion of the faculties. These in their action conform to religion; but other faculties seem wholly unconverted. Out of a certain range of topics, no trace of the religious leaven appears. Calculation is as hard, unfeeling, and selfish as ever. Controversy is as proud, malignant, and bitter, as in the most heathenish schools of mind. Thus the lodgement effected by religion in the mind is restricted within narrow limits; a good deal as when a besieging foe has got a footing on the ramparts where he holds his own, but cannot advance farther in the conquest. Worldliness and vanity of thought, so often disgracing religious pro-

fessors, proceed from this want of catholicity in the partial conversion of the mind. Sectarian quarrels and clamors of controversy proceed from the power of Satan in the mind, dividing the tongues. The host, sprung from the stones of Deucalion, fell to fighting among themselves, and so were destroyed. From the unconverted mind springs up this same fatal internecine Christian strife. What! is Christ divided? Do his members strive at cross purposes? Is the divinely imparted Christian strength, which ought to evangelize the world, spent in neutralizing itself and in self-destruction? Oh, would that love might sanctify the faculties!

God's religion is a catholic religion. It is the whole or none. Neither means nor mind nor morals must be kept back. Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead because they dedicated all, and secretly abstracted a part. The Christian must be a whole Christian, or he will be beaten with more stripes than if he were no Christian. It is true such guilty and fatal withholding as ruined Ananias and Sapphira, and will destroy any Christian, has the element of wilfulness. It is matter of congratulation, in our survey of the visible Church, that the want of catholicity is not intentional. Yet it ought to be carefully kept in mind that neglect may render it voluntary. It is not enough for the Christian not to wilfully lack catholicity: he must will to be catholic; he must pray the Searcher of hearts to reveal to him his defects; he must earnestly seek to extend his religion through all his action, all his affection, and all his thought.

And now to understand this sanctifying of the thought. It will not weaken, but invigorate; it will not sadden, but cheer; it will not diminish, but enlarge. The religious intellect is the more inquisitive, the more daring, the more ingenious, while it has God in all the thoughts. The religious morality has all the spontaneity of Christian liberty, while it delights in the law of God. A mighty principle is imparted, impelling to every virtue, every charity, and all rectitude,—the love of Christ constraining us.

Another instance of want of catholicity is found in the general yielding of the Church to the exclusion of religion from politics. When the preacher has undertaken the function of

every Israelitish prophet in reproving national wrong, the cry is set up that this is forbidden ground, out of God's jurisdiction, and the preacher has nothing to do with it. That the powers of darkness should thus clamor, as if summoned to judgment before their time, like the unclean spirits ejected by the Saviour, is not astonishing. But that the Church should yield, and even join in the ban against political preaching, is a mournful proof of spiritual blindness, at least on one side, and of the want of catholicity of which we are speaking.

Again: this want of catholicity causes blindness to God in those manifestations of his perfections which constitute beauty. This excellence is many-sided. It smiles to us in the lovely landscape: it makes the sweetness of melody, and the harmony of order, proportion, and arrangement; the grace of motion, and the eloquence of form. Its seal divine on the human faculties makes genius, which originates or copies in the enchantments of art. Now, the idea that religion has to do with this is so little understood, that it would provoke a smile or sneer to insist on it. Consequently, this dome of beauty, this temple of loveliness, is left to the desecration of wickedness. Music is made the spoil of the siren, because religion neglected to guard it. Sculpture becomes the pander of idolatry; painting, the handmaid of superstition, of false pleasure, because religion permitted the usurpation of sin. True catholicity will reconquer this domain, wrest it from sin, and re-occupy it with God.

The same is true of literature. Religion, in lack of catholicity, has failed to enter upon and enjoy its heritage of intellect. Its votaries have sometimes denounced the intellect as atheistic, while intellect has sneered at religion as superstition. Men, admiring intellect, and supposing it inconsistent with religion, are led away from real and spiritual truth. But when religion takes possession of her own, when she appears as the wisdom of God arrayed in the glory of knowledge and intelligence, then it is seen that intellect can never be genuine and healthful, powerful and beautiful, except it be religious. Irreverent intellect is seen to be knowledge run mad.

In this culpable lack of catholicity, very much of life is, for the partial Christian, emptied of God; or, more properly speaking, God is unrecognized in many spheres of his manifestation. Yet all these departments are so linked and related to each other, that one or more, divorced from its connection, can impart but a mutilated religious idea. The emotional Christian, negligent of the practical, however excitable, must be a stranger to the purest and highest religious sentiment. So the Christian who emphasizes right action, to the neglect of devotional exercise and pious meditation, will attain no high standard of moral excellence, even if he be so happy as to avoid the substitution of self-righteousness for that noble beneficence which can only flow from consecrated fountains of cordial affection and aspiration. Again: the Christian who does not behold in beauty God's handiwork divine, giving a charm to nature, and conferring that eloquence on color and sound which are often profanely applied to the perversions of art, — such a Christian suffers an incalculable loss not only of pure and high enjoyment, but also of spiritual culture. The truly catholic Christian is not only "filled with God," but he beholds Him whom he adores and loves supremely, on every hand. His smile greets him on the open face of nature, and in the tender heavens bowed with his presence. Harmony of sound, and symmetry of form in nature and art, sing to his ear of that perfect order and proportion which measures the music of the spheres.

When he sees the perfections of beauty purloined, as it were, and applied to an unholy end, or woven unconsciously into efforts of art, seeking to please rather than to improve, he will desire to rescue and restore the power of art to its proper sphere. Thus Wesley declared that music should not be relinquished to Satan; and to his influence we owe many of the devotional airs which are found so inspiring and consoling to the religious spirit. Pictures we have as yet left to the Romish Church. We dread their influence, lest, while they render conception vivid, they substitute form for spirit. And this is a peril to be carefully avoided: but it is much less in an age of cultivated mind like ours; for the intellect acts as a correction of sense.

Religion, to be successful, must be complete. It must leave no domain of life to the occupation of the enemy, where atheism and falsehood, like the spared Philistines, may hatch mischief, and organize the incursions of evil. The Christian, to conquer the world and come to enjoy his own, must be complete and catholic. Such was the human mirror of divinity. We are apt to fail in catholicity in our view of Christ. One sees him as the benefactor, taking upon himself our infirmities, mingling with the lowly, weeping with the mourner, restoring the sick and the dead. And this is, indeed, a most important and moving view of the Redeemer; and it may be truly said that there can be no Christian faith when this element fails of its proper place. Yet it is only partial, and may lead to self-deception if we go no further. We must follow Jesus to his solitude of divine communion, his nights of prayer, and to beneficence we must add devotion, or our religion will be far from perfect. There are not wanting those who have preached the beneficence of Christ, while, in the entire neglect and denial of spiritual intercourse with God, they suffer their nature to be so darkened as to embrace and publish infidelity.

Nor must we stop with beneficence and piety in the imitation of Christ. We ought to go with him to the garden of Olivet; we ought to sit with him on the banks of Kedron, and listen to its singing waters; we ought to gaze with his eyes on the lily of the field, and behold in it more than the glory of Solomon. Nay, more: we ought to spend forty days with him in the wilderness, that we may attain the victory over the power of evil, and be girded for our life-work.

We ought to view Christ, too, intellectually. We should study well those dramatic encounters of mind, when he put the Sadducees to silence; when he evaded the snare of tribute; when all his adversaries were ashamed, and durst ask him no more questions; when he confounded them with the inquiry, How the son of David should be his Lord? We ought to sound the depths of that well of water, springing up to everlasting life, which he makes to well up in the souls of those who come to him thirsting for God, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks.

In catholicity alone is the Christian safe. If, like Achilles plunged in the bath of Thetis, he have but one heel remaining vulnerable, at that very point the dart of the destroyer may strike. To his Master's service he must devote himself as a whole offering. If any part of the man be kept back, the value of what is offered may be in effect destroyed, and must be very much impaired.

CHRIST THE IMAGE OF GOD.

In what sense can Christ be styled the image of God? Not, of course, by reason of bodily form or resemblance; for at such an idea the mind at once revolts. Only, then, in a moral sense. Christ is the moral image of God. Divine perfections shone forth in him resplendently. The majesty of God was shadowed forth in that miraculous power by which he controlled the laws of nature, and that superhuman wisdom by which he pierced futurity and read men's hearts. With the authority of God, he declared God's will, and unrolled the great mysteries of redeeming love and the conditions of acceptance and salvation. As the representative and messenger of the Most High, whatever he uttered in promise or precept, in warning or denunciation, is as sacred and binding, worthy of the same confidence, and justly deserving the same reverence and regard, as though the finger of God had traced it on the sky, or the voice of God pronounced it audibly in the ear.

It is, however, only to take a very low and partial view of this subject, to behold in Christ a glorious manifestation or the express image of God solely or chiefly by reason of what is outward, — superadded as a divine gift. The miracles of our blessed Lord, and all that was superhuman in him, derive their profoundest interest from the illustrations they furnish of the moral perfections of Him in whose name he came. That benevolence, mercy, melting compassion, boundless and impartial love thus so conspicuously revealed in the Saviour, well entitle him to be called the image of that All-blessed and gracious Being to whom more and more closely

he would lead and bind us. When we see Jesus at the marriage-feast at Cana, how benignantly does God seem to smile on the happiness of affectionate, devoted, and faithful hearts, and on the innocent pleasures and enjoyments of life! When he opens the eyes of the blind, unseals the ears of the deaf, cleanses the wretched leper, answers the parent's prayer for the life of the child, nay, restores to life, and to her arms, the widow's boy, — how do we seem to behold the Great Author of all this wondrous beauty of the heavens and the earth, of all this various music of Nature, in the winds and the ocean, in the storm and in the calm, in the rushing cataract and the rustling forest, in the song of birds and the voice of one's brother man, — of all health and life and joy and blessing! When we stand with him at the grave of Lazarus, and listen to his sublime declaration, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and hear him call forth with effect the dead, — how truly does he seem the image of God, while thus ministering to the heart's heaviest sorrow, delivering from the power of death, and making the most fearful event of life the pathway and introduction to immortality! — his miraculous gifts devoted to the comfort and relief of our burdened humanity, becoming the tokens of the Divine love and compassion most signally and beneficently displayed.

And yet, when we contemplate his spotless purity, his all-embracing benevolence, his unwearied and all-sacrificing labors for our race, more conspicuously still does he manifest the Perfect One, and become to us the image of God; maintaining, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, unblemished holiness of character; embracing in the broad range of his sympathies all generations and classes and conditions; sparing himself from no office of duty or mercy by which he could bless or do good to others. So in his solemn warnings to the worldly; his rebukes of the hard-hearted and the hypocritical; his denunciations of wilful and impenitent sin; or in his winning invitations of the weary and heavy-laden to come to him, and find rest; in his benedictions upon the meek, the humble, the peace-makers; in his mercy to the penitent; in his compassion for the ignorant,

the misguided, and the oppressed, — how in all did he bring down God as it were, the Infinite Father, to the comprehension and confiding love of men! The moral manifestation of Deity thus made to mankind in Christ stamps him most emphatically the image of God, since herein are those perfections of God which are best fitted to attract and win human reverence, trust, and love, brought before us in symbols and characters which become spells to the susceptible heart, and bind it to a service of love, gratitude, and joy.

That Christ is to us the image of the invisible God, is a truth full of most important practical bearings upon the formation and growth of the life of God in the soul. We can see the Invisible only through his works, and in the course of his Providence. In Jesus, the only-begotten of the Father, we have his most glorious manifestation. The simple and faithful pens of evangelists, and especially of his beloved apostle, have transmitted it. In their living record, he is not a dead but a living Christ. Every time we turn to contemplate him, we behold the standard by which we are to be tried. The consciousness that we are day by day approaching that spotless and surpassing excellence, and drinking more and more into that heavenly spirit which was his, were the choicest boon of being; while to have shunned not followed that example, neglected not studied that life, rejected not embraced that Saviour, were most grievous and sad. The tender pleadings of the heart, once touched by beholding and dwelling on that Divine Image, prompt us to strive for the former. That blessed Being whom Jesus reveals spares time for repentance and reconciliation. Every sacred sabbath, every hour of meditation and prayer, every season of communion, the changes of the world, the current of events, the flow of time, — may all be blest by the true temple within the heart, and the earnest aspiration and effort of the soul to bring us nearer to God. The "Image" of the Invisible will make the Invisible clearer; until, "with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." F.

RANDOM READINGS.

LAST WORDS FOR THE LAST DAYS.

This is the last number of the year; and we do not like to let the last days go by without a word of farewell, to be followed, if it please God, by another word of greeting, when the new year shall have opened. It has been signally and conspicuously a year of the Lord; and especially are we filled with much hope for our country, as we draw to its close. Her high fortunes seem to us now secure beyond all peradventure. The great peril of the election season safely over; those who would have chosen another result for the most part acquiescent, and acquiescent, as we think, not through despair, but through a fresh access of that confidence in republicanism and in truth which ought never to have forsaken any breast; the minds of the nation flowing together as one mind, conviction and determination having succeeded mere passion, — we all breathe freely and deeply. The year has been crowned with blessings, if heroism and patience, and the consecration of a multitude of every age and condition, and of both sexes, to a sacred cause, are blessings. For many of her children the Nation has wept great tears; but they were not bitter tears. There has been light in the dwellings of our people even in the days of darkness, as in the dwellings of the children of Israel, when the land of Egypt was shrouded in the most appalling gloom. It has been a year to be gratefully remembered, because it has brought us nearer to the happy issue which we are surely to have out of our great trial, — a year to be gratefully remembered for the consolations and the hopes which have enriched and enlarged so many hearts. A precious month remains for completing every imperfect record; for striking the blow which shall put an end, at last, to the still-lingering sin; for abolishing some old enmity; for consecrating the life anew in the faith and hope and love of that gospel to whose real successes every year is steadily adding, though sometimes we are misled by appearances into the dreary assertion, that the age of Christian miracles is past. When the light shall arise, and shine upon church and state and home as never before, we shall

understand how vain were our fears; and that fulfilment, not destruction, is ever the purpose of our Redeemer God: to whom be glory forever and ever: Amen!

"Already on the sable ground
Of man's despair
Is freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound
Upraised in prayer!

Oh! small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross!" E.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

We admit an article into our pages reflecting somewhat severely upon the critique of one of the editors on Mr. Sawyer's late book, not because we think the critique successfully answered, but from respect to the writer of the article, and a willingness to have our readers hear all sides. We suspect the writer has not read the book in question. It should be read, before one undertakes to apologize or defend, and the points in debate clearly stated, with a yea or a nay. Mr. Sawyer's personal motives are not called in question. But canons of criticism, and doctrines about Christ and his religion which subvert all the old foundations of Christian faith, are put forward as the dogmata of the writer, and not on any critical grounds fairly made out. The "fictitious character" of the Gospel of Mark is announced, because it narrates supernatural events. Those who receive such events as verities are regarded as "foolish," "childish," deprived of "the benefits and safeguards of common sense," and so on. The parentage of Jesus is regarded as "discreditable," his birth "illegitimate," solely because his father's name is not given by Mark. The author must know that multitudes, of as much learning and manhood as he would claim for himself, regard these same supernatural events as eminently consonant with the whole life and character and mission of the Saviour; yea, that the highest and noblest manhood, as they hold, has been

nursed and unfolded by being brought into communion with a Saviour supernaturally received and apprehended. Mr. Sawyer is not generally discourteous, and he does not mean to be irreverent. He is less so than most of the ultra-radical critics with whom supernaturalists are flouted at as either fools or knaves. See Weiss's Life of Theodore Parker, *passim*. Is it reasonable to ask that those who believe in the supernatural and divine character and work of Christ as their most cherished and vital convictions, and the grounds of their hope of human progress, who have examined critically the record, and found its integrity unassailable, will treat these questions euphemistically, and pour out milk-and-water sentiment about them? The right of discussion is not denied to any one. We read all sides, and try to get the stand-point of the rankest radicalism, and all the reasons that justify it. And, when stating our dissent, we hold that the English language was made to express meaning, and not mystify it; and that its words which cut the clearest are to be brought out and applied, and not left in the dictionaries to grow obsolete. S.

REV. DAN HUNTINGTON.

We have already, in another place, paid our humble tribute to his memory; but we wish, at least, to record his name in a Magazine which was so long under the editorial care of one of his household, and which he had so often taken up to read; and we have a word to add concerning the manner of his dying. It was singularly beautiful; a part, indeed, of that quiet, hopeful, cheerful Christian living which completed his days on earth, and so admirably illustrated what Whittier recites to us, in "Andrew Rykman's Prayer," as a part of the legend upon the good man's grave-stone; which may still be deciphered through the moss: "*Trust is truer than our fears.*" It is not granted to every one to die with gracious words upon the lips, or with the light of love and peace shining out from the face. The corruptible body often weigheth down the soul; and the powers that have served almost to the end fail at the last, and the best sometimes die, and make no sign: we are thankful to be assured that the passage into the other world was easy. In the case of our aged friend, the last moments were

as much to be desired as any that had gone before. As the time of his departure drew near, and the sands grew fewer and fewer, and seemed to chase each other down the glass, and he read in the faces about him what had already been whispered in his ear by God's messenger, like one of the old patriarchs, he gathered up the little strength that still remained midway in the fifth score of years; and, in the words with which he had so often dismissed the assembly of Christian worshippers, the words of apostolic benediction, the summing-up of the gospel, released the waiting, reverent household to their life-duties, saying, "*The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all evermore: Amen!*" — and so passed through the door which Christ, when he had overcome the sharpness of death, opened into the heavens, to join, as we must, the general assembly and church of the first-born. What a contrast between such a Christian dying as this and any Gentile euthanasia! How wonderfully and graciously those words of benediction have come to us from the day when confessors and martyrs went to prison and to death in the strength which that prayer called down out of the heavens, to our own time, when, alas! all unmindful of their deep and sacred significance, the congregation too often are busied, whilst the minister repeats the sentence, in preparations for leaving the house of worship. May these few words of ours help to make the benediction a living word again for some hearts, that we may none of us fail of that most sweet grace, of that most wondrous love, of that altogether blessed communion! E.

When self is thrust aside, like the great stone rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre of Jesus, then the soul, that holy thing of God, which, though buried, cannot see corruption, comes forth with eyes like lightning and raiment white as snow; and, for fear of it, the powers of darkness tremble, and become as dead men. When self is renounced, as it was by Jesus, then the divine spirit within is set free, and God speaks and breathes without obstruction upon the world through the illimitable forces of Faith and Love, and mankind are lifted up out of the depths. — *Furness's Veil partly lifted.*

GAIL HAMILTON ON MEN AND WOMEN.

On these themes, Gail Hamilton pours out a good deal of sense, with floods of nonsense. She writes sensibly about the necessity of womanly independence, with a distinct object in life aside from getting married. She writes the usual nonsense about women's wages, and wastes torrents of indignation against employers, committee-men, and the masculine gender generally, because women, in some departments, are paid less than men for the same work. She ignores the fact, that the law of demand and supply here, as everywhere, is inexorable; and that all the men and women in the universe cannot change or annul it. The reason why woman is paid less is, not that she is a woman, but because seven women to one man are ready to do the same work. The remedy is not railing at employers. Committees who employ teachers pay the market-prices as they are fixed already; and they would be false to their trust if they did otherwise. The remedy is not spitting against the wind, but *enlarging the sphere of womanly employment;* and, when there are less women available for the same work and crowding into it, the wages will go up. The price will increase exactly as the supply decreases. Touching the enlargement of woman's sphere and the prejudice against it, Gail Hamilton, too, has some "spasms of sense," and more violent spasms of nonsense. So far as we know, the prejudice of men is not half so strong as that of women themselves against this free range of employment. We know, at least, what a great many men think and say; and, depend upon it, O Gail! that the girls that float and languish without aim, and without doing something, are not the objects of men's most fervent admiration; while those who will outdo the men in teaching, in writing books, in raising pears and apples, in managing a household, or in managing a business-firm, challenge our unfeigned homage. We men are jealous and envious when competing with each other; but when beaten by woman, if so be she retains her womanly excellence and glory, we love her the better: we rather like to be beaten by her; for we have an instinctive feeling that we are ennobled by her success. Hence, as soon as the fact became patent that women make better teachers than men, the latter retired from the field; and women are becoming the sole teachers in most of the common schools of Massa-

chusetts. And *they are paid better* than the men were, when the latter had possession of the field; simply because women have glorified this calling, elevated the standard, and distanced the men in the race. So it will be in any thing. *Do something;* enlarge your sphere of beneficence in any direction; do any thing you can do well, — not sit still, nor scold at irreversible laws; and the law of demand and supply will operate without regard to sex: men will be ready to render homage, and God will be well pleased. The whole field of domestic service, once filled honorably by American girls, they abandoned to foreign "help," given to lying and thieving. Those girls that purchase starvation by making drawers at five cents a-piece, or finely stitched shirts at sixteen, could retake this field of service any day through all the homes of the country, conquering no "prejudice" but their own, elevate this sphere of work and glorify it, add immensely to human comfort and welfare, and receive more compensation than many a minister receives for preaching the gospel. S.

"EXHAUSTING THE RESOURCES OF STATESMANSHIP."

[Here is a fable from the Russian, showing that talking is worse than useless, when the time for it has gone by. — E.]

KRILOFF has written so many excellent fables of general interest, that I scarcely know which to speak of and which to pass over. One of the most popular is that of "The Cat and the Cook;" in the conception of which we see the vigorous shrewdness of the Russian mind reflected quite as strikingly as in the "Metaphysics" of Khemnitser, and in a more artistic, allegorical form. The cook was a great rhetorician, and was fond of preaching to the cat, whom on one occasion, finding it necessary to visit the neighboring tavern, he left in charge of the kitchen, enjoining him, with much eloquence, to preserve the eatables from the mice. On his return, the cook, to his horror and amazement, found Vaska devouring a roast chicken, while by his side lay the evidence of previous guilt in the shape of an empty pie-crust. "Oh, you wretch, you glutton!" exclaims the cook: "are you not ashamed that the very walls should see you, to say nothing of men?" Vaska continues to eat the chicken. "Why, until now you were reputed an honest cat; you were even held up as a pattern of

virtue; and at present — oh dear, what a disgrace! The neighbors will say, 'That cat Vaska is a rogue; that cat Vaska is a thief: he is not fit to come into the kitchen, nor even into the yard; he is like a hungry wolf near a sheepfold, and is the pest and the poison of the place.'"

Vaska hears and eats.

"The orator," says Kriloff, "gave full flow to his words; and there would apparently have been no end to his moralizing, when suddenly he perceived, that, while he had been talking, the cat had finished the chicken." One can fancy the Emperor Nicholas enjoying this fable, and saying to himself that the moral, as follows, might have been profitably studied by Louis Philippe: "I give this piece of advice to other cooks, and would have them inscribe it on the kitchen-wall: 'not to waste words when force should be employed.'" — *The Russians at Home, by Sutherland Edwards.*

We extract the following lines, exquisitely tender and beautiful, from Mrs. Child's new book, "Looking towards Sunset." They are credited to "Anonymous." How many will find, on reading it, some sweet, maternal face coming out vividly in the light of memory!

THE GOOD OLD GRANDMOTHER, WHO DIED AGED EIGHTY.

Oh! softly wave the silver hair
From off that aged brow:
The crown of glory worn so long
A fitting crown is now.

Fold reverently the weary hands
That toiled so long and well;
And, while your tears of sorrow fall,
Let sweet thanksgivings swell.

That life-work, stretching o'er long years,
A varied web has been;
With silver threads by sorrow wrought,
And sunny gleams between.

These silver hairs stole softly on,
Like flakes of falling snow,
That wrap the green earth lovingly
When autumn breezes blow.

Each silver hair, each wrinkle there,
Records some good deed done,
Some flower she cast along the way,
Some spark from Love's bright sun.

How bright she always made her home!
It seemed as if the floor
Was always flecked with spots of sun,
And barred with brightness o'er.

The very falling of her step
Made music as she went;
A loving song was on her lip, —
The song of full content.

And now, in later years, her word
Has been a blessed thing
In many a home, where glad she saw
Her children's children spring.

Her widowed life has happy been,
With brightness born of heaven;
So pearl and gold in drapery fold
The sunset couch at even.

Oh! gently fold the weary hands,
That toiled so long and well:
The spirit rose to angel bands,
When off earth's mantle fell.

She's safe within her Father's house,
Where many mansions be:
Oh, pray that thus such rest may come,
Dear heart, to me and thee!

If it is a strange blindness to live without inquiring what we are, it is a fearful one to live in sin while we believe a God. — *Pascal.*

Yet is it greatness in man, in his irregularities, to be able to derive from them so admirable a code of laws, and to exhibit in them, thus, a semblance of charity. — *Pascal.*

Not to have discerned the relation of sorrow to virtue is perhaps the most striking defect pervading all the Greek moral philosophy. — *Newman.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

History of the Peace; being a history of England from 1816 to 1854, with an Introduction, 1800 to 1815. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

There is an urgent want of just such a History as this; and the publishers are supplying it at the right time. Neither Hume's History, with the supplementary books of Smollett and Miller, nor Macaulay nor Knight, cover the whole period which is here embraced, and which extends over the most stirring and pregnant events of modern times. The wars of Napoléon, which shook both continents; our second war with England; the abolition of slavery in the West Indies; and the most important reforms in England, involving internal changes, social and political, — all belong to this period. The great statesmen, orators, and military leaders of the century pass over the scene, — the younger Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, Canning, Peel, Brougham, Nelson, Wellington, and a long list with hardly less brilliant names. Great questions were debated and settled, which serve as precedents for the present times.

The present work is to consist of four volumes, two of which are now issued. The first volume is introductory, coming down to the Peace of 1815, which settled the affairs both of Europe and America, after the long, desolating wars in which France and England were conspicuous. The three last volumes cover the thirty-nine years of peace, down to the Russian War of 1854. Miss Martineau has some excellent qualifications for such a work. In her sympathies she is always liberal and humane. She is fair and candid; and her style is vigorous, flowing, and clear. She takes no pains to hide or palliate the faults of her own countrymen. In her chapter on the American War, she does ample and impartial justice to the United States, as much so as any American writer could have done, and condemns the policy of England sometimes with indignant moral rebuke. Notices of the progress of art, science, and literature, and passing reviews of the lives and works of the great poets, are included in the author's plan.

The work was revised, and an entire new Book added expressly for the American edition. "There are many reasons," says Miss Martineau, "why I earnestly desire that the edition intended for American readers should be as good as I can make it; but the chief consideration is, that the privilege of a new country and a young nation in benefiting by the experience of the old, may be somewhat lessened or increased by the way of telling the story of that experience." We gladly welcome the work, and wait eagerly for the remaining two volumes. S.

The Blade and the Ear: Thoughts for a Young Man. By A. B. MUZZEY. Boston: William V. Spencer.

Mr. Muzzey gives excellent advice, plain, direct, and forcible, enforcing the highest motives, and calculated to produce, if well heeded, the highest tone of character and the highest kind of success in life. This treatise embraces the following topics: The Young Man at Home; Young Men the Hope of the Land; Basis of Success; Moral Dangers; Recreations; Female Society; Books and Reading; The Bible, — why to be read; Moral Preventives. The lessons urged are spiced and pointed with illustration and anecdote. Some of the topics, it will be seen, require to be treated with wisdom and delicacy, — especially that which involves the relations of the sexes. They are not treated too freely or minutely; and the earnest advice given is timely and wise. On the subject of "Recreations," we wish the author had gone more into detail. Young men are not fond of being "preached" to; but they will find in this book a generous appreciation of their position, of the vast interests depending upon them, especially at this solemn crisis of our history, and a generous sympathy with them in their feelings, wants, temptations, and responsibilities. It is a good book for fathers and mothers to give to their boys. S.

History of the Anti-Slavery Measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth United-States Congresses, 1861–64. By HENRY WILSON. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

This volume will be valuable as one of the sources of history touching the most momentous question of the age. The prominent actors here come under review; what they did, and what they said in the course of debate; how they voted, and the final legislation. It is a very readable book of 384 pages. S.

Familiar Letters from Europe. By CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON, late President of Harvard University. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The lamented president owned no stilts, and never borrowed any from his neighbors, even for grand occasions, when one might be expected to tower a little. Letters to friends, and written in a very familiar and friendly way, are just what we should have looked for from so genial and easy a man. They contain no pedantry. They are full of a sort of written-out table-talk: they bring the man before us. Only one thing strikes us as a little unnatural, — we are surprised that the worthy man, once upon a time, in Greece, made a discovery that his garments needed repairs. He must have been inspired for a moment by "the god of this world." He speaks of the edges of the "pants" as somewhat ragged. We think that we have seen the professional garments in that condition on this side of the water, whilst one of those pleasant recitations, which were a sort of *conversazione*, was going forward. The Grecian was admirable; but the Grecian never got the better of the man. Careful as he was always to provide Greek tragedy and comedy on visitation-days, for the entertainment of the Committee, he did not fail to remind us, (what sensible man would?) that there would be "apple-fritters," as heretofore, at the Brattle House. Our president was never left, like one of his predecessors in the Greek department, to ask his lady neighbor, at a dinner-party, in some stress of conversational weather, — "Have you seen the last edition of my Greek Grammar?" and never compelled, like him, to hear the mortifying admission, that a book so excellent had, up to that time, escaped the attention of one otherwise so accomplished. They are human, yes, humane letters these; and all the more pleasant because so many of them were written from the land whose literature the writer loved so wisely and so well.

E.

Looking towards Sunset is a volume of Mrs. Child, just published by Ticknor & Fields. — It is all sunshine, — bright, warm, and mellow; intended to cheer and comfort those whose sun is sinking westward. It is made up partly of original articles, partly of selected; many of them not only rich, but curious and rare. Young persons as well as old will read it; and it is calculated to make them not only happier, but better.

S.

Sacred and Legendary Art. By Mrs. JAMESON. Vol. I. containing Legends of the Angels and Archangels, the Evangelists, the Apostles, the Doctors of the Church, and St. Mary Magdalene, as represented in the Fine Arts. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

Vol. II. containing the Patron Saints, the Martyrs, the Early Bishops, the Hermits, and the Warrior Saints of Christendom, as represented in the Fine Arts.

These two volumes constitute a perfect *Thesaurus* of Christian legend; and the reader of moderate means will be very grateful that he can obtain so valuable a work in a form so satisfactory, and at a comparatively trifling cost. The results of the labors of the late Mrs. Jameson are widely and most favorably known, and need no commendation. We think that her volumes would do good service as text-books in our schools of divinity; and they are full of entertainment and of profitable suggestion to the unprofessional reader, whilst to the lover of art they are invaluable. Is the time yet far distant when the spirit of Christ shall be to our common, every-day, sinful, and sorrowful world, what it has been already to the ideal worlds of poets and painters? Is it not time for a new army of martyrs?

The same publishers have issued, in the same convenient and pleasant form, HAWTHORNE'S "Twice-Told Tales;" and we sincerely hope that the volumes will supplant, in the hands of our younger readers, many of the thin and chaffy novelettes which now use up their eyes, and excite their brains, to no purpose. E.

A New Atmosphere. By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. — It is all about men and women, told in Gail Hamilton's diffuse, but dashing and vigorous style; giving her peculiar views in a downright way. See the Random Readings.

ERRATUM. — In the article on "Broken Lights" in the last number of the Magazine, an error of punctuation occurs in the second sentence, which quite changes the meaning of the writer. A colon should have been inserted after "is," and "not" should begin with a capital. The difference is, that, with this corrected punctuation, the writer of the article is not made to say, what he seems to say, as it now stands, that Theism is the superior of Christianity. He merely declares that to be the doctrine of the book reviewed.

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